RECORDINGS · BOOKS · MOVIES · DANCE · TRAVEL

Saturday Review

October 25, 1969 50¢

Oh, Bill, Poor Bill

by Henry Hewes

Stacy Keach as Buffalo Bill in Arthur Kopit's "Indians."

430 R757588Bb AMBA95225EP70
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
ANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

De Kuyper announces: the dawn of something new and beautiful for cordial lovers.

De Kuyper's superbly delicious and traditional old-world cordials, now in these handsome new decanters.

Not since 1695, the year De Kuyper was born, has there been such a beautiful event in the world of cordials.

Tonight, pour your favorite De Kuyper liqueur from its elegant new bottle. (Did you know there are 33 cordials and brandies in the De Kuyper family?)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One in a Series

The shutterbug's guide to Paris.

le Voyage par Air France

We not only permit photographers, we encourage them. Bring your camera aboard any one of our daylight flights to Paris. Take a seat by the window for some fabulous aerial shots from one side of the Atlantic to the other. Get some beautiful still lifes of an elegant meal framed by Limoges china and Christofle silver. Focus on a brimming glass of fine French wine. Try your hand at a human interest shot: ask one of our charming stewardesses to pose for you. She specializes in human interest. Or, have her take a picture of you. Title it: "I never had it so good." Air France knows where you're going.

les U. S. Customs

If you're taking a camera that was made abroad, be sure to register it with the nearest U.S. Customs office or at the airport before you leave. If you don't, you may have to pay 15 to 20 per cent import duty when you try to bring it back.

les Douanes françaises

It's the custom of French customs to be particularly lenient with visitors. Especially visiting cameramen. The following photographic concessions are allowed: two still cameras, one movie camera, a total of 10 rolls or 12 plates of film (20 rolls of color film) for each still camera, a total of 10 rolls of film for each movie camera.

Paradis pour les photographes

Paris is the photographer's paradise, the city that made picture post cards famous. And Paris has everything you need to make your pictures perfect every time. To have film developed, drop it off at: Central Color 10, rue Pergolèse. Arphot 3-bis, rue des Beaux Arts. Inter-Phot 20, rue de Maubeuge. If you have movie film you can have it developed and see it free in the projection rooms of Kodak-Pathé, S.A. 37-39, ave. Montaigne. Need a model? Beautiful mannequins can be obtained from Agence Servane Régine 129, rue de la Pompe. Want some celebrity shots? Just contact Celebrity Service 12, rue de Port Mahon. For any kind of help, information, or inspiration drop by the Société Française de la Photographie 9, rue Montalembert.

les Grands clichés

Paris has more beautiful photographic subjects than you can shake a light meter at. Try your own unique treatment of some of these famous landmarks: Eiffel Tower. On a clear day you can shoot forever. Panoramic shots are best done an hour before sunset. Try your hand at different angles of the tower itself.

Sacré Coeur. If you climb to the top of the dome you can get some wonderful pictures of 30 miles of surrounding countryside.

Musée Rodin. The statues of Balzac and the Thinker inspired Edward Steichen's photographs.

Arc de Triomphe. You can get some nighttime shots of the 12 avenues that radiate from the Etoile to form the star.

"J'ai cassé mon Brownie"

Don't despair if something goes wrong with your camera, Brownie or otherwise. You can have it repaired at any one of these: Bisch 41, rue Pierre-Nicole. Chambeaux 16, rue J.-J. Rousseau. Brouard 7, rue Flatters. Or get a new one from Vendôme Flash Studio 12, Place Vendôme.

Vocabulaire

lens: un objectif
exposure meter: le posemètre
black and white film: la pellicule blanche et noire
color film: la pellicule en couleurs
of course I put film in the camera: bien sûr j'ai mis la pellicule dans l'appareil.

Numéros de téléphone

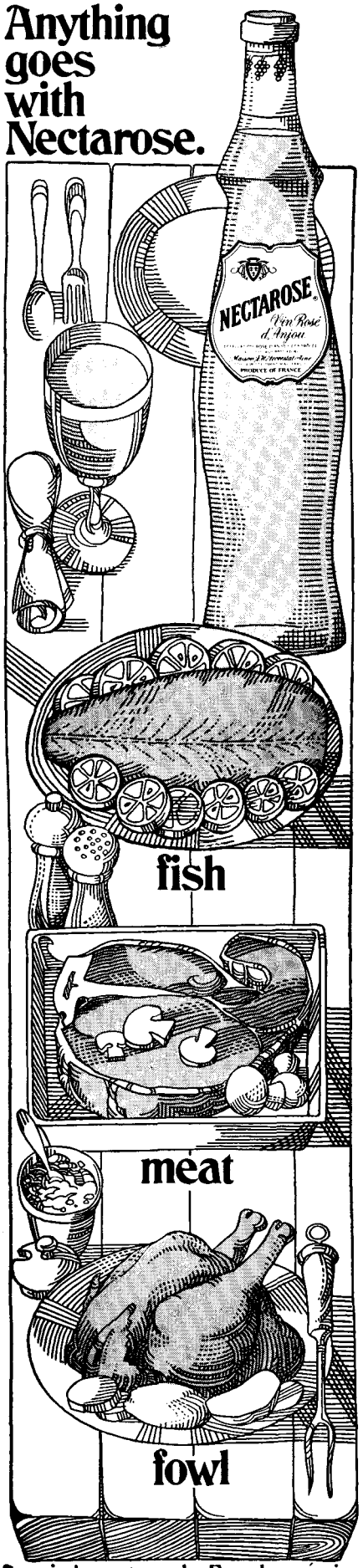
Got the picture? Just load your camera, pack your bags and call your travel agent or Air France:

New York, (212) 759-9000
Boston, (617) 482-4890
Chicago, (312) 782-6151
Washington, (202) 337-8711
Los Angeles, (213) 625-7171
Philadelphia, (215) 735-8585
San Francisco, (415) 982-7150
Miami, (305) 379-6444
San Juan, (809) 724-0500

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anything goes with Nectarose.



America's most popular French rosé wine.
Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company, Browne-Vintners Division, N. Y. C.

October 25, 1969

Saturday Review

Cover Story, page 55

Oh, Bill, Poor Bill

by Henry Hewes

Cover photo: Martha Swope

IDEAS

25 In Praise of Festivity by Harvey Cox

29 Reply to a Vietnam Veteran by Lt. Col. William C. Haponski

EDITORIAL

30 Businessmen and Operation Bootstrap

BOOKS

33 Index of Books Reviewed

33 The Real Tragedy of Man's Infancy in Space, by Harry Schwartz

36 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

37 Perspective by J. H. Plumb

42 Pick of the Paperbacks by Rollene Saal

63 Criminal Record

RECORDINGS

65 Old Problems at the New Met by Irving Kolodin

68 Hi-Fi at L. A.: The Sunshine Show by Ivan Berger

69 The Beatles: "Abbey Road" by Ellen Sander

70 Recordings in Review

72 Recordings Reports I

75 Mostly Modernists: Miles Davis by Martin Williams

76 Recordings Reports II

79 From Back to Bach by Robert Jacobson

81 Bread and Lollipops by Herbert Weinstock

THE ARTS

MOVIES

32 Arthur Knight reviews "Battle of Britain" and "The Secret of Santa Vittoria."

PHOTOGRAPHY

52 Margaret R. Weiss on Bill Brandt's Britain.

MUSIC

54 Irving Kolodin: Beverly Sills as Lucia di Lammermoor.

THEATER

55 Oh, Bill, Poor Bill by Henry Hewes, a review of Arthur Kopit's "Indians."

DANCE

57 Walter Terry gives a progress report on the Stuttgart Ballet.

TRAVEL

44 Adventures in Afghanland—I: David Butwin on the flying bazaar.

COLUMNS

4 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

6 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

12 John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking

18 Jerome Beatty, Jr.: Trade Winds

31 Letters to the Editor

56 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

WORD GAMES

28 Wit Twister

34 Your Literary I.Q.

59 Literary Crypt

90 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1855

Photo Credits on page 62

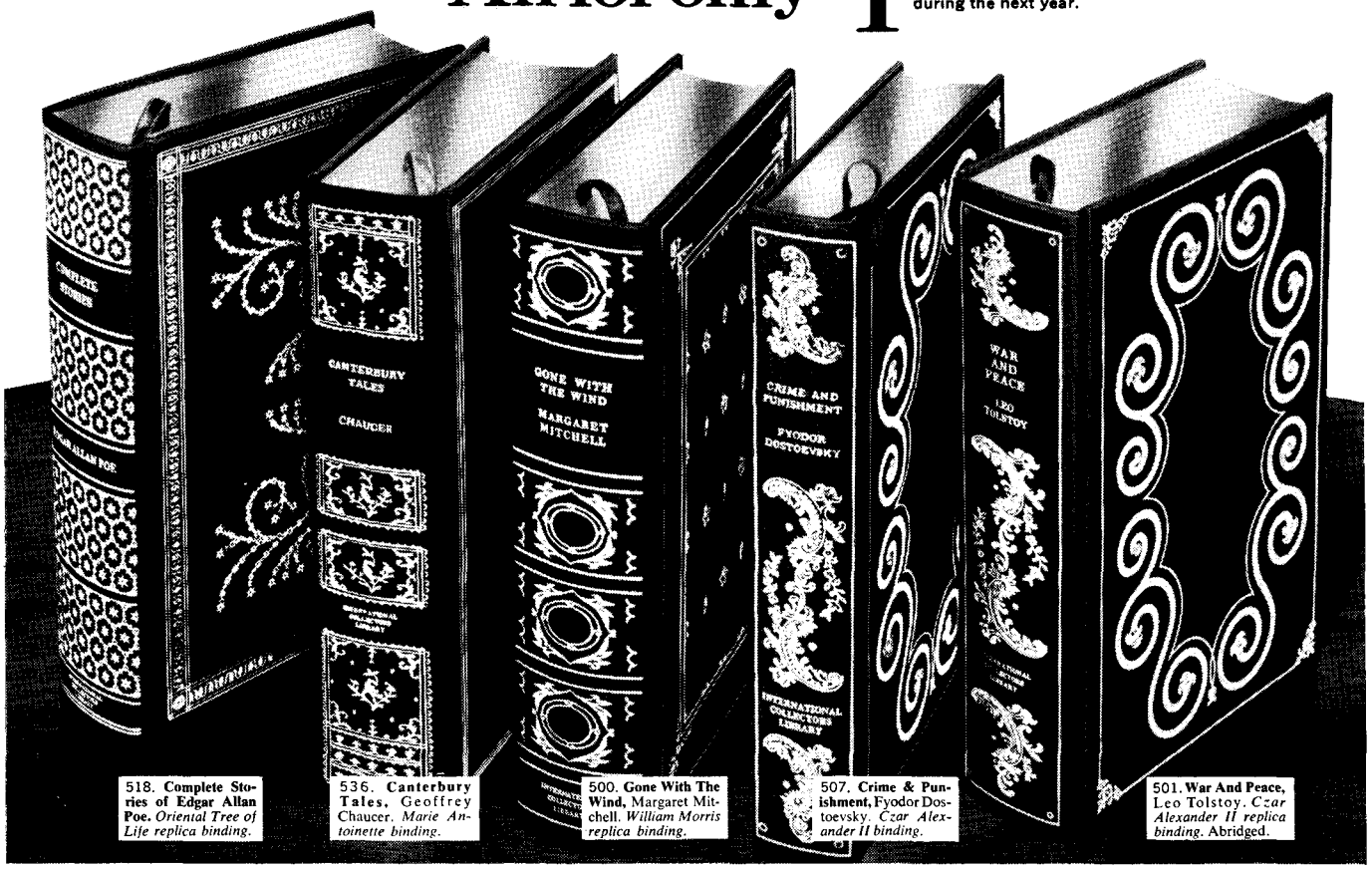
Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Martin A. Blum; Circulation Director, George A. Reeves; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $9 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LII, No. 43, October 25, 1969. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1969 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. For SR's branch offices see page 50.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take any 4 classics decorated in 24K GOLD

All for only $1

If you join now and agree to accept only four selections or alternates during the next year.



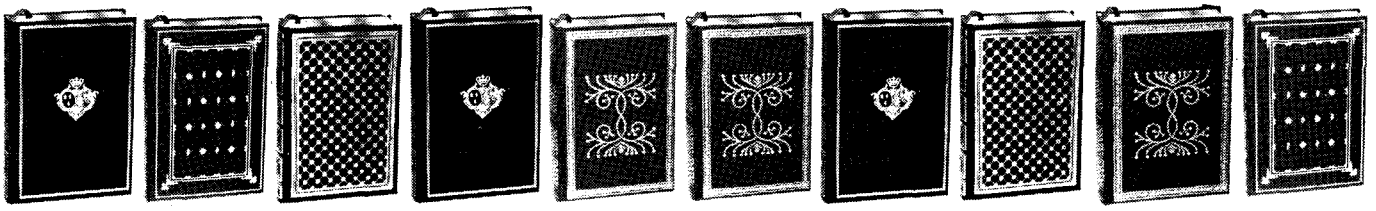
518. **Complete Stories of Edgar Allan Poe.** *Oriental Tree of Life replica binding.*

536. **Canterbury Tales,** Geoffrey Chaucer. *Marie Antoinette binding.*

500. **Gone With The Wind,** Margaret Mitchell. *William Morris replica binding.*

507. **Crime & Punishment,** Fyodor Dostoevsky. *Czar Alexander II binding.*

501. **War And Peace,** Leo Tolstoy. *Czar Alexander II replica binding.* Abridged.



502. **Paradise Lost and Other Poems.** John Milton. *Marie Antoinette replica binding.*

533. **The Grapes of Wrath,** John Steinbeck. *William Morris replica binding.*

509. **Vanity Fair.** William Thackeray. *Mercier replica binding.*

515. **The Odyssey,** Homer. *Marie Antoinette replica binding.*

534. **Tales of O'Henry.** *Oriental Tree of Life replica binding.*

528. **Complete Short Stories of Mark Twain.** *Tree of Life replica binding.*

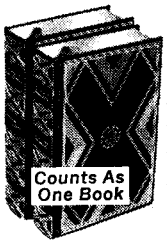
538. **Poems of Byron, Keats and Shelley.** *Marie Antoinette replica binding.*

504. **The Last Days of Pompeii.** Edward Bulwer-Lytton. *Mercier replica binding.*

545. **Aesop's Fables.** *Tree of Life replica binding.*

542. **Uncle Tom's Cabin.** Harriet Beecher Stowe. *William Morris binding.*

Build a library of classics in replicas of rare bookbindings decorated in 24 Karat Gold.



547. **Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia.** (2-vol.) *Rafael Palacios replica binding.*

546. **Essays and Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson.** *Victorian replica binding.*

CHOOSE any 4 of the masterworks on this page for only $1 with trial membership in the International Collectors Library. We make this extraordinary offer to introduce you to one of the greatest ideas in publishing history.

The private libraries of the past have bequeathed to us rare bookbindings of hand-crafted design. Today these priceless originals are found only in museums and in the home libraries of very wealthy collectors. Now the International Collectors Library brings you the great classics of fiction, history, biography, poetry, drama and adventure—in *authentic period bindings*—replicas of the designs on the priceless originals.

As with the originals, the beautiful decorations on the deep-textured bindings are elaborately worked in genuine 24 karat Gold . . . the page tops are covered with pure Gold...a rich ribbon marker is bound into each volume. These books form a library you will be proud to own and display in your home . . . eloquent testimony to your good taste as a collector.

For such magnificent editions of great classics, you might expect to pay up to $10.00 each, but the International Collectors Library distributes them *exclusively* to its members for only $4.95 each (plus shipping and handling). This price is *lower* than the cost of many books of temporary interest and ordinary bindings. Your sole obligation is to accept as few as four selections in the next 12 months.

Send for your four introductory volumes now. If you are not overwhelmed by their beauty and value, return them in 10 days and owe nothing. Or, pay only $1 (plus shipping and handling) for all four and continue to enjoy the exclusive benefits of membership. Mail the coupon *today*.

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS LIBRARY
Garden City, N. Y. 11530

International Collectors Library, Dept. 90-SR2
Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership and send me the four masterworks whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below. Bill me only $1, plus shipping and handling for all four. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and my membership will be canceled. Otherwise, I'll continue to enjoy full members' privileges.

Every month a new masterwork will be described. A convenient form will always be provided on which I may refuse any selections (or alternates) I do not want. My sole obligation is to buy as few as four volumes at only $4.95 each (plus shipping and handling) during the next 12 months, from the many offered. After accepting four, I may resign at any time I wish.

5-CL50A

MR.
MRS.
MISS _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Credit Reference _____
(Your telephone number, bank or department store where you have a charge account is sufficient.) Members accepted in Continental U.S.A. and Canada only.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The High Cost of Living It Up

THE AVERAGE PERSON doesn't understand inflation. Luckily, I'm subaverage, so I don't hesitate to explain what havoc inflation works, and how you can enjoy normal, everyday havoc without inflation.

Any subaverage expert knows that inflation causes the high cost of living, and the high cost of living is caused by prices going up. *Quid pro quo*: Lower prices, no inflation. Which is a more compassionate solution than the government's suggestion to increase unemployment, the argument being that the more people out of work the less money they'll spend. That's no way to solve inflation.

The basic reason average people are unable to grasp the cause of the vicious inflationary spiral is that they use the wrong set of mathematical figures. A husband, for instance, is looking over the month's bills:

"What's this?" he asks his wife. "One tomato, fifty-nine cents?"

"That's right," she replies. "Fifty-nine cents a pound."

"Don't you realize we're in a dangerous inflationary period? Didn't you hear President Nixon tell us inflation is our number one priority? Didn't you hear him say if all of us don't cooperate to stop the spiral, our country could be ruined? Do you know what that means?"

"It means Pat won't have tomatoes on the President's dinner table."

"Didn't he campaign to end the war and put two tomatoes in every garage?"

"Well, I told the grocer that across the street they charge only forty-eight cents. And he said, 'Why didn't you buy it over there?' And I said, 'Because he was out of tomatoes over there.' And he said, 'If I was out of tomatoes, I'd charge forty-eight cents a pound, too.' "

And jokes like that won't help solve inflation either. But it demonstrates that the average person is thinking in small change. In these days, when we hear that our military defense budget is $80-billion, and that Vietnam is costing $25- to $30-billion a year, the average citizen can not be faulted for not understanding tomatoes at 59 cents a pound.

"If ABM Safeguard antiballistic missiles are $10.8-billion," says the same average housewife, "and if the MIRV multiple warhead missiles are $17-billion, I would take the Safeguards and save $6.2-billion."

"Unless," says the same husband, "the man is out of them."

There's that joke about the 59 cent tomato again. But if you think big, the way our government does, you'll understand inflation and you can stop it. If you don't stop it, can you imagine twenty years from now? Let's play that household scene over. The same husband is looking over the month's bills.

"What's this?" he asks. "One tomato, fifty-nine dollars?"

"That's right," the same wife replies, "fifty-nine dollars a pound."

Then she goes into that joke about the grocer across the street who only charges $48 a pound. (See? I told you that joke wouldn't solve inflation.)

Anyway, if you think of a future $59 tomato, you realize the havoc inflation can bring, and you won't spend your money so freely. You say it's difficult to think like a banker? No more difficult than it is for a banker to learn to think in terms of small money. Our Secretary of the Treasury was recently a passenger in a taxi. The driver told me how well Mr. Kennedy was catching on to the currency in use by our peasants. The tab was $1.80.

"One point eight dollars?" said Mr. Kennedy taking out his wallet. "Now don't tell me—let me see—Salmon P. Chase—Madison—Cleveland—I recognize these by the pictures—oh, here we are, Washington. Right?"

"Very good, Mr. Secretary," said the driver.

"Yes, now one point eight dollars—that would be two of these and I get back something, don't I?"

"I give you twenty cents change," said the driver. "Here you are. Two dimes."

"And that concludes our transaction, does it?"

"Well, usually I get a tip. Like two dimes, maybe?"

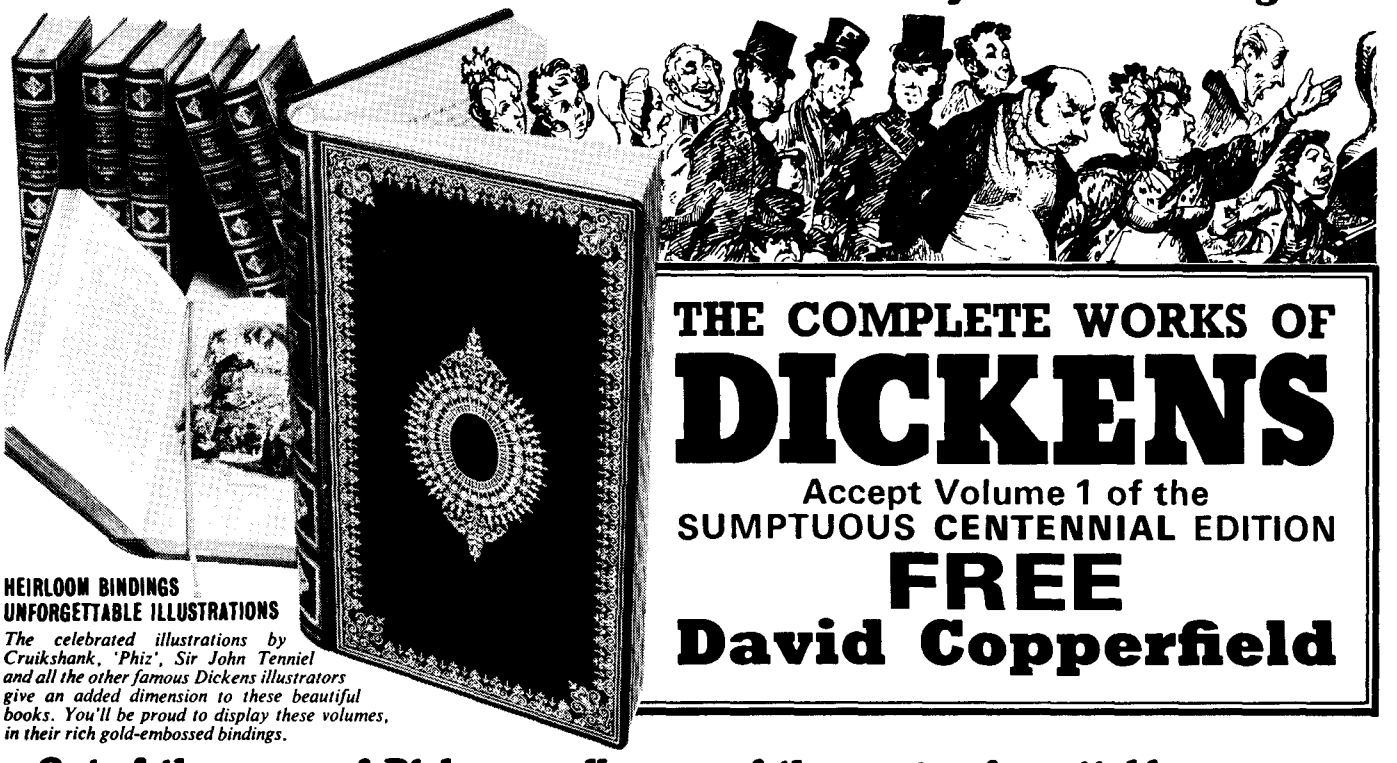
"Oh no, if I gave you these two coins that could lead to more spending and I would be contributing to the spiral of . . . whose picture is this on these two dimes? . . . Oh, him! Here I don't want these. Closed the banks, and heaven knows what else. Take 'em."

Now, that kind of thinking not only causes inflation of our dollars, but inflates our doubts about these high-bracket officials telling us how not to spend our sub-bracket money.

Gordon's.
It's how the English keep their gin up!
GORDON'S
REG U.S. PAT. OFFICE
EST 1769
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, N. J. • PLAINFIELD, ILL.
FOR
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF
TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin? Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you pour a drier drink in 1969, our 200th Anniversary year. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then any other way just wouldn't be cricket!
PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is the mirror to the virtues and vices of Victorian England



HEIRLOOM BINDINGS
UNFORGETTABLE ILLUSTRATIONS

The celebrated illustrations by Cruikshank, 'Phiz', Sir John Tenniel and all the other famous Dickens illustrators give an added dimension to these beautiful books. You'll be proud to display these volumes, in their rich gold-embossed bindings.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
DICKENS

Accept Volume 1 of the
SUMPTUOUS CENTENNIAL EDITION

FREE
David Copperfield

Out of the pages of Dickens walk some of the most unforgettable characters that ever lived . . . villains and saints, rogues and innocents, lovers and ruffians — *a whole society who lived and struggled between heaven and hell!*

To introduce you to the many warm and wonderful personalities whom you will meet in THE COMPLETE WORKS OF DICKENS, we should like to send you, to read and enjoy at your leisure, a magnificently bound two-volume set of DAVID COPPERFIELD.

These books are so beautiful, so splendidly bound, and make such fascinating reading, that we think once you have seen them, held them in your hands, felt the luxury of their pages and thrilled to the masterful narrative, you will also want to collect every companion volume in the great new HERON BOOKS CENTENNIAL EDITION of THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

We should like to send you this set at our risk, so that you can see for yourself how extraordinary the new Centennial Edition really is. Examine the volumes' elegant bindings, magnificent illustrations, read them from cover to cover.

DAVID COPPERFIELD is the heart-wrenching story of a motherless child in Victorian England. As you read it you will often be close to tears — yet you will always remember the book as one of the happiest reading experiences you have ever had. For this is one of those rare books which will live inside you, become a part of you, and never be forgotten.

In the works of Dickens the whole gamut of human emotions comes to life. *Oliver Twist, The Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, Great Expectations, A Tale of Two Cities* . . . and all the other immortal masterpieces, will now be published in this beautiful Centennial Edition—to thrill you and your family for generations to come, to be proudly displayed in your home as a family heirloom.

Amazing savings to Charter Subscribers. You may now examine these heirloom volumes and own them under almost unbelievably advantageous conditions.

Just mail us the Reservation Coupon and we will send you at once your two-volume set of DAVID COPPERFIELD. After you've had the books for ten days, to enjoy them thoroughly and to appreciate their handsomely tooled, gold-stamped bindings, you may return them if you wish without cost or obligation. Or, if you are as thrilled as we think you will be and would like to collect the complete Dickens set, you may keep the first volume of DAVID COPPERFIELD free and for the second volume we'll ask you to pay only the low subscriber's price of $3.89 plus postage and handling. We will then send you an additional volume each month thereafter, until you decide that your collection of THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS is complete—and regardless of future increases in paper costs or printing, you will only be asked to pay the same low subscription price for each volume.

It is obvious that no one could afford to maintain such a generous offer for very long. We expect the edition to be over-subscribed very quickly indeed. Don't risk disappointment, send in your Free Reservation Coupon now.

Extra Bonus to Dickens Subscribers

Macaulay's History of England

4 DELUXE-BOUND VOLUMES ONLY **$3.89**

Yes, $3.89 for all 4—not for each one!

"Whoever says that history cannot be exciting has never read Lord Macaulay." What more fitting companion set of books could we offer to celebrate the Centennial Edition of England's greatest novelist than this, the most celebrated history of England? As a Dickens subscriber, you may now make this lavish set yours at a price that hardly covers its printing cost.

EXAMINE IT FOR 10 DAYS FREE. Send in the Free Reservation Coupon now—there is no purchase obligation.

FREE MEDAL — If we receive your Reservation Coupon within 5 days, we will send you in appreciation of your promptness this beautiful bronze-finished Dickens Centennial Medal — yours to keep in any case.

FREE RESERVATION COUPON

58-CDM

TO: HERON BOOKS, 250 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me, without purchase obligation, the 2 volumes of DAVID COPPERFIELD, together with the complete set of Macaulay's HISTORY OF ENGLAND, and reserve a subscription for me for the Dickens Centennial Edition.

If I am not delighted with these splendid books, I will simply return them within 10 days. My reservation will be cancelled and I'll owe you nothing. Otherwise I may keep the first volume of DAVID COPPERFIELD free and you may bill me, for the second volume, only the low subscriber's price of $3.89 plus postage and handling. For the 4 Macaulay volumes I need pay only the special offer price of $3.89 plus postage and handling for the set —worth $9.95 even in an ordinary binding. Then, until I decide that my collection is complete, you will send me each month at the same low subscriber's price, another magnificent volume of the Dickens Centennial Edition, exquisitely bound to match my DAVID COPPERFIELD volumes. I may terminate my subscription whenever I decide my collection is complete.

☐ **FREE MEDAL.** Check here if you send this coupon in within 5 days. We'll send you the beautiful medal, yours to keep as a gift in any case.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

FOR CANADA: Return coupon to us. Special arrangements for servicing Canadian subscribers have been made.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Halloween.

POMONA WAS an Italian goddess who had to do with the crops. In our present context, the only crop to remember is apple and the only thing to remember about Pomona is that when the Italian designers of her day chunked her out in marble, she carried a pruning knife.

A bonfire is a bone-fire. Many additional facts are not for the squeamish and are therefore here omitted.

Frazer says, speaking of bonfires, that in Morlanwelz they leap over the embers to secure good crops or as a means of guarding themselves against colic.

The jumping over fires of bones was prohibited by the third council of Constantinople. "Those fires that are kindled by certaine people on new moones before their shops and houses, over which also they use ridiculously and foolishly to leape, by a certain antient custome, we command them henceforth to cease."

Hallow is "Saint," from Anglo-Saxon *halig*, which, the Saxons being Germans, is, of course, *heilig*, which is "holy," which became Saint. An evening devoted to *all* the saints is Halloween.

Apple-bobbing started in the Middle Ages (crops).

Bonfires started way back in France, Italy, and Switzerland.

Now, the reason that you see kids going around the streets yelling "trick or treat" is partly related to the funny costumes worn long ago by peasants who went out into the fields to make bonfires and entreat the crops to grow. It all ties in pretty well. The reason that many of the children carry knives goes back to Pomona.

—HENRY MORGAN.

Carnaby Street

LONG BEFORE Londoners, let alone tourists, were truly aware of the place, I bought a sport shirt on Carnaby Street. It wasn't the first time I had acted on a conviction that the flashy and unconventional are likely to be of first-class quality as well—I had discovered this years earlier. But when I started going regularly to Carnaby Street, my visits had nothing to do with fashion, tempting though the window displays were.

Along this narrow thoroughfare the polychrome dazzle wasn't continuous. Wedged between the more enterprising stores were doorways of incredible dinginess. They opened onto tiny lobbies leading to rickety staircases, and on the upper floors worked a number of old-time tailors, male and female. They did an excellent job on small repairs and didn't charge much for their work. The man I patronized I will call Mr. Finch. I climbed his staircase several times, and I will swear that a brush had never been taken to it from one month's end to the next. The window on the first landing was so thick with dust you could have inscribed your name on it with the end of a plank.

Mr. Finch wasn't always in. But by means of the invisible intercom system that operated throughout the building, there would always be a presser, mender, or seamstress who could tell me that he would be back at 3:10, or 4:40, or maybe not until tomorrow morning. Sometimes I brought him a burn, sometimes a tear, sometimes an unexpected puckering.

He labored in a one-room workshop. There was a mantelpiece—someone, God save us, had once *lived* there—fronted by two tables and a sewing machine. You could also see a flatiron, a tray of chalks and pins, the inevitable gas ring, a row of pants, jackets, and vests that hung along the side wall, and a floor littered with fragments of cloth and cotton thread.

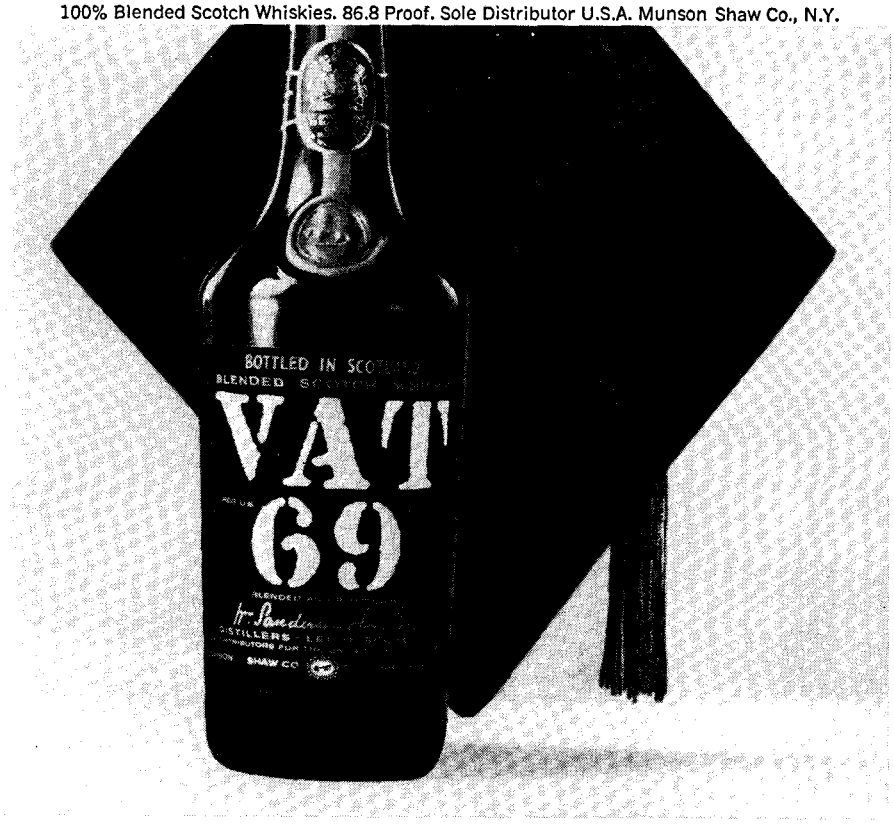
Negotiations were always preceded by several minutes of philosophy. It was impossible to talk business until he had discussed the traffic, Princess Margaret, food prices, conscription, and anything else in the way of conversational leftovers from his last visit to the neighboring pub. And sometimes I learned a thing or two about his other customers.

He would indicate a disreputable pair of pants. "Look at these, Mr. Littler. He tells me he uses them for gardening." He would emit a hollow laugh. "I know how much gardening *he* does. Now what am I supposed to do with a pair like that? Eh? What am I supposed to do with them?"

By degrees I began to learn the terminology of the trade. But, like Louis Armstrong on a memorable record, I done forgot the words. So in order to reproduce the flavor of his conversation I will have to invent a few.

"H'm . . . Yes, I think I can do some-

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.



The class of '69—or any other year.

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing about that. It'll have to be drefted. I'll have to put a small piece in here and double it back. Then it'll need stitching at the bottom edge. It's what we call drefting, Mr. Littler. I'll have to dreft it."

On another occasion the job might have needed skulping. "What I'll have to do is cut that bit off here and cover the rest of it as far as the middle button. Then I'll put a band round on the underside. Otherwise it would show. See what I mean? It's what we call skulping."

Before I saw him for the last time I had become more familiar with drefting, skulping, clabbing, fracking, and all the other arcane processes of his trade than anyone coming in off the street had a right to be. But he didn't depend on customers such as myself to keep him occupied. I recall a time when he had to postpone repairs to an overcoat I had brought him because of an urgent commitment to Messrs. So-and-So. Carnaby Street is almost back-to-back with Regent Street, and nearly as close are Savile Row and Sackville Street. There were establishments in that neighborhood that relied on him in emergencies. In his younger days he had probably worked for one of them as a cutter, but I never discovered which. It was interesting to muse on what some of the carriage trade would have thought had they known their expensive orders were being given a finishing touch in Mr. Finch's dilapidated quarters around the corner.

But now I wonder what his reaction was to the goggling hordes who made the street impassable when the mod scene took shape, how he viewed the army of overseas rubbernecks who would have obstructed him on his way to work. In what terms would he have described the Carnaby Street customers of the mid-1960s? Would it have gone like this?

"If I had my way I'd gather them together and cut a small piece off each. Then I'd run the iron over them and you'd never know they'd been there. It's what we call brutching, Mr. Littler. I'd brutch the lot of them."

—FRANK LITTLER.

can you answer these questions?

What do the underground films say?
What motivates performers?
What and *who* is legitimate theatre?
What are the criteria for "family" films?
Are foreign films better, or just sexier?
What's with opera today?

SHOW Magazine brings to the 70's a fresh new insight into the world of films and the arts.

Today as never before we believe you are intensely interested in the entire scope of entertainment. Legitimate and underground theater, movies, art forms, music can play new roles in your way of life. You spend twice as much time as your parents did in leisure occupations and probably an increasing amount of time in pursuit of the arts.

Questions of taste, realism, of sensitivity and expression, and especially of what's going on, can assume greater importance in your life.

SHOW will be the new probe into the world of entertainment. All aspects of film will be covered, from screenwriting to financing, from the *auteur* theory of direction to the designing of credit titles. A special slant will be toward the young "Film Generation." There will be articles on college and underground films, Hollywood and international films, and television. There will be profiles and interviews that cover people involved in making films, from the head of a studio to the teenage director who edits in the camera.

SHOW is subtitled "The Magazine of Films and the Arts." Theater, music, dance, the visual arts—all will be given expert, exciting, incisive, coverage on a regular basis.

A subscription to *SHOW* will give you a convenient way to form opinions, and choose your entertainment. *SHOW* will present the processes, decisions and heartbreaks of artistic expression. It will add a new dimension to your life.

To begin your exploration of films and the arts, fill out the coupon below. Here's a special offer to Charter Subscribers—twelve full monthly issues of the large, colorful, exciting *SHOW* for just $6.00. This offer is limited. Publication begins in January.

Send to: **SHOW** P.O. Box 2869, Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Please send me the Charter Edition of *SHOW* plus 11 more monthly issues. I understand I will pay only the special Charter price of $6.00 for my one year subscription.

Name _____

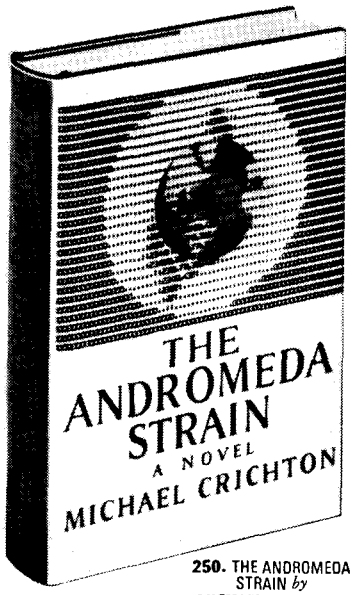
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

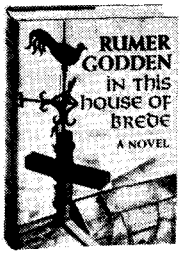
☐ *My check is enclosed* ☐ *Bill me*

6-609

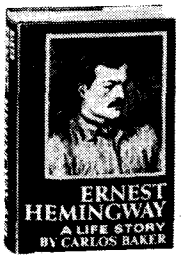
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



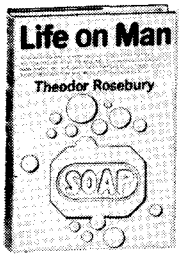
250. THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN *by* MICHAEL CRICHTON (Retail price **$5.95**)



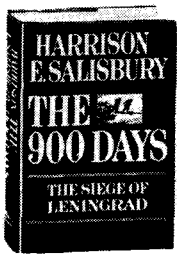
322. IN THIS HOUSE OF BREDE *by* RUMER GODDEN (Retail price **$6.95**)



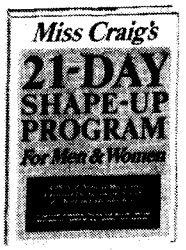
111. ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A Life Story *by* CARLOS BAKER. Photos. (Retail price **$10**)



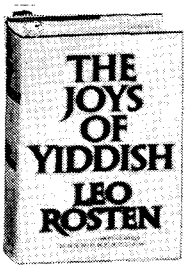
490. LIFE ON MAN *by* THEODOR ROSEBURY (Retail price **$6.95**)



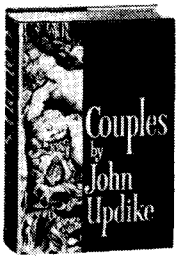
484. THE 900 DAYS The Siege of Leningrad *by* HARRISON E. SALISBURY. Photos (Retail price **$10**)



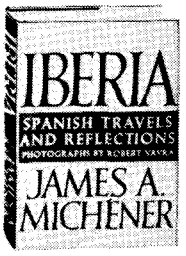
104. MISS CRAIG'S 21-DAY SHAPE-UP PROGRAM: For Men & Women. Illustrated (Retail price **$6.95**)



233. THE JOYS OF YIDDISH *by* LEO ROSTEN (Retail price **$10**)

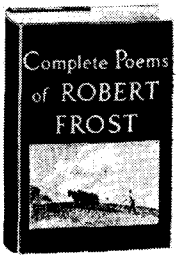


408. COUPLES *by* JOHN UPDIKE (Retail price **$6.95**)

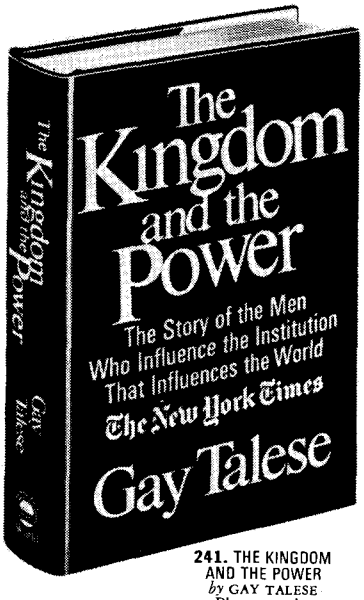


414. IBERIA: Spanish Travels and Reflections *by* JAMES A. MICHENER Photographs (Retail price **$10**)

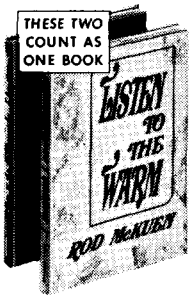
431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price **$12.50**)



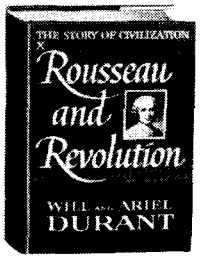
231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST (Retail price **$8**)


The Kingdom and the Power
The Story of the Men Who Influence the Institution That Influences the World
The New York Times
Gay Talese

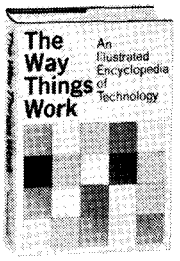
241. THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER *by* GAY TALESE Photographs (Retail price **$10**)



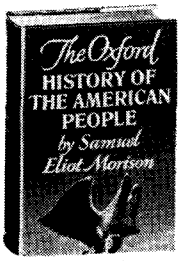
196. LISTEN TO THE WARM *and* STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MCKUEN. (Retail prices total **$7.90**)



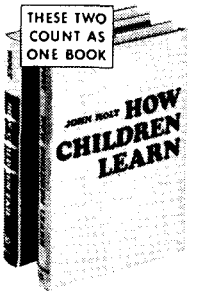
381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT Illustrated (Retail price **$15**)



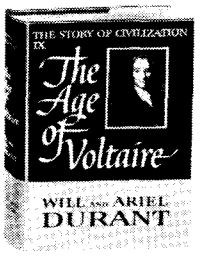
107. THE WAY THINGS WORK: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology (Retail price **$8.95**)



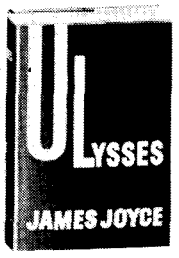
234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated (Retail price **$12.50**)



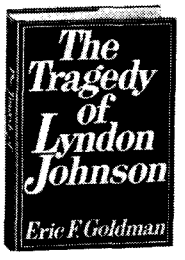
200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT. (Retail prices total **$9.45**)



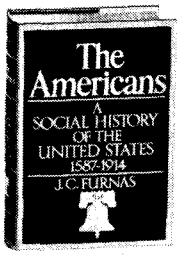
280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT Illustrated (Retail price **$12**)



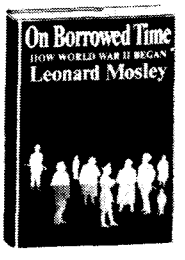
139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE Unabridged (Retail price **$7.95**)



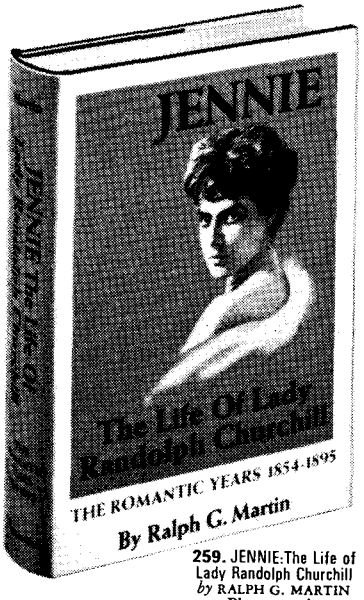
478. THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON *by* ERIC F. GOLDMAN (Retail price **$8.95**)



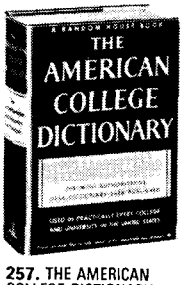
304. THE AMERICANS *by* J. C. FURNAS Illustrated (Retail price **$12.95**)



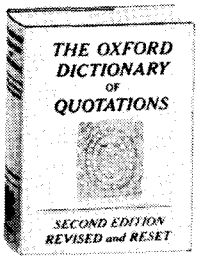
137. ON BORROWED TIME: How World War II Began *by* LEONARD MOSLEY Photographs (Retail price **$8.95**)



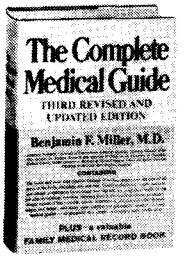
259. JENNIE:The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill *by* RALPH G. MARTIN Photographs (Retail price **$8.95**)



257. THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY (Retail price **$5.95**)

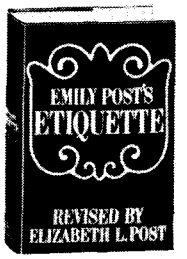


260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Retail price **$11**)



140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd revised edition Illustrated (Retail price **$9.95**)

485. KNOW YOUR ANTIQUES *by* RALPH *and* TERRY KOVEL Photographs (Retail price **$7.50**)

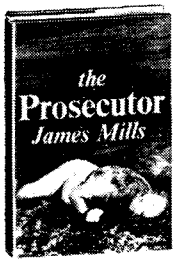


184. EMILY POST'S ETIQUETTE. New 12th edition. *Revised by* ELIZABETH L. POST (Retail price **$6.95**)

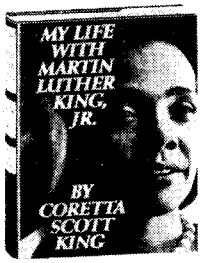
The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the United States Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

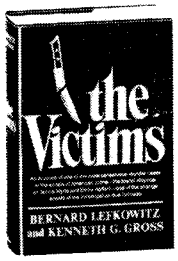
296. THE WOLFLING
by STERLING NORTH
Illustrated
(Retail price **$5.95**)



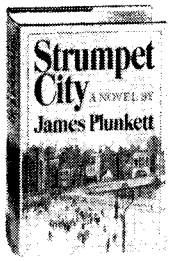
313. THE PROSECUTOR
by JAMES MILLS
(Retail price **$5.95**)



317. MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. *by* CORETTA SCOTT KING
(Retail price **$6.95**)



183. THE VICTIMS
by BERNARD LEFKOWITZ *and* KENNETH G. GROSS
(Retail price **$6.95**)



491. STRUMPET CITY
by JAMES PLUNKETT
(Retail price **$6.95**)

CATCH UP ON THE BOOKS
you have promised yourself to read

ANY THREE FOR ONLY $1

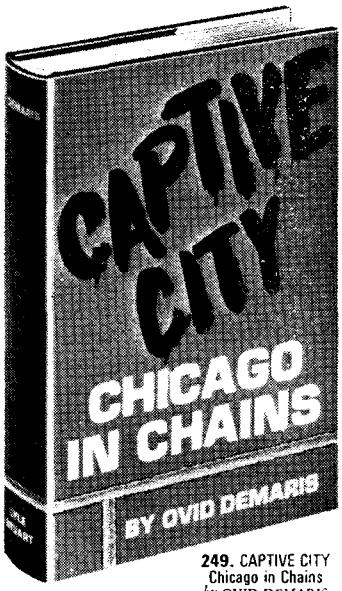
in a short experimental membership in the

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

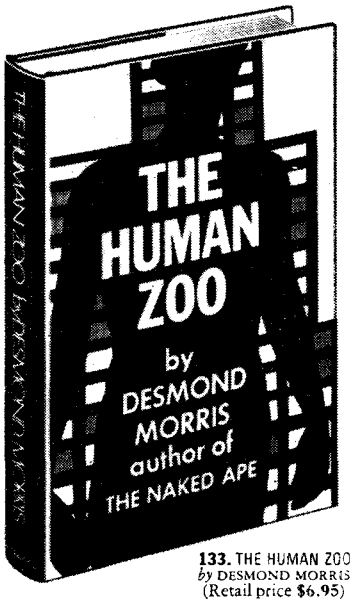
THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates within a year at special members' prices

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing**, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another important advantage: **Book-Dividends.** Through this unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their retail prices—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

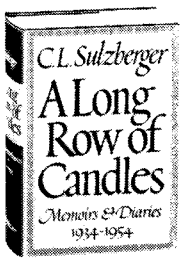
If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Book-of-the-Month Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend which you may choose from more than a hundred different volumes that will be made available over the year. This is probably the most economical means over devised for building up a well-rounded personal library. Since its inauguration, **$480,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.**



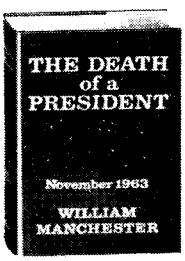
249. CAPTIVE CITY
Chicago in Chains
by OVID DEMARIS
(Retail price **$6.95**)



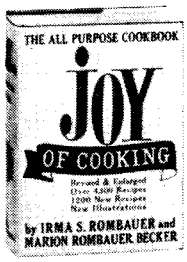
133. THE HUMAN ZOO
by DESMOND MORRIS
(Retail price **$6.95**)



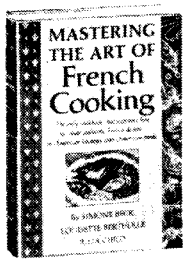
188. A LONG ROW OF CANDLES: The Memoirs and Diaries of C. L. Sulzberger, 1934-1954
(Retail price **$12.50**)



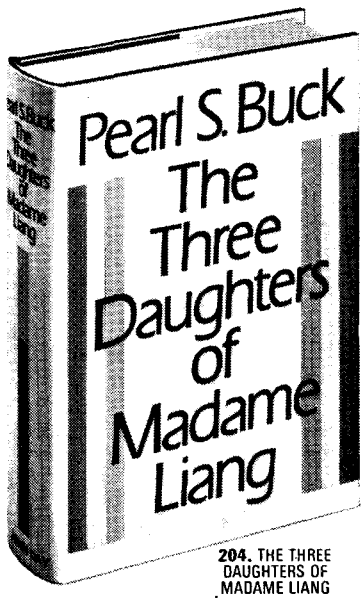
355. THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT
by WILLIAM MANCHESTER
Charts and maps
(Retail price **$10**)



161. JOY OF COOKING
by IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER
Illustrated
(Ret. price **$6.95**)



580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING. BECK, BERTHOLLE, CHILD
Illus. (Ret.price **$10**)



204. THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF MADAME LIANG
by PEARL S. BUCK
(Retail price **$6.95**)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., 280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Innocence and Other Drugs: Every beginning is in innocence. Nostalgia, I suspect, is the condition of thinking back to innocence as if one still wished for it and as if irony had never entered the world. Irony, of course, is the condition of recalling innocence wryly.

It is too late for me to reach for innocence, but I did find myself passing from nostalgia to irony as I read a recent newspaper article about bird watchers in the Jersey Meadows. There rose before me the ghostly images of a number of cheerful elderly ladies for whom I had run errands as a boy. They were graying maiden ladies, widows, or housewives who spent slow, easy days at home. All the most cheerful of them, as I recall, kept canaries. The canary, in fact, passed into my prop-room of associations as the bird of cheerfulness: I have never known a dour canary owner.

My ladies' canary cages were always lined with newspaper. One maiden lady for whom I used to run errands had a glassed-in porch she called a conservatory, and her cages swung above a wide bench of potted plants. All my other ladies kept their cages in a corner of the kitchen and spread newspapers under them to catch the seed the canaries scattered.

Canaries, when they feed, shake their heads, more than shake them—quiver them from side to side in that intensity of motion that marks all small birds. I recall them darting from an upper perch to the perch by their feeding trough; then they would jab their heads into the seed, hop back to the upper perch, and there quiver their heads, scattering as much seed as they swallowed and scattering it far.

There was generally a seedy mess under the cages, and my ladies would scold cheerfully as they swept it up, baby-talking that their fluffs were being bad that day. Then, dinner over for a while at that small but constant board, the fluffs would unreel astonishing trills and vibratos from their throats, cheered on by my ladies, who always explained that good fluff, dear fluff, sweet fluff was singing his thanks for the nice seed.

My ladies and their canaries kept happy houses, as I sensed things then: even a single canary in full throat could ring cheerfully; a chorus of six or eight, when fully turned on, could fill the house with rapture. "They are my sweet company all the day at home," my ladies would say in one form or another. And all of them would then add, always in the same words, "What would I do without them?"

Today's counterparts of my ladies of yesterday no longer think of doing without canaries. They have simply forgotten to think about them. I know one counterpart lady who dotes on two parakeets, coaxing them to fly to her fingers and to pick tidbits from her lips when she calls "Kiss me!" But I don't know any canary keepers. I know I haven't seen a canary in more than twenty years. The fact seems to be that canaries no longer sing—not at least as they used to, filling the house with rapturous fits of sound.

It was the newspaper article that called up these reflections of yesterday's ladies and their canaries. The bird watchers of the Jersey Meadows are not Sunday strollers but government men who scan the meadows with binoculars looking for flocks of excited birds. When they spot such a frenzied wheel—usually of blackbirds—they move a crew into those sodden flats and dig up the weeds the birds have been feeding on. The government men are a marijuana patrol.

The Jersey Meadows have long served as a dump for surrounding communities. In the days when rapturous canaries were strewing seeds around their cages and on the kitchen floors, those cage-lining and floor-covering newspapers were picked up at intervals, and those that were not burned went into the trash. When the trash reached the Jersey Meadows, some of the seed got into the soil, enough, in fact, to sow substantial patches of cannabis. It is this canary legacy the government bird watchers are after.

How shall I think, now, of those ghostly dear ladies who baby-talked their trilling fluffs among the joys of innocence? How shall I tell their memory that the canaries sang so sweetly because they were junkies on a marijuana jag? Marijuana was all but unknown in those days, though someone must have noticed that canaries sang best on seed mixtures richly laced with it. It was only when government decree forbade the inclusion of marijuana in birdseed that canaries lost their voice and fell from popularity.

Did they, I wonder, suffer withdrawal fits and sicken? Think of that last lost generation of canaries sudden-

(*Continued on page* 16)

For $300 you can drive from Portugal to Spain to Portugal to Spain to Portugal.

Go back and forth and all over the place for 3 weeks. In your own car. ($300 includes mileage and lodgings.) Send us this coupon.

☐ Portugal & Spain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $300.

Other Super-Value-Vacations for Bargain-Hunters. ☐ Sun and Fun—Italy, Portugal & Spain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $339. ☐ Italy, 2 or 3 weeks, from $360.

Extra-Value-Vacation Tours. ☐ Portugal & Madeira, 2 weeks, from $315. ☐ Portugal & Spain, 2 weeks, from $429. ☐ Portugal, Spain & Morocco, 3 weeks, from $579. ☐ Italy (Group), 2 weeks, $499. ☐ Italy (Independent), 2 weeks, from $587. ☐ Italy & Switzerland, 3 weeks, $599. ☐ Italy & Greece, 2 weeks, $699. ☐ European Shrines, 2 weeks, $599. ☐ Europe on the Town, 3 weeks, from $799. ☐ Holy Land, 2 weeks, from $774.

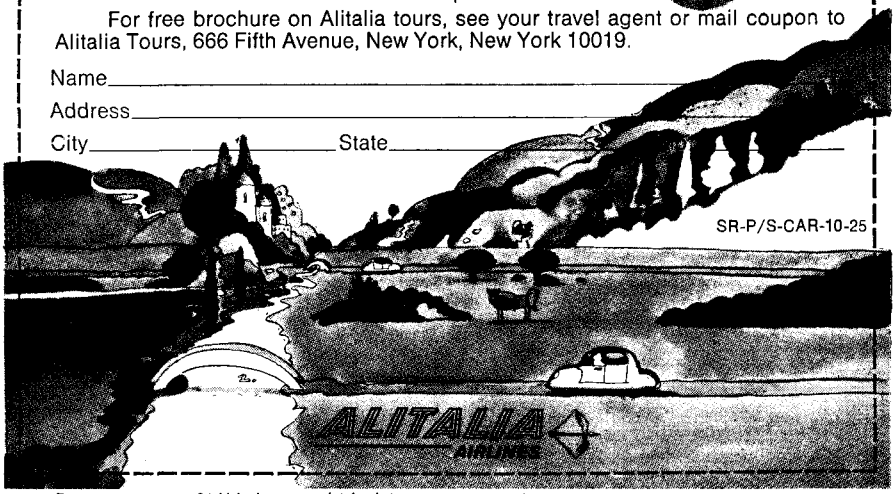
Other Alitalia Tours. ☐ Seascapes ☐ Africa

For free brochure on Alitalia tours, see your travel agent or mail coupon to Alitalia Tours, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

Name_____

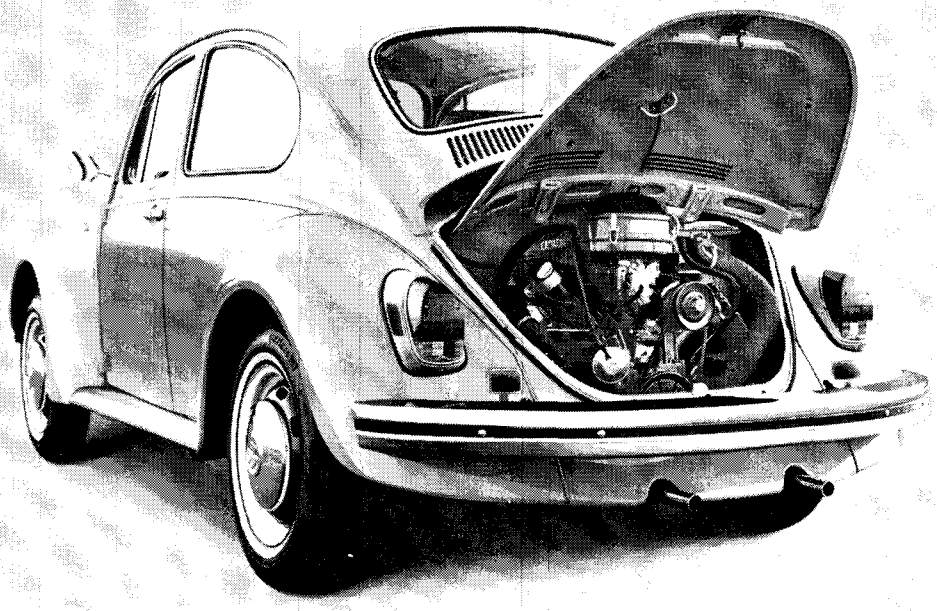
Address_____

City_____ State_____



Prices based on 21/14 day round-trip jet economy tour basing fares from New York for groups of 15 or more. Bookings and a 25% deposit must be made 30 days in advance.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

An amazing new ingredient now comes in this familiar package.

It's called a longer-lasting engine.

Longer lasting than what?

Longer lasting than our old engine, which in case you didn't know, was one of the toughest engines around.

The new version is more powerful. (Top speed: 81 mph vs. 78 mph.)

It has better acceleration.

And most important, it weighs the same as the older version. So it doesn't have to work as hard to get you where you're going.

But that's where the generation gap ends:

The new engine will still give you a good 26 miles to a gallon of gas.

It still takes pints of oil instead of quarts.

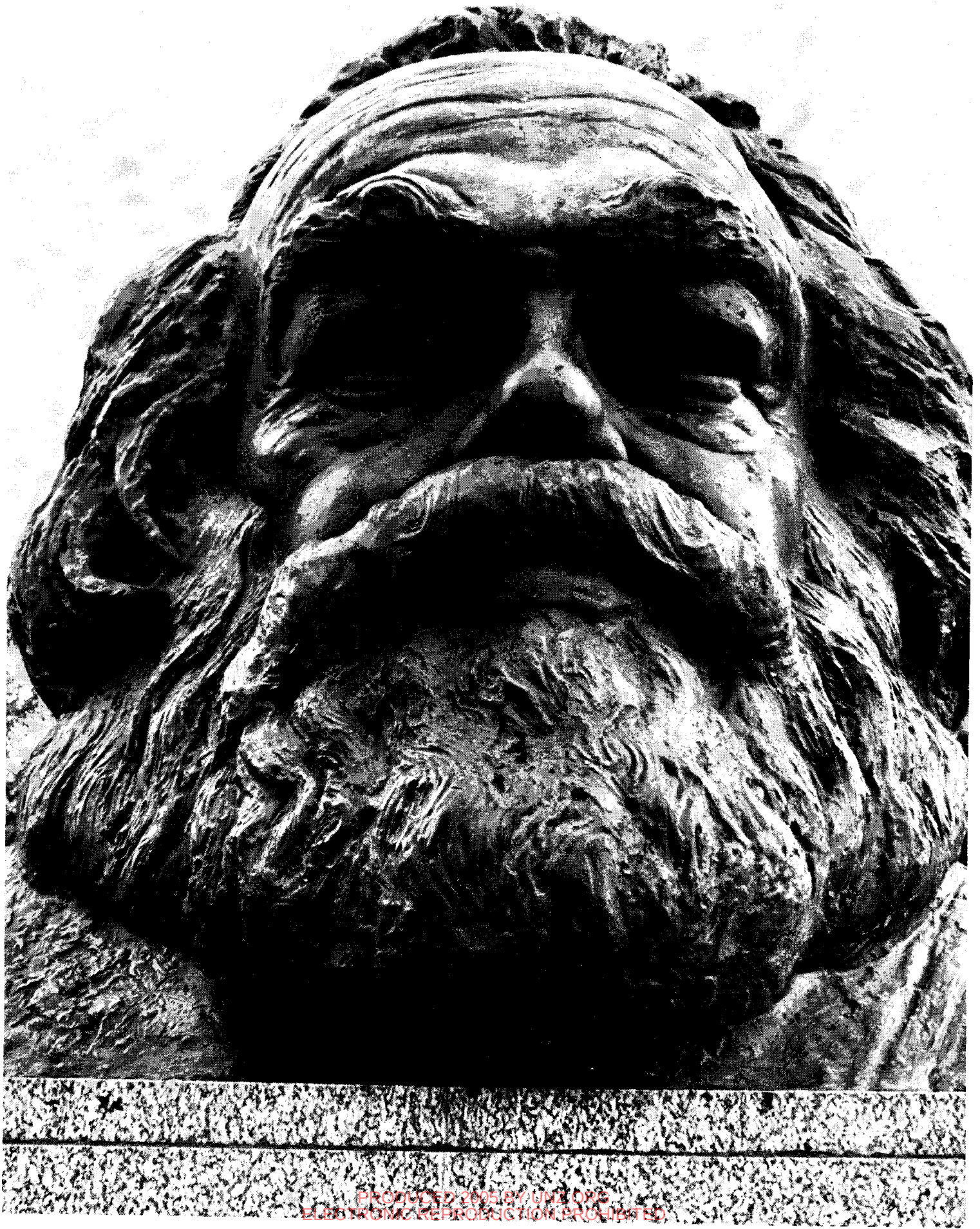
It still abstains from antifreeze.

And it's still conveniently located in the rear for better traction in mud and snow.

Yes, all the things that made our old package a hit last year are back again this year.

Including our old package.

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNICORN
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Africa, Asia and South America go communist, don't blame him.

Karl Marx is not responsible for famines in Asia or epidemics in Africa. It's not his fault that the average South American earns 75c a day.

All he did was predict the consequences.

That a population living in misery will turn to communism as a way out. Unless something is done to alleviate these conditions.

But the countries themselves don't have the economic resources to make these changes. The U. N. doesn't. Even the United States doesn't.

They need the help of world industry. Particularly U.S. industry.

Industry is in an ideal position to do this. It can deal directly with the people of a country. It can change their lives in a way no government can.

A small case in point: in 1958, Olinkraft, a subsidiary of Olin, bought a paper mill in Igaras, a small town in the remote interior of Brazil.

Igaras was the kind of town on which communism thrives—a declining mill, no doctors, shoeless children, men working an 84-hour week, etc.

It wasn't hard to increase the production of the mill eightfold, to lower hours and raise wages, to reforest the woodlands—but that wasn't enough.

We hired a doctor, nurses, teachers; expanded the school; built a dispensary, a clubhouse; provided free medical and dental care (and medicines at cost to non-employees); financed housing loans and helped set up a cooperative store.

And then the people joined in. They rebuilt their own homes, paid for their own teachers, built and operated their own store and, in effect, revitalized the whole town.

But the people weren't the only ones to benefit. Olinkraft did well enough from the mill to start an extensive expansion program.

Igaras, of course, is only one town. But Olin is only one company. Imagine this kind of success multiplied by tens of thousands of companies and towns all over Africa, Asia and South America.

The deeds of industry may well be as important as the gospel of democracy.

Olin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avoid the 5 o'clock rush on Duke of Gloucester St.

This is a good time to get away from it all in Colonial Williamsburg.

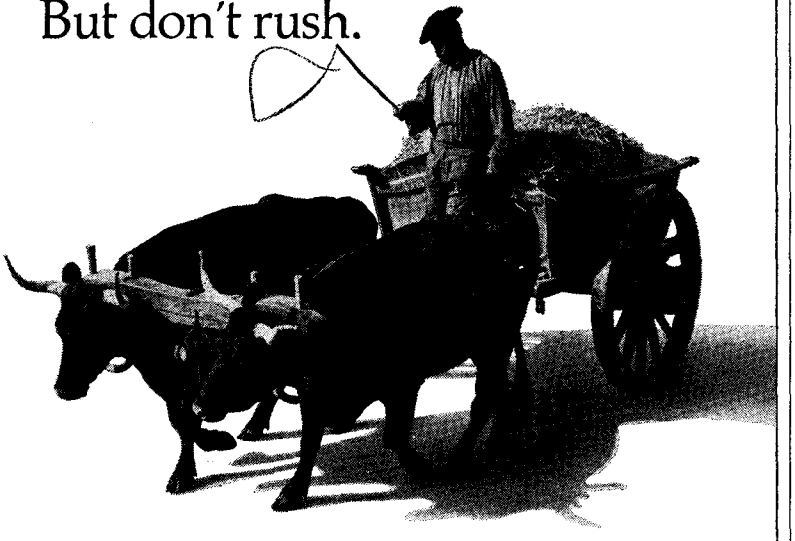
There are no crowded subways, people pushing or trafficopters in the eighteenth century.

But there is a lot to see: historic buildings; outstanding furnishings; colonial craftsmen at work.

And there is time: time to think; time to reflect; time to gain peace of mind.

Come and enjoy the experience of Williamsburg.

But don't rush.



COLONIAL Williamsburg VIRGINIA

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $25 double; its Colonial Houses, from $16 double. The Lodge, from $16 double. The Motor House, $19–$21 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write T. N. McCaskey, Box C, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or call Reservation Offices: New York, 246-6800; Washington, 338-8828; ask operator in Baltimore for Enterprise 9-8855; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Westchester County, Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805.

(*Continued from page* 12)

ly switched from dream seed to bland, the pulse gone from their throats, the impulse from their hearts, while sad old ladies coaxed them in baby talk to rise from the mopes and flats of songless diet to the highs and raptures of their once well-potted days.

The collector of sad ironies might even wonder about some of my ladies. It is impossible for me to imagine them as secret drinkers—they were more likely to be members of the Temperance Union. Yet, I do recall that among my errands were almost daily trips to the drugstore for various tonics and female remedies; simultaneously I recall Stewart Holbrook telling me that he worked on New England lumber drives during Prohibition, and that whenever the crews bedded down near a town, they would send out for cases of a popular "female remedy" with a notably high alcoholic content.

To push irony a step further, I wonder what sweet lost old ladies my sweet lost old ladies recalled from their childhood without ever guessing that some of them must have been not only innocent tipplers but well-hooked and well-deceived junkies. Go back one long life's memories from the Twenties and ask why frugal old ladies (and gentlemen) would get up a dollar a bottle as soon as the medicine man had finished his spiel. A dollar was a big dollar in those days and the medicine man had no artistry in himself for extracting that dollar. He had no need of artistry: that medicine man was Great-aunt Agatha's connection, his nostrums free of government regulation and well laced with opium derivatives and laudanum (opium in an alcoholic solution).

Great-aunt Agatha, of course, knew what sweet relief her dollar bought. Didn't she always feel better after taking Dr. Quack's Indian Herb Panacea? Don't junkies always feel better after they have a proper fix?

There, then, to dream on is the ghostly image of lost genteel ladies cooing to the rapturous canaries of a lost innocence. Some of them, certainly, were at least minor tipplers, though they would have denounced alcohol as the devil's distillation. Some of them must have been children and grandchildren of proper matrons who suffered from obscure female maladies none of which could possibly have been diagnosed as a craving for opium. And so to learn that even the canaries of my childhood were junkies!

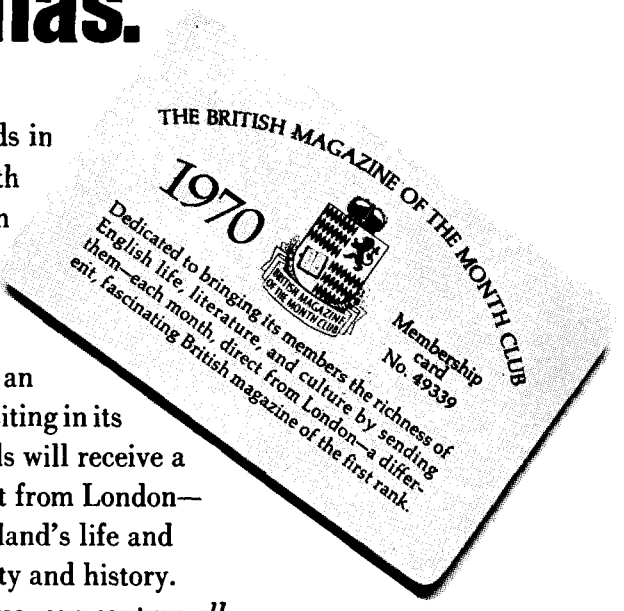
Such is the imagery of irony. But let irony be sad. Let it be anything but innocent. Innocence is the one condition irony must deny, and that wisdom, even in compassion, must not dare.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give a membership in a British club for Christmas.

What an *exclusive* idea!

When you enroll your friends in the British Magazine-of-the-Month Club, you will be introducing them to fascinating people. To new places. Indeed, to all of Britain.


THE BRITISH MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH CLUB
1970
Membership card No. 49339
Dedicated to bringing its members the richness of English life, literature, and culture by sending them—each month, direct from London—a different, fascinating British magazine of the first rank.

This is not just a magazine subscription you are giving. It is an *experience*—rich in its variety, exciting in its novelty. Each month, your friends will receive a different British magazine—direct from London—with fascinating glimpses of England's life and culture, its countryside and society and history.

No single magazine, of course, can capture *all* of Britain. That's why the multi-magazine plan of British Magazine-of-the-Month is already so popular with thousands of Americans—those who wish to re-live the golden moments of their own visits to England, and others who still look forward to viewing its wonders for the first time.

The clatter of Soho and the quiet of Scottish moors. Old Vic and Savile Row. The wit of Parliament and the Mod madness of Liverpool. They will all be there—to be seen and savoured—in the pages of Britain's greatest magazines.

And to herald your ingenious thoughtfulness, we shall send an unusual gift card bearing a full-colour portrait of H.R.H. Prince Charles. Also, if you post your order straightaway, we will be pleased to send the *Illustrated London News'* lavish $1.25 Christmas number as an extra, free bonus to arrive during the Holiday Season.

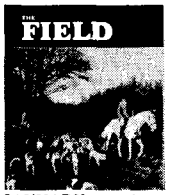
NEW: FREE BENEFITS FOR GIFT-GIVERS!
A Donor Membership will be awarded—without extra charge—to every person sending a gift membership for the 1969 Christmas season. This entitles you to your own Donor Membership Card, with its rights and features, including special discount privileges for this wide variety of British publications.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BONUS

The handsome 1969 Christmas edition of the world-famous *Illustrated London News* will portray the traditions of Christmas in luxurious colour illustrations and fascinating stories.

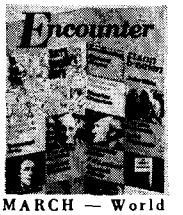
This superb edition ordinarily retails for $1.25. To Club members, however, it is given *free* with each new subscription.

Give a 12-month gift membership in the British Magazine-of-the-Month Club

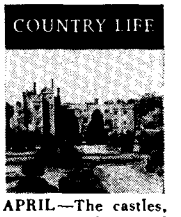


JANUARY—A trip to England's charming country estates for a look at the suburban set.

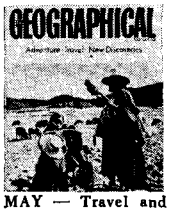
FEBRUARY—A fresh and fascinating perspective on political, social, economic trends.



MARCH — World affairs, literature and the arts from the pens of internationally famous writers.



APRIL—The castles, customs, culture and countryside of traditional Britain in striking photography.

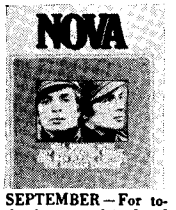


MAY — Travel and adventure, British style. Colourful pictures and prose from around the world.

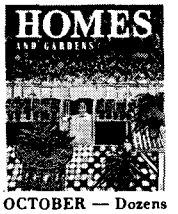
JUNE—Britain's best informed society and fashion magazine. Covers people, parties, style reviews.

JULY — Rural Britain's quaint customs and colourful people are shown in a rich panorama.

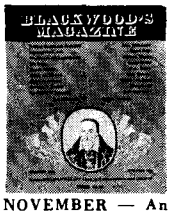
AUGUST—England's most respected pictorial weekly covers world events and personalities.



SEPTEMBER—For today's new kind of woman: a magazine that examines latest trends with candor.



OCTOBER — Dozens of distinctive home decorating ideas, all marked by impeccable British taste.



NOVEMBER — An English tradition: brilliant and entertaining stories, essays and commentary.

DECEMBER — Its brilliant humour, sophisticated commentary, superb cartoons are world-acclaimed.

Note: All twelve of the above magazines will be delivered directly from Great Britain, although the month of selection may vary

For only **$9.95** each member receives all these gift features:

1. 12 issues of Britain's outstanding magazines — one each month.
2. Free bonus copy of the *Illustrated London News'* magnificent $1.25 Christmas Issue.
3. Handsome gift announcement card, signed as you direct.
4. Special discount rates on all new subscriptions to any of the 12 Club magazines . . . anytime in 1970.
5. A personalized membership card.

And you receive: A Donor Membership Card qualifying you for many Club discounts.

To: BRITISH MAGAZINE-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
Dept. BS-10-25 545 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N.J. 07666

☐ *Please enter* _____ *one-year gift membership(s) in the British Magazine-of-the-Month Club* at $9.95 each for the person(s) named below, and send a Greeting Card announcing my gift to each individual.

MY NAME IS: _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Check here if you wish to enter a subscription for yourself. (Includes Gift Bonus.)

Send gift memberships to:

1. NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Sign gift card as follows: _____

2. NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Sign gift card as follows: _____

FOR ADDITIONAL GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS, PLEASE ATTACH EXTRA SHEET WITH NAMES AND ADDRESSES.

☐ I enclose my remittance of $_____ for _____ subscriptions. ☐ Bill me later.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you been serving dull hors d'oeuvres with good spirits?
Don't dampen good spirits. Liven them up with these three perfect complements.
WISPRIDE® Sharp Cheddar Cheese Spread. Serve it on toast straight from the famous little brown crock. Use it to stuff celery. Or spread it on crackers and top with caviar, anchovies, olives, or your favorite garnish.
SWISS KNIGHT.® A fine imported Gruyère with a brisk nut-like flavor. Serve it in wedges or slices. Great when guests come to visit . . . even better with a quiet drink by the fire.
HUM.® Holland's finest Gouda and Edam is a tangy companion to any drink. Great with fruit. Try it with an apple slice on your favorite cracker.
WISPRIDE
SWISS KNIGHT
HUM
GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., 10017

Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Anyone who has tried to get a cab in midtown Manhattan during rush hour, only to find them speeding by empty with their OFF-DUTY lights shining, will appreciate the behavior of Richard Stark. One afternoon in September after work he hurried out of his office building at 535 Fifth Avenue and hailed a taxi. When it stopped, he leaned forward and said to the driver, "I just wanted to tell you that I'm off-duty and on my way home. Good night." Then he ran for the bus.

Peter Windsor has always had a real "thing" about misplaced or unplaced apostrophes ("It's flavor will delight you," "Its the best in town"), and until the other day his favorite was the sign on each of the street-level pillars at 666 Fifth Avenue: TOP OF THE SIX's. But now he's seen everything. Scrawled in the elevator of the loft building where his tailor is situated is: "Manny Loves Glady's."

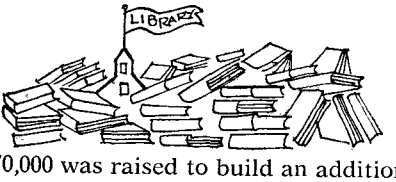
In his readable, anecdotal book about the Philadelphia Orchestra, *Those Fabulous Philadelphians* (Scribner's), Herbert Kupferberg tells about Leopold Stokowski's war with the Friday afternoon audiences. They were mostly ladies who sat and knitted during the performance, or refused to remove their hats, or talked and coughed, or arrived late, or got up early to catch the train home. For years the conductor tried to cure them of these habits, to little avail.

The climax was reached one Friday afternoon in April 1926. The first number on the program was an obscure work that required only a violin and cello at the start, and when Stokowski began conducting, only those two players were there. Gradually others drifted in just as they were due to start playing, a couple of them so late that they had to begin while still walking toward their seats.

When the time came for Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," there was still only a small group on stage. Stokowski raised his baton, but was interrupted when a group of brass players rushed in to take their seats. As they got settled, the conductor started to give the downbeat, but had to pause when another bunch of tardy instrumentalists arrived. A few more straggled in before the entire orchestra was in place and the performance began.

By this time the audience realized it was being made fun of, and there were a few hisses. But the lesson wasn't over. The final number on the program was Haydn's *Farewell* Symphony, which was the opposite of the opener, the composer calling for the players to leave one by one until only two violinists were left for the last few notes. Stokowski had the players fidget impatiently and look at their watches just prior to their departure. At the end of the concert, only the conductor was there to take a bow. Afterward, people were outraged or amused. But the Friday afternoon audiences didn't change their habits.

About two years ago the little village of Centerville, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod found itself with a problem. Walter Lippmann, who was moving from his home in Washington to a smaller New York apartment, had given 5,000 books, the bulk of his personal collection, to the Centerville Library. But the shelves already held a capacity 6,500 volumes, so that the columnist's donation would just about double the library's size. The upshot was that



$70,000 was raised to build an addition for the principal purpose of housing the Lippmann windfall.

Recently, a new reference room was dedicated, making available to readers and researchers a fine array of books of history, social science, biography, political science, and so on. For example, the complete proceedings of the Nuremberg trials are there in forty-two volumes, as well as an impressive section on international law.

How come Walter Lippmann, who has never been to Centerville, gave his valuable books to this small community? It goes back to September 8, 1931, when Robert Anthony, an Amherst graduate working for the Bell System and living in New York, clipped Lippmann's first TODAY AND TOMORROW column from the New York *Tribune*, an essay on Dwight Morrow, an Amherst trustee. Anthony subsequently clipped every column until 1967, when the last was written, and indexed them

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.

In our society, too many people who drink, do not enjoy their drinking.

They drink what they drink because they think they ought to. Rather than drinking something else that might give them more pleasure.

Like Dubonnet, for instance—a very pleasurable drink. You drink it whenever you'd like a cocktail.

Its flavor is subtle. It is a quietly civilized drink.

Dubonnet will, however, make sociable occasions slightly more sociable.

We have said of its taste, "A touch of Paris in every drop."

Which, admittedly, is a very romantic thing to say.

But, Dubonnet is a very romantic drink.

As well as a sensible one.

Dubonnet. A touch of Paris in every drop.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

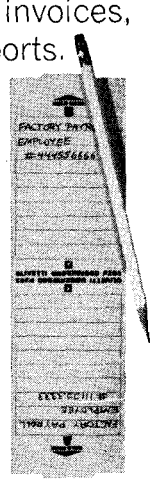
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Olivetti P-203 can handle any job in your office involving numbers.

It can knock out a payroll in just a few hours. Then go to work on posting and simultaneous sales breakdown. It can get the invoices out, prepare a salesman's commission statement, and help estimate bids. It can keep track of inventory and print out reports for management.

The Olivetti P-203: anything an accounting machine can do, it can do better.

Your receptionist can operate the P-203. A regular electric typewriter keyboard puts information on invoices, checks and reports.



It takes just seconds for the P-203 to move from job to job. A magnetic card, slightly larger than a dollar bill, carries programs and data. Programming capacity is literally unlimited. But don't worry about programming. We'll program the P-203 to handle your particular problems. It's done right at the keyboard using a simple set of symbols.

Find out what the P-203 could do for your office. Look us up in the Yellow Pages.

olivetti

Olivetti P-203. Actual size: 36¼" x 36¼" x 22" deep. 115 volts AC. No air conditioning needed.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So long old friend.
Inevitably, there comes that sorry day when a man must set his London Fog® out to pasture.
(The day his wife finally gets her way.)
He takes that long last look, and reflects on all they've been through together. The bitter cold mornings, when his dog was in no mood to be rushed. Running out in the middle of the night for pizza, or a quart of milk. The endless waits on bus stops. Those long walks, to mull things over.
His London Fog was even with him the night he met his wife. And the day he took his first-born home from the hospital.
At this melancholy time, there is one comforting thought.
Somewhere out there is a new London Fog, ready to be with him through his next big chunk of life.
London Fog®
THE DANTON MAINCOAT® WITH ZIP-OUT WARMER. SHELL OF 65% DACRON® POLYESTER, 35% COTTON WITH ZEL-PEL® ABOUT $65. SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA. LONDON FOG® HAS HATS AND UMBRELLAS, TOO. © THE LONDONTOWN MFG. CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

according to subjects mentioned. He also started saving everything by and about Lippmann, going back as far as the first article the columnist ever wrote, a short piece for the magazine at Dr. Sach's Collegiate School in 1908. Anthony's hobby, which soon got the writer's cooperation, grew to almost 4,000 items, plus about 150,000 letters to or from Lippmann, plus all his diaries, engagement books, and tape recordings. The collection is now in the Sterling Library at Yale, and Robert Anthony is its curator. He spends one day a week at Yale, where he has processed at last count 17,612 letters, with more than 100,000 to go.

In 1960, Anthony, who had since moved to the Cape, became president of the Centerville Library. He had, of course, become a close friend of Lippmann, who eventually offered his books to him. The truth is that Robert Anthony knows almost more about Lippmann than the columnist does. Once, when preparing for his seventieth birthday celebration, Lippmann's secretary called Anthony to find out who had been invited to his sixtieth, so that no one would be ignored. Anthony looked up an old engagement book and found the list.

Sharps and Flats: Herb Kenny tells me that the proprietor of Albany's Mistletoe Book Shop is Holly Green.

► Alan Winslow reports this graffito on a Big Sur wall: "I'd give my right arm to be ambidextrous."

► Remember all the time you spent in school learning what was called the Palmer Method of penmanship? If a new kid came along who made his r's the other way, you poked fun at him. And that business of not crossing the final t. And you devoted hours to making those straight lines up and down and those ovals. If you moved your fingers or wrist you got punished. So have you ever seen anyone who writes without moving his fingers? I hope they're not teaching that stuff any more.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1854)

ROBERT BRUSTEIN: (THE) *THIRD THEATRE*

Brecht was a writer who used literary fragments to shore against his ruins: his own work is virtually a pastiche of plundered literature. Brecht, in fact, worked very much the way Shakespeare did, striving not so much for originality of plot as for originality of conception.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Appointment from Her Majesty's Assay Offices:

A Limited Initial Issue of British Hall-Marked Silver Ingots of Unprecedented Fineness in this form.

These ingots are individually hand cast by Engelhard Industries in England. Only 25,000 sets of four different Hall-Marked ingots of .999 fineness, 100 grams in weight, are being produced for the entire world. The 1969 year issue is the first of a continuing series.

WHY YOU WILL WANT TO COLLECT THESE MAGNIFICENT INGOTS — FINER THAN STERLING OR RARE BRITANNIA SILVER

Each precious ingot is weighed accurately into individual crucibles, heated and cast into individual ingots. When cool, each ingot is carefully polished to bring out the color and richness of Silver — the favorite of discriminating collectors for centuries.

At Engelhard Industries, ingots are stamped with the weight and fineness. The ingots are delivered to four different British Government Assay Offices, where they are examined and tested for purity.

Each individual ingot is assayed and if the purity meets the rigorous hall standards, the Hall-Marks are embossed as illustrated below.

WHY HALL-MARKS CAME INTO BEING

Every collector of antiques is vitally aware of the famous Hall-Marks on beautiful and valuable Georgian Silver. Our own most famous silversmith, Paul Revere, had his own Hall-Mark, attesting to the fineness, master craftsmanship, and authenticity of his exquisite silver pieces.

He borrowed this practice of Hall-Marking from his British forebears, who began the custom as early as the year 1500, or before; and which continues until this day in Great Britain. The appearance of a Hall-Mark on a precious metal object is your guarantee of the fineness, and the year of examination. This applies to Gold as well as to Silver.

APPRECIATION OF FINE SILVER

World-wide usage and demand for Silver has made this much-demanded metal more precious with the passage of time. For instance, many nations which traditionally used Silver for coinage, have discontinued this practice. Because of this high demand and continuous up-thrust in world pricing, collectors of Silver and antiques will look forward to acquiring a set of different ingots each year of issue. The first year is expected to become especially sought-after.

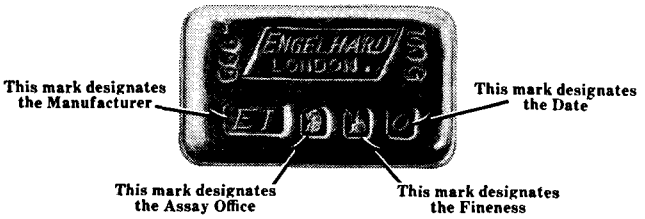
WHY YOU SHOULD ORDER NOW

Purchasers of the complete initial issue (date-mark 1969) will also receive the privilege of the right of purchase for subsequent sets in succeeding years. Because of the limited supply, orders for *individual* Hall-Marked ingots will be filled only from any remaining unordered sets of the four different ingots, without choice of selection of Assay Office marking.

A WORD ABOUT AG ASSOCIATES, INC.

AG Associates, Inc. is proud to have been appointed as the sole international representatives of Engelhard Industries, for the Hall-Marked Ingots. We are a division of Coen-Messer, whose dealings in rare coins and Silver have received editorial coverage in innumerable publications, including The New York Times and Life Magazine. Our reputation for honorable dealings have made us the exclusive agents for many private collectors and institutions whose affairs must be handled with confidence and discretion. We invite inquiries concerning any matter that has to do with rare coins and Silver.

WHAT EACH HALL-MARK MEANS


This mark designates the Manufacturer
This mark designates the Date
This mark designates the Assay Office
This mark designates the Fineness
ENGELHARD LONDON

AG Associates, Inc., Dept. SAR 10 • 39 West 55 St. • New York, N.Y. 10019

I am interested in acquiring .999 fine Hall-Marked Silver Ingots.

TOTAL

☐ I AM INTERESTED IN SUBSCRIBING. Please send me _____ set(s) of four 1969 Year-Dated 100-gram ingots @ $79.95 for the set. I understand that I will have the right of first refusal in subsequent years when new issues are offered. I also understand that *I will receive a free Booklet, "British Hall-Marks."* _____

☐ I wish to purchase individual Hall-Marked ingots. Please send me_____100 gram ingots. (Your choice of Assay Office) $22.95 each. _____

☐ Gift Sets @ $79.95 each, to be sent to individuals whose names and addresses I am enclosing on a separate sheet. _____

TOTAL_____

New York City and State resident — please add 6% sales tax. _____ Check _____ Money Order for $_____ enclosed. Satisfaction Guaranteed — Or Return For Full Refund.

Name

Address

City State Zip

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only a few ships will ever sail a route like this.

It's the Ultimate Cruise.
On the Ultimate Ship, the S.S. France.
Thirty-three days of sybaritic pleasures, with every wish and whim attended to.

Calls at the most fascinating and romantic ports on three continents, and the Caribbean.

And 180 French chefs to delight, dazzle and beguile the palate.

Four magnificent meals a day in what New York's most celebrated gourmet calls "the finest restaurant in the world."

Legions of French waiters to restore the lost art of gracious dining.

Limited guest list assures maximum conviviality. With accommodations from $1,500 to $15,000.

The Ultimate Cruise sails February 14, 1970. Bookings can be arranged through your travel agent or by corresponding with the French Line.

French Line®

555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Tel. 212-883-7012

SAFETY INFORMATION: The S.S. FRANCE, registered in France, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and the 1966 International Safety Regulations.

PRODUCED BY ARS NOVA
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
October 25, 1969

In Praise of Festivity

Western man gained the world with his rational calculations and cautious sobriety. But how will destiny treat a civilization that has lost its capacity to dance and dream?

by HARVEY COX

I know nothing, except what everyone knows—if there when Grace dances, I should dance.
—W. H. AUDEN, *Whitsunday in Kirchstetten*

Mankind has paid a frightful price for the present opulence of Western industrial society. Part of the price is exacted daily from the poor nations of the world whose fields and forests garnish our tables, while we push their people further into poverty. Part is paid by the oppressed poor who dwell within the gates of the rich nations without sharing in the plenty. But part of the price has been paid by affluent Western man himself. While gaining the whole world, he has been losing his own soul. He has purchased prosperity at the cost of a staggering impoverishment of the vital elements of his life. These elements are festivity—the capacity for genuine revelry and joyous celebration; and fantasy—the faculty for envisioning radically alternative life situations.

Festivity and fantasy are not only worthwhile in themselves; they are absolutely vital to human life. They enable man to relate himself to the past and the future in ways that seem impossible for animals. The festival, the special time when ordinary chores are set aside while man celebrates some event, affirms the sheer goodness of what is, or observes the memory of a god or hero, is a distinctly human activity. It arises from man's peculiar power to incorporate into his own life the joys of other people and the experience of previous generations.

Fantasy is also uniquely human. A hungry lion may dream about a zebra dinner, but only man can mentally invent wholly new ways of living his life as an individual and as a species. If festivity enables man to enlarge his experience by reliving events of the past, fantasy is a form of play that extends the frontiers of the future.

Festivity, of course, does not focus solely on the past any more than fantasy reaches only toward the future. We also sometimes celebrate coming events, and our minds often re-create bygone experiences. But despite this obvious overlap, festivity is more closely related to memory, and fantasy is more akin to hope. Together they help make man a creature who sees himself with an origin and a destiny, not just as an ephemeral bubble.

Both our enjoyment of festivity and our capacity for fantasy have deteriorated in modern times. We still celebrate, but our feasts and parties often lack real verve or feeling. Take, for example, a typical American New Year's Eve. It is a celebration, but there is something undeniably vacuous and frenetic about it. People seem anxiously, even obsessively determined to have a good time. But under the surface of Dionysiac carousing we feel something is missing. The next day we often wonder why we bothered.

Our mixed feelings about New Year's Eve reveal two things about us. First, we are still essentially festive and ritual creatures. Second, our contemporary feasts and rites are in a dismal state. The reason New Year's Eve is important is that it so vividly energizes both memory and hope. As hoping and remembering creatures, we rightly sense something of unusual symbolic significance about that peculiar, magical time when the old year disappears forever and the new one begins. But the vaguely desperate air lurking behind the noisemakers and funny hats is also significant. We dimly sense on New Year's Eve, and sometimes on other occasions, a whole world of empyrean ecstasy and fantastic hope, a world with which we seem to have lost touch. Our sentimentality and wistfulness arise from the fact that we have so few festivals left, and the ones we have are so stunted in their ritual and celebrative power.

Still, we are not wholly lost, and the fact that we still do ring out the old and ring in the new reminds us that celebration, however weakened, is not yet dead.

While festivity languishes, our fantasy life has also become anemic. Once effulgent, it now ekes out a sparse and timid existence. Our night dreams are quickly forgotten. Our daydreams are stealthy, clandestine, and unshared. Unable to conjure up fantasy images on our own we have given over the field to mass production. Walt Disney

---

Harvey Cox is professor of divinity at Harvard University and author of the widely acclaimed book *The Secular City*. The above article is adapted from Mr. Cox's latest book, *The Feast of Fools*, being published this month by Harvard University Press.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his imitators have populated it with virtuous mice and friendly skunks. Low-grade cinema and formula-TV producers have added banal symbols and predictable situations. But the enfeeblement of fantasy cannot be blamed on the mass media. It is the symptom of a much larger cultural debility. Indeed, the sportive inventiveness of today's best film-makers proves both that it is not the technology which is at fault and that human fantasy still survives in a dreary, fact-ridden world.

What are the reasons for the long, slow decay of festivity and fantasy in the West? The sources of our sickness are complex. During the epoch of industrialization, we grew more sober and industrious, less playful and imaginative. Work schedules squeezed festivity to a minimum. The habits formed are still so much with us that we use our new technologically provided leisure either to "moonlight," or to plan sober consultations on the "problem of leisure," or to wonder why we are not enjoying our "free time" the way we should.

The age of science and technology has also been hard on fantasy. We have J.R.R. Tolkien's hobbits and the visions of science fiction. But our fact-obsessed era has taught us to be cautious: always check impulsive visions against the hard data. Secularism erodes the religious metaphors within which fantasy can roam. Scientific method directs our attention away from the realm of fantasy and toward the manageable and the feasible. True, we are now discovering that science without hunches or visions gets nowhere, but we still live in a culture where fantasy is tolerated, not encouraged. Part of the blame belongs to secularism. There was a time when visionaries were canonized and mystics were admired. Now they are studied, smiled at, perhaps even committed. All in all, fantasy is viewed with distrust in our time.

But why should we care if festivity and fantasy now play a smaller role in human life? Why not simply turn the world over to sobriety and rational calculation? Is anything significant lost? I believe that it is.

In the first place, the disappearance of festivity and fantasy simply makes life duller. They should be nurtured for their own sake. Further, man's very survival as a species has been placed in grave jeopardy by our repression of the human celebrative and imaginative faculties. I would also argue from theological premises that man will grasp his divine origin and destiny only if he regains the capacity for festive revelry and the ability to fantasize. Let me state three theses:

1) Man is by his very nature a creature who not only works and thinks but who sings, dances, prays, tells stories, and celebrates. He is *homo festivus*. Notice the universal character of festivity in human life. No culture is without it. African pygmies and Australian primitives frolic in honor of the equinox. Hindus revel at Holi. Moslems feast after the long fast of Ramadan. In some societies, the principal festival comes at harvest or when the moon reaches a particular position. In others, the anniversary of some event in the life of a cultural or religious hero supplies the cause for jubilation. There are important differences between the cultures that stress cosmic or seasonal festivals and those that emphasize historical holidays, but all provide an occasion for singing old songs, saluting heroes, and reaffirming new and old aspirations. When festivity disappears from a culture, something universally human is endangered.

Man is also *homo fantasia*, the visionary dreamer and mythmaker. If no culture is without some form of celebration, there is certainly none that lacks its share of wild and improbable stories. Fairies, goblins, giants, and elves—or their equivalent—inhabit the imagination of every race. Also, in most societies, one can find legends of a golden age in the past and, in some, stories of a wondrous age to come.

Man is *homo festivus* and *homo fantasia*. No other creature we know relives the legends of his forefathers, blows out candles on a birthday cake, or dresses up and pretends he is someone else.

But in recent centuries something has happened that has undercut man's capacity for festivity and fantasy. In Western civilization, we have placed an enormous emphasis on man as worker (Luther and Marx) and man as thinker (Aquinas and Descartes). Man's celebrative and imaginative faculties have atrophied. This worker-thinker emphasis, enforced by industrialization, ratified by philosophy, and sanctified by Christianity, helped to produce the monumental achievement of Western science and industrial technology. Now, however, we can begin to see that our productivity has exacted a price. Not only have we gotten it at the expense of millions of other people in the poor nations, not only have we ruined countless rivers and lakes and poisoned our atmosphere, we have also terribly damaged the inner experience of Western man. We have pressed him so hard toward useful work and rational calculation he has all but forgotten the joy of ecstatic celebration, antic play, and free imagination. His shrunken psyche is just as much a victim of industrialization as

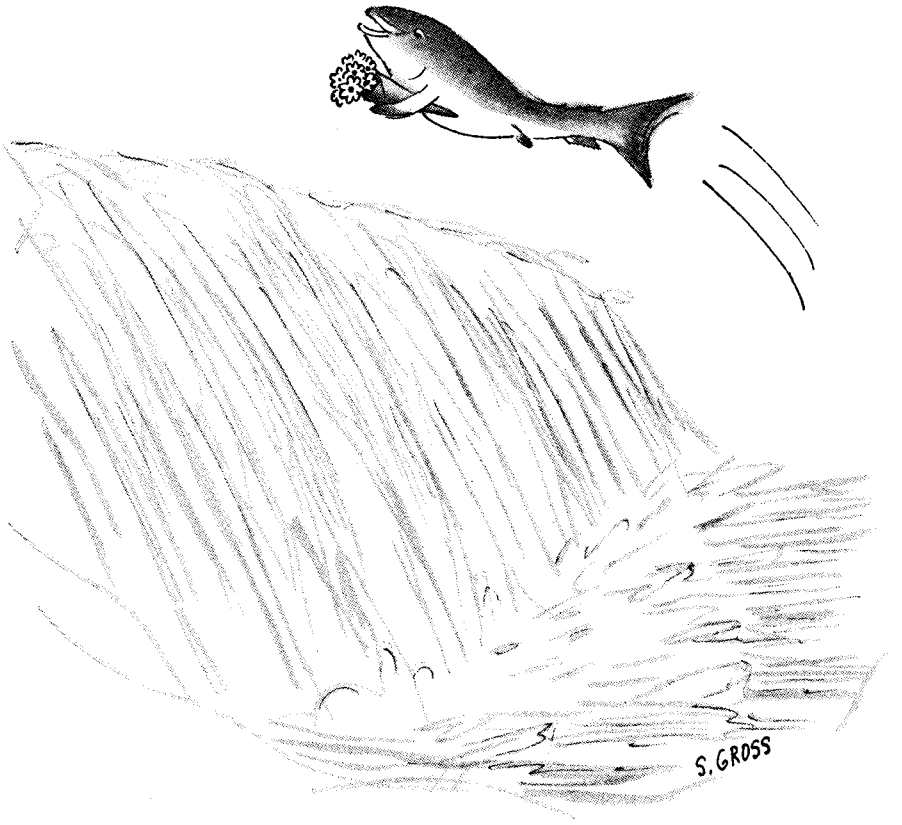
"Where have you been all night?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were the bent bodies of those luckless children who were once confined to English factories from dawn to dusk.

Man is essentially festive and fanciful. To become fully human, Western industrial man, and his non-Western brothers insofar as they are touched by the same debilitation, must learn again to dance and to dream.

2) The survival of mankind as a species has also been placed in jeopardy by the repression of festivity and fantasy. This is because man inhabits a world of constant change, and in such a world both festival and fantasy are indispensable for survival. If he is to survive, man must be both innovative and adaptive. He must draw from the richest wealth of experience available to him and must never be bound to existing formulas for solving problems. Festivity, by breaking routine and opening man to the past, enlarges his experience and reduces his provincialism. Fantasy opens doors that merely empirical calculation ignores. It widens the possibilities for innovation. Together, festivity and fantasy enable man to experience his present in a richer, more joyful, and more creative way.



Psychiatrists remind us that the loss of a sense of time is a symptom of personal deterioration. Cut a man off from his memories or his visions and he sinks to a depressed state. The same is true for a civilization. So long as it can absorb what has happened to it and move confidently toward what is yet to come its vitality persists. But when a civilization becomes alienated from its past and cynical about its future, as Rome once did, its spiritual energy flags.

In our present world it is crucial for the rich Western nations to recover something of their capacity for sympathetic imagination and noninstrumental *joie de vivre*, if they are to keep in touch with the so-called underdeveloped world. Otherwise, the rich Western nations will become increasingly static and provincial, or they will try to inflict their worship of work on the rest of the world. Unable to put themselves in someone else's shoes, they will grow more insensitive to the enclaves of poverty in their midst and the continents of hunger around them. Without relearning a measure of festivity on their own they will not be able to appreciate the gusto of Africa and Latin America. Deprived of joy they will become more hateful and suspicious toward "others." Without fantasy not even the radicals of the affluent world can identify with oppressed peoples in their battles for independence and national dignity. Without social imagination no one will be able to think up fundamentally new ways to relate to the rest of the world. Unless the industrialized world recovers its sense of festivity and fantasy, it will die or be destroyed.

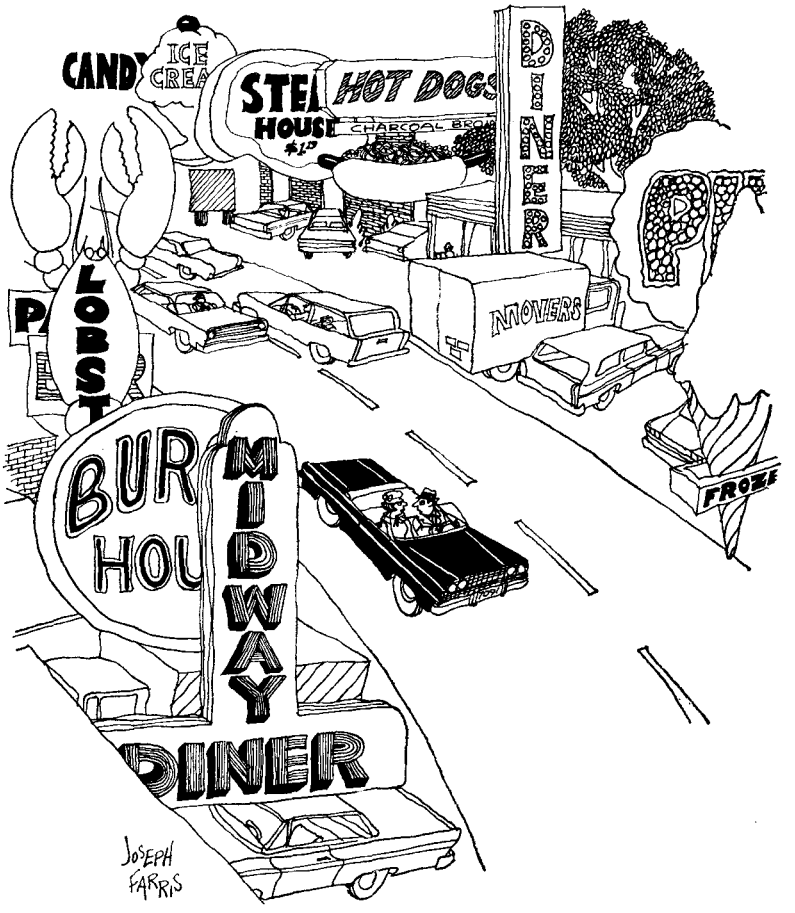
3) Our loss of the capacities for festivity and fantasy also has profound religious significance. The religious man is one who grasps his own life within a larger historical and cosmic setting. He sees himself as part of a greater whole, a longer story in which he plays a part. Song, ritual, and vision link a man to this story. They help him place himself somewhere between Eden and the Kingdom of God; they give him a past and a future. But without real festive occasions and without the nurture of fantasy man's spirit as well as his psyche shrinks. He becomes something less than man, a gnat with neither origin nor destiny.

This may account in part for the malaise and tedium of our time. Celebration requires a set of common memories and collective hopes. It requires, in short, what is usually thought of as a religion. For centuries Christianity provided our civilization with both the feast days that kept its history alive, and with the images of the future that sustained its expectations. Stories of Adam, Noah, and Abraham rooted us in the recesses of our prehistory. The saints supplied images of human perfection. The Kingdom of God and the New Jerusalem with their visions of peace and social fulfillment kept us hopeful about the future. At Christmas and Easter, and to some extent during the other holy days, the figure of Jesus somehow enlivened both our primal memories and our wildest hopes. The last of the prophets of Israel, Jesus was also seen as the first citizen of an epoch still to be fulfilled. Thus did Western man, richly supplied with cultural memories and vivid aspirations, once celebrate his place in history and in the cosmos.

Today, however, something seems to be wrong. Our feast days have lost their vitality. Christmas is now largely a family reunion, Easter a spring style show, and on Thanksgiving there is no one to thank. The potency has drained from the religious symbols that once kept us in touch with our forebears. The images that fired our hopes for the future have lost their glow. We often see the past as a cage from which we must escape, and the future as a dull elongation of what we now have.

The blame for this state of affairs is usually placed on the thinkers and seers of Christianity themselves. Challenged by modern science, industrialization, pluralism, and secularization, they have not yet accomplished the badly needed intellectual reformation of the faith. This is true as far as it goes. But there is another side to the story. Christianity has often adjusted too quickly to the categories of modernity. It has speeded industrialization by emphasizing man as the soberly responsible worker and husbandman. It has nourished science by stressing the order of creation and the gift of reason. In fact, without Protestant ethics

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Every time I pass through here I get heartburn."

and medieval scholasticism, our scientific civilization might never have developed. Christianity has recognized that man is the worker and toolmaker, the reasoner and thinker. But in doing all this, it has often failed to give sufficient attention to vital dimensions of the human reality, some of which are more clearly seen by other religious traditions. Consequently, Western Christian culture, though we rightly speak of it as "highly developed" in some senses, is woefully underdeveloped in others. It has produced too many pedestrian personalities whose capacity for vision and ecstasy is sadly crippled. It has resulted in a deformed man whose sense of a mysterious origin and cosmic destiny has nearly disappeared. A race that has lost touch with past and future through the debilitation of ritual, revelry, and visionary aspirations will soon shrink to a tribe of automatons. Machines, as we know, can be astonishingly efficient. But there are some things they cannot do. Among other things they cannot really play, pretend, or prevaricate. They cannot frolic or fantasize. These activities are somehow uniquely human, and if they vanish, man loses essential reminders of his singularity.

It is important to emphasize that among other things man in his very essence is *homo festivus* and *homo fantasia*. Celebrating and imagining are integral parts of his humanity. But Western industrial man in the past few centuries has begun to lose his capacity for festivity and fantasy, and this loss is calamitous for three reasons: 1) it deforms man by depriving him of an essential ingredient in human existence, 2) it endangers his very survival as a species by rendering him provincial and less adaptive, and 3) it robs him of a crucial means of sensing his important place in fulfilling the destiny of the cosmos. The loss is personal, social, and religious.

The picture, however, is not quite as bleak as I have painted it so far. Despite the long-term erosion, it is also true that in very recent years, industrial man has begun to rediscover the festive and the fanciful dimensions of life. A centuries-long process may be reversing itself. Our recent increased exposure both to non-Western cultures and to those sectors of our own civilization that have escaped complete integration into the industrialization process has made us aware that we are missing something. Technologically produced leisure has forced us to ask ourselves some hard questions about our traditional worship of work. Young people in industrial societies everywhere are demonstrating that expressive play and artistic creation belong in the center of life, not at its far periphery. A theater of the body, replete with mime, dance, and acrobatics, is upstaging our inherited theater of the mind. Street festivals, once disappearing as fast as the whooping crane, are coming back. Psychiatrists and educators are beginning to reject their traditional roles as the punishers of fantasy. Some are even searching for ways to encourage it. The awakened interest of white people in the black experience has enhanced our appreciation for a more festive and feeling-oriented approach to life. We call it "soul." Films, novels, and plays explore the world of dreams and even some philosophers are rediscovering the significance of fantasy. Even in the churches, dance, color, movement, and new kinds of music dramatize the recovery of celebration. In short, we may be witnessing the overture to a sweeping cultural renaissance, a revolution of human sensibilities in which the faculties we have starved and repressed during the centuries of industrialization will be nourished and appreciated again.

But it could turn out differently. What we take as the evidence of a cultural rebirth in our midst may be a deceptive flush on the cheek of a dying age. Or, an equally grim prospect, the hesitant beginnings of a festive resurrection in our time could be smashed or spoiled. Still worse, the present rebirth of spontaneous celebration and unfettered imagining could veer off into destructive excess or vacuous frivolity.

Which of these things will happen? We do not know. In fact, the fate of our embryonic cultural revolution is still open and undecided. What will happen to it is largely up to us.

WIT TWISTER #136

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

So _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ was
trust to all her thought
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ to their
marriage, that she fought
All hints _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
her—till she was part
Of the crude _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ that broke her heart.

(*Answer on page* 84)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPLY TO A VIETNAM VETERAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the September 20 issue, SR printed a "Letter from a Vietnam Veteran" by Dr. Gordon S. Livingston, a former Army medical officer who was returned from Vietnam as an "embarrassment to the command." The following is a reply (printed in its entirety) from one of Dr. Livingston's superior officers while in Vietnam.*

SIR:

I FIND IT NECESSARY to reply to the charges of American unconcern for Vietnamese made in a letter written by Dr. Livingston, in which he related his impressions of service in the Eleventh Armored Cavalry Regiment under Col. George S. Patton, III.

Like Livingston, I graduated from the U.S. Military Academy. In the year Livingston received his M.D. from Johns Hopkins I received a Ph.D. from Cornell University in the field of literature. Like Livingston, I served under Colonel Patton in the Eleventh ACR, first as its operations officer, concerned with tactical employment of the unit, and then as its executive officer, concerned with all staff functions and the administration and logistics of the regiment. In the latter capacity I was Livingston's immediate supervisor.

Like Livingston, I had more than a passing interest in the humanistic aspects of the war, for which I am now finding an outlet in a novel I am writing. Like Livingston, I did not find war to be pretty. Unlike Livingston, I did not, however, find the civic action efforts of Colonel Patton, or his staff, or the Eleventh ACR in general, to be insipid, or worse—intentionally harmful. In fact, the Eleventh ACR civic action efforts, largely through the drive and courage of its young civil affairs officer, Capt. Lee Fulmer, were so inspiring to other units in the area that they served as examples in that section of Vietnam. When I left the regiment to command a cavalry squadron in an adjacent area, I took with me many of the ideas that Fulmer had originated, and through the untiring efforts of my own civic action officer, Capt. Tom Witter, was able to employ them with what I take to be successful results. Fulmer, supported enthusiastically by Patton, both intangibly in the form of encouragement, and tangibly in the form of engineer, helicopter, logistical, medical, and other support, was able in a few months to build jointly with the local Vietnamese people three new schools that I know of, dispensaries, and other needed facilities. Fulmer spent all the money he could get from whatever source, around $6,000 a month as I recall, on needed projects in which generally the Vietnamese people supplied the labor whereas Fulmer provided the scarce materials. Fulmer did many other things that cannot be measured in terms of buildings constructed or assistance given; he was fearless, driving the mined roads in the vicinity and spending nights alone, away from military units, in the hamlets to show his confidence in, and respect for, the Vietnamese people. Hence, I find the crux of Livingston's charge—"the evident fact that at an operational level most Americans simply do not care about the Vietnamese"—hard to justify in terms of what I saw in the Eleventh ACR's area of operations.

I cannot take the space to refute Livingston point by point. Indeed, in some areas I must agree with him that we were deficient. But I can address myself to two final points having to do with personalities—Patton's and Livingston's.

Livingston should not have forgotten Binhco already. It is the tiny hamlet north of Bienhoa to which I took him when he first arrived so that I could introduce him to some of our civic action projects in the area.

I remember well the first time I entered Binhco in August of last year. Colonel Patton and I, along with three other officers and men, came into Binhco, making a rather small party in what was decidedly a hostile environment. We went to seek out a family who had lost a child killed in an exchange of mortar fire between the Vietcong and Eleventh Cav troopers. Patton recognized the risk and the likelihood of a hostile reception, but he wanted to extend his condolences to the family. After that first visit, Patton, impressed with the needs of the

(*Continued on page* 84)

"I'm not trying to drown my sorrows. I'm trying to drown the nation's sorrows."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Henry Brandon
Harrison Brown • Charles Frankel
Frank G. Jennings • Joseph Wood Krutch
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Theodore C. Sorensen • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss
John T. Winterich

Businessmen and Operation Bootstrap

Wherever one looks at the underdeveloped areas of our earth, one must come to a conclusion common to every sensitive person—that hunger and poverty are the great headlines of our day, and that all else is secondary. Even war, by itself, is less of a threat to the human race than continued neglect in the poorer nations. The majority of the world's people go to bed hungry each night; the United Nations also tells us that this frightening statistic and world illiteracy are actually increasing despite unprecedented prosperity in the capitalistic West. These people have cried out and we haven't listened to them, even in the most basic terms of helping them to help themselves.

The Committee for Economic Development is composed of 200 leading businessmen and educators and could by no stretch of the imagination be considered socialistic or sob-sister in its structure or objectives. The CED is supported chiefly by voluntary contributions from U.S. industry and business, as well as from foundations and individuals; it is nonprofit, nonpartisan, and nonpolitical. When, therefore, the CED recommends an immediate rise in the assistance the West should give low-income countries toward their own development, we must listen seriously to what they say and believe that their reasoning arises out of self-enlightened logic rather than political emotionalism.

A recent CED report states pointblank that "a critical phase in the history of the low-income countries has been reached." Yet, the American program of assistance has now been reduced to a point where it is utterly inadequate to the needs, tasks, and opportunities that present themselves to such countries. The Foreign Assistance Act became law in 1962 and U.S. commitments under it are at the lowest level in its history, despite growing needs for economic development in these low-income areas.

What formula should we use to suggest our capacity for contributing to the development of these areas? The CED believes that a good basis for planning the future annual flow of private and official assistance by the advanced countries, including the U.S., would be 1 per cent of the national income at first and ultimately 1 per cent of the Gross National Product. At present the advanced countries of the West come nowhere near meeting this target.

Assisting development in low-income countries comes about in three principal ways. First, by providing additional resources for investment over and above local capital available. In the more important aid-receiving countries, such external investment resources have amounted on an average to 20 per cent of total investment. Second, the high-income nations can help to alleviate the shortage of foreign exchange through loan funds in their own currencies, thereby providing a supplement to the export earnings of low-income countries. Third, and probably most important of all, we in the West can help increase the efficiency of resource use through technical assistance and improved domestic economic policies in areas unaccustomed to the ways of capitalism.

In order to achieve more flexible terms of lending—that is to say, low interest and soft terms where necessary, and higher interest and harder terms where appropriate—the CED recommends a reduction of the prescribed interest rates of 2 per cent during the "grace period" and 3 per cent thereafter, and substitution of an average interest so flexible and liberal that even the poorest underdeveloped areas will be able to come for aid.

As the CED report points out, rising incomes and more rapid growth in the low-income countries will not necessarily win the U.S. allies and friends, or insure stability and peace. On the contrary, we will know we are making real progress when these low-income countries break with the past and begin often highly volatile political and social changes within their boundaries. But, the CED adds, "profound changes are already under way in the less developed world regardless of what the United States does or does not do. The long-term political rationale for aid, therefore, rests on the calculated risk that accelerating the modernization process, and reducing the sacrifice required to achieve it, will enhance the odds in favor of an earlier evolution of responsible and independent states in the low-income regions of the world. By the same token, the risk of involvement by the great powers in crises and power vacuums abroad will thereby be reduced."

Technical assistance by the American government was first proposed in President Truman's Inaugural Address of January 20, 1949, under what he called the "Point Four Program." The idea was that the U.S. would offer underdeveloped nations the capital, equipment, technical skills, knowledge, and professional men to help the poorer nations help themselves. Most poorer nations, President Truman pointed out, need, and normally do not have available to them, sufficient capital to develop their own agriculture, industries, education, health programs, or even public administration.

In this twentieth anniversary year, therefore, it is essential that the American legislative family do far more than it has to date and, at the very minimum, follow the basic recommendations of the Committee for Economic Development, those hardheaded businessmen and industrial leaders who know full well that assisting development in low-income countries is at the least enlightened self-interest and at best the only thing that makes sense in an increasingly chaotic and warlike world family.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Progress at Lambaréné

N.C.'s "LAMBARENE REVISITED" [*SR*, Oct. 4] was an especially refreshing editorial since it brought the world up to date with a jungle tradition that most people lost interest in with the passing of its glamorous overlord four years ago.

Abraham Lincoln once remarked that "the dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present and as our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew." Well, it's too bad progress had to stifle a certain amount of Schweitzer's romanticism, but it is nice to know that N.C. feels Schweitzer's death came at the right time and at a time when progress was necessary. Even though the article seemed particularly contemptuous of the doctor's critics with "constricted vision," I am glad that it agreed with the critics on the subject of progress at Lambaréné.

I advise anyone interested in the perpetuation of Albert Schweitzer's ideals to write: The Albert Schweitzer Fellowship, 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y.

JEFFREY HALL,
Livingston, N.J.

THE CAPTION to one of the pictures accompanying the editorial claims that Dr. Albert Schweitzer wrote in his diary that he received Governor Stevenson "and his son, Adlai Stevenson, Junior, and his lovely wife."

Dr. Schweitzer actually wrote: ". . . *et son fils Adlai Stevenson junior et sa belle-fille.*" Although *belle-fille* may sound like "beautiful girl," it means daughter-in-law.

JOHN MAASS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Doing Their Thing with Destiny

CHESTER BOWLES'S article "America's Next Rendezvous With Destiny" [*SR*, Sept. 6] makes seven excellent suggestions for curing America's ills. I think his diagnosis and recommendations for treatment are sound. I do not, however, agree with his optimistic prognosis.

Ambassador Bowles places the burden of redirecting America's priorities on the political leaders of the "emerging new generation," and says that they must be willing to "work with like-minded groups toward common objectives." First, in an administration that forced through the ABM, reversed itself on the appointment of John Knowles, slashed the Job Corps, suggested "preventive detention," chose to ignore the appointment of a "get-tough" cabinet in Saigon, and that is changing the tone of the Supreme Court, I am hard-pressed to find the "like-minded groups" among the executive branch.

Mr. Bowles points out that other nations have fallen when "the old order attempted to ignore the new forces, while others sought to stifle them by violence and oppression." It seems safe to say that the new administration is ignoring the "new forces." And there are at least some indications that John Mitchell, with his new license to wiretap such groups as the Black Panthers and the SDS, his green light on the Chicago conspiracy case, and his defusing of the Miranda decision, intends to do some stifling by oppression if not by violence.

On the contrary, Mr. Bowles, it is not up to the young people. They are "doing their thing." Lyndon Johnson listened and stepped aside. Now Richard Nixon must listen, for 1972 will be too late.

FRAN WATKINS,
Fountain, Colo.

CHESTER BOWLES credits many leaders of the new generation as having "toppled a President who had been elected by the greatest majority in our history." A leading newspaper's recent editorial section made some speculation about a replacement for Ho Chi Minh, with an assessment of his accomplishments that included: "And he fought the United States to a standstill—toppling in the process an American President voted into the White House with one of the biggest majorities ever." Heretofore, others have insisted that Eugene McCarthy or Robert Kennedy caused the President to step down.

With all contradictions and credibility gaps aside, the only discernible fact is that the war continues in power, but Lyndon B. Johnson and Ho Chi Minh do not. Obvious? One would think, yet hundreds of writers and statesmen have used thousands of words that tend to cover rather than reveal it. In the meantime, hundreds of people are still being killed each week in Vietnam. When will we stop citing reasons with vindictiveness toward personalities or people, and direct human resources toward weeding out the causes of war? Are we too immune to life to see the disaster in our collective destiny unless we do?

RONALD B. BARTLETT,
Kansas City, Mo.

Another Woodstock Lover

DAVID BUTWIN'S "The Other Woodstock" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Oct. 11] took me back to one of the nicest days I've ever spent. Two years ago my son and I were in Woodstock and did just what Mr. Butwin did. It's a town I fell in love with.

First, the martinis at The Bear. When we ordered them before lunch, the waiter took one look at us and called out, "Two American martinis." They were delivered speedily, ice cold and dry.

Walking through Blenheim is an experience I'll never forget. I almost didn't make it, because there was so much beautiful China, furniture, rugs, and art to see; we walked through the village streets to see Winston Churchill's grave. It was the perfect end to a lovely afternoon. The plain flat marker, which he would have liked, held a single little yellow rosebud that someone had picked and laid there, and the birds sang. Yes, is there anything left to say?

MRS. DURAND CRUTCHER,
Louisville, Ky.

"Do people hate us because we dress this way, or do we dress this way because people hate us?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Of Men, Machines, and War

WAR IS SOMETHING like cigarette smoking: Everybody agrees that it is bad for you, but few are prepared to give it up. There is a further irony in that, while from night to night TV reminds us of the miseries of Vietnam, our movies of combat past—*Oh! What a Lovely War* excepted—tend to bathe warfare in a nostalgic glow of humor and heroics. The life and death exigencies of the battlefield, it is true, make men on occasion rise above themselves to perform acts of selfless bravery or—depending on the point of view—supreme lunacy that often translate neatly in retrospect into high comedy. But for the man on the spot at the moment—the patrol leader who flings himself on a live grenade to protect his buddies, the resistance leader who fashions an elaborate ruse to foil his enemies—the situation is neither heroic nor humorous. It is simply what must be done. The movies, looking back, can make of him a hero, a heroic clown, or, if need be, a deep-dyed villain.

It is at once one of the virtues and one of the weaknesses of *Battle of Britain*, a British-made (but American-produced) account of those fateful weeks in the summer of 1940 when the woefully outnumbered RAF fought off the worst onslaughts of Goering's formidable Luftwaffe and effectively prevented a German invasion of England, that both heroism and, to put it charitably, wrong decisions are seen to have occurred on both sides of the Channel. Although not a documentary, *Battle of Britain* adheres closely to the facts of the matter as developed by British and German historians in the past quarter century—including a belated acknowledgment of the key role played by the resourceful and dedicated Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding. But it is one thing to present the facts, ma'am, and quite another to dramatize them. History brings us famous names; drama gives us people.

Actually, *Battle of Britain* attempts to go history one better: It offers a host of famous names—Michael Caine, Trevor Howard, Curt Jurgens, Laurence Olivier, Christopher Plummer, Michael Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, Robert Shaw—*playing* famous names. But apart from Sir Laurence, as Dowding, they all tend to disappear into the art work. One recalls a glimpse of Michael Redgrave descending a stair, Richardson smiling and shrugging at a Nazi confrontation, Caine leaving his pet dog for the mission from which he will never return. For the most part, however, such appearances are momentary; and the individuals are not only lost in the welter of historical detail, but, once they have donned their flying suits and their oxygen masks, become literally indistinguishable one from the other.

On the other hand, as the re-creation of the first crucial turning point in World War II, *Battle of Britain* is undeniably impressive. Producers Harry Saltzman and Benjamin Fisz reportedly spent more than $12-million in assembling and manning the hordes of Spitfires, Hurricanes, and Messerschmitts that fill the skies, in building (and then blowing up) authentic reproductions of the RAF airstrips scattered through southern England in 1940, and in staging a Nazi bomber attack on London that rivals in fearful intensity the newsreel footage we saw of the real thing when America's posture was still one of sympathetic neutrality. Now we have it all in wide screen and Technicolor; but curiously lacking are the immediacy and the sense of actuality of such wartime documentaries as *Fires Were Started*. For all its costly authenticity, *Battle of Britain* never brings us close enough to its heroic young men to really make us care.

Attacking the same problem from another angle, Stanley Kramer in *The Secret of Santa Vittoria* admirably succeeds in making us care for his foolhardy Italians—and even for some of their Nazi occupants—but not for a moment are we asked to believe that either are for real, nor that this was how it really was. *Santa Vittoria* is war in retrospect, war long after hostilities have ceased, and one can now see the humor and the pathos in what once was totally grim. In Italy's early neorealist films, an anti-Nazi leader was, perforce, wholly heroic. In this picture, adapted by William Rose and Ben Maddow from Robert Crichton's best-selling novel, the mayor of Santa Vittoria is a drunk, a buffoon who is first tricked, then chivied into assuming leadership. His wife is a termagant, his homelife a shambles. At any other time, in any other place, Italo Bombolini would be voted the man least likely to succeed.

In the rose-tinted hues of retrospect, however, a Bombolini rises to the heights because, under the influence of alcohol, he has dared to expunge from a water tower the hated name of Mussolini after news arrives that the tyrant has fallen, and he leads the pack in kicking the rears of the local *fascisti* all over the cobblestoned town square. Because *Santa Vittoria* is comedy and not neorealism, he can, on a whispered word from his wife, organize his frenzied townspeople into neatly organized lanes to pass a million bottles of the local wine into nearby ancient caves in advance of the arrival of a Nazi squad. And because the film, unlike so many of Stanley Kramer's previous efforts, contains no messages of anti-Fascist exhortation, the Germans are able to withdraw from the village, their mission incomplete despite the commandant's wry awareness that he has been tricked.

All of this adds up to a more than acceptable entertainment, particularly in view of the notable talents that Kramer has recruited to his cause. Anthony Quinn, as the hapless Bombolini, turns in a lusty performance that is bound to rank with his Zorba. Few actors have Quinn's range, and he alternates moments of terrible anguish (as when he has turned over a pair of local Fascists to the Nazis for torture) with sequences of extravagant humor (as when he writhes in mock anguish at the percentage of the village's wine that the Nazis propose to carry away). Pairing Quinn with the great Anna Magnani, too long absent from the screen, was a brilliant stroke of casting; the fiery Italian has lost none of her power of magnetism. Indeed, her final smile alone—warm, sympathetic, and radiant—casts a special glow over the entire picture. Virna Lisi, as the resident Contessa, proves that she has a good deal more than just a beautiful face, and Hardy Kruger lends dimension to what might easily have been a stock Nazi commandant role. Best of all, diminutive Renato Rascel is a delight as a shrewd anarchist who supplies the brains that guide Bombolini's brawn.

Acting on good neorealist principles, Kramer carried his cameras and his cast to an actual Italian town (in reality, to *four* Italian towns that, in composite, stand in for the original Santa Vittoria), and supplemented his professionals with the seamed peasant faces he found there. Eye-pleasing as the effect may be, the result is not authenticity, but a happy setting for a pleasant fable. Perhaps *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*'s success is that it attempts to be no more than that.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An essay review of "Appointment on the Moon," by Richard S. Lewis (Ballantine, 568 pp., paperback, $1.25); "We Reach the Moon," by John Noble Wilford (Bantam-*The New York Times*, 331 pp., paperback, $1.25); "Footprints on the Moon," by the writers and editors of The Associated Press (Associated Press-Macmillan, 216 pp., $7.95), and "Invasion of the Moon 1969: The Story of Apollo 11," by Peter Ryan (Penguin, 189 pp., paperback, $1.25).

The Real Tragedy of Man's Infancy in Space

by HARRY SCHWARTZ

The literary prehistory of man's first flight to the moon stretches back at least to ancient Greece and includes such eminent contributors as Lucian of Samosata, Kepler, Cyrano de Bergerac, Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, and Robert Heinlein among many others. The literature yet to be written about the Promethean triumph achieved by Apollo 11 is certain to be even more prodigious as it accumulates during this and subsequent generations. But between those in the past who dreamed of what seemed but recently an impossible feat and those in the future who will try imaginatively —in ways that even Norman Mailer can hardly conceive—to retell the gripping story there must stand a small group of men. These are the reporters, the slavish collectors and worshipers of pedestrian facts, the individuals whose function is to serve as the keepers of the annals, to preserve the memory of this epic milestone in the human saga, why it happened, who did what, when, and how.

These four books, all of which are illustrated, are contributions to the literature of space-age memory—subsection: the American moon landing. Of them, Richard S. Lewis's is the most scholarly and wide ranging—scientifically at least. Well written and partially documented (none of the other three books bothers with footnotes), *Appointment on the Moon* may prove the most permanently valuable of the quartet. John Wilford has also produced an excellent book though one with a sharper and narrower focus on the Apollo Project. *We Reach the Moon* has all the virtues one would expect from a reporter trained not only to be accurate while meeting a daily deadline, but to recount excitingly what he has seen with his own eyes. Moreover, whereas Lewis pays only intermittent, glancing attention to the rival Soviet space program, Wilford devotes a chapter to that important topic. He calls attention, properly, to the importance of the original leader of the Soviet surge into space, the late Sergei P. Korolev, whom Lewis, inexplicably, never mentions. Of these four volumes, the Associated Press book, with its magnificent pictures magnificently reproduced, is visually the handsomest but its rather simpleminded text is just not in a class with the much more sophisticated Lewis and Wilford works. Although Peter Ryan's slim book has a little background material, *Invasion of the Moon 1969* is primarily a step by step and minute by minute account of the Apollo 11 mission from blast-off at Cape Kennedy to splash-down in the Pacific.

The common theme of these four volumes is how astronautics progressed from the first small Sputnik of October 1957 to the establishment of Tranquility Base on the moon in July 1969, less than twelve years later. Underlying this theme, of course, is the Toynbeean formula of challenge and response. The shattering impact—on American self-esteem at least—of the early Soviet space successes reached its apex when Yuri Gagarin became the first man to orbit the earth, and this in turn was influential in persuading President Kennedy to initiate the Apollo Project.

Then came the behind-the-scenes battles for billion-dollar contracts, in which Bobby Baker and his ilk may

HARRY SCHWARTZ comments on space and on the communist world for the Editorial Board of *The New York Times*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

33 **"Appointment on the Moon,"** by Richard S. Lewis; **"We Reach the Moon,"** by John Noble Wilford; **"Footprints on the Moon,"** by the writers and editors of The Associated Press; **"Invasion of the Moon 1969: The Story of Apollo 11,"** by Peter Ryan

36 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

37 **Perspective:** J. H. Plumb *Comments* on **"Agony at Easter: The 1916 Irish Uprising,"** by Thomas M. Coffey, **"A Taste of Ireland,"** by Theodora FitzGibbon, and **"The Importance of Being Irish,"** by Alan Bestic

38 **"The Great Rebel: Che Guevara in Bolivia,"** by Luis J. González and Gustavo A. Sánchez Salazar; **" 'Che' Guevara on Revolution: A Documentary Overview,"** edited by Jay Mallin; **"Che Guevara,"** by Daniel James; **"The Complete Bolivian Diaries of Che Guevara and Other Captured Documents,"** edited by Daniel James; **"Che: The Making of a Legend,"** by Martin Ebon

40 **"Pricksongs and Descants,"** by Robert Coover

41 **"Pairing Off,"** by Julian Moynahan

42 **Pick of the Paperbacks,** by Rollene W. Saal

58 **"Girls at Play,"** by Paul Theroux

60 **"On Fighting Poverty,"** edited by James L. Sundquist; **"On Understanding Poverty,"** edited by Daniel P. Moynihan

63 **Criminal Record**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have played more of a role than is known even now. There was the struggle, too, over the best way to reach the moon, a bureaucratic battle in which an obscure engineer, John C. Houbolt, scored because he was willing to go over the heads of his superiors. Before the ultimate achievement, of course, came the plunge into near despair when the deadly fire at Cape Kennedy revealed that gross negligence had claimed the lives of three brave men. But once some very dirty linen had been washed in public and the lessons of the disaster put to full account, the final lap went almost without hitch. And then heard round the world came the historic words: "Houston. Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed."

During this past decade, while the difficult and expensive road to the moon was being trod, attention inevitably focused on the possible obstacles to success. Would the incredibly complex Saturn V rockets work properly when put to the test? Could men live and function effectively in the weightlessness of space? Could manned spaceships rendezvous and dock a quarter of a million miles from earth? The most basic questions of all—could the lunar module land on the moon, and could its ascent stage later return to space safely with the astronauts abroad?—could not be answered until the actual visit to the moon. The heavy technical emphasis of both the Lewis and Wilford books reflects these concerns, and makes clear what immense engineering achievements were required before Apollo 11 could be the smashing success it was.

But now that the world knows the quest ended in triumph, that the problems, both large and small, were solved and in good time, emphasis naturally shifts. It is no derogation of Lewis and Wilford to note that they both express a pre-Apollo 11 perspective. Their books were written while men still looked up to the goal, not quite sure it would be reached. The present view, looking back down the long trail, is quite different. And from this standpoint key questions arise that deserved to be treated more adequately in future studies than they could be by either Wilford or Lewis.

In retrospect, for example, it is evident that the decision to go ahead on Apollo was an enormous misjudgment of the nation's priorities. Even in the warm afterglow of the superb moon-landing the whole affair must be judged a triumph of irrelevance. The technical victory bought at such enormous cost has not overawed the North Vietnamese, the North Koreans, the Cubans, the Arabs, the Peruvians or any other nation or groups of nations we have problems with abroad—notably, of course, the Soviet Union and China. It has not quieted the angry ferment in the urban ghettos nor has it even given the hordes of affluent white young any incentive to seek other joys and other goals than those to be found in pot, speed, hash, and the rest of the nirvana chemicals. Could there be a more decisive rejection of the whole rational discipline required to land on the moon than the atmosphere that reigned at the Woodstock Festival a few weeks later?

In 1961 this country had only a minuscule involvement in Vietnam; the Negro revolt had not gone beyond sit-ins at segregated Southern bus stations and drugstore counters; and adults were still complaining about the "apathy" of the "silent generation" on the campuses. Why did so intelligent a leader as John F. Kennedy conclude in early 1961 that it was vital to spend tens of billions of dollars on beating the Russians to the moon, and how was he able to get Congress and the nation to go along with his delusion? Here is a topic worth much fuller discussion than either Lewis or Wilford gives it.

More was involved than just the dismay at Soviet space firsts. An exaggerated reaction to Castro and his potential for harm in Latin America was certainly part of the story, one exacerbated by the monumental miscalculation that produced the Bay of Pigs. But probably the chief factor was Khrushchev's skill as a propagandist, his fantastic ability to arouse fears that the Soviet Union was making such rapid and vast economic and technological progress that it would soon overwhelm this country if something drastic were not done, and done quickly. Evidently no high policymaker foresaw then that the Sino-Soviet conflict—already apparent to the specialists, but discounted in high quarters—would soon produce political civil war in the communist world. By 1964, when Khrushchev's grandiose dreams of economic victory over the United States were labeled "harebrained" in *Pravda*, when Moscow-Peking enmity was plain for all to see, and when Khrushchev himself was suddenly purged and disgraced, Project Apollo had gained too much momentum to be halted.

To argue that the project was a colossal misuse of resources does not mean it produced no useful results. Certainly, television has never had a more exciting two and a half hours than those during which the world watched the astronauts walk on the moon. The prestige of the United States soared transiently, but hardly enough to compensate for the painful sight of this indecisive giant unable to conclude the agony of Vietnam. Scientists now have pieces of lunar matter and evidence forcing them to revise radically some of their earlier ideas about the origin, history, and composition of the moon. Real, but minor, benefits from byproducts of Apollo technology are now beginning to figure in industry and medicine. And President Richard M. Nixon improved his standing in the public opinion polls for a time because of his identification with the Apollo 11 success. But in a period of national crisis this seems a rather inadequate return for a $24-billion investment which tied up for years many of the nation's most creative skilled workers.

These factors lead naturally to consideration of another question inadequately treated in the Lewis and Wilford books: Why didn't Moscow make a similar miscalculation? Why didn't it

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SPOUSE NO. 2

In Column Two are listed the second husbands or wives of the fictional characters in Column One. Kenny Kayle Collins of Mason Hall, Tenn., asks you to reconcile the pairs with each other and with their authors. The marriage register is on page 61.

1. Anthony Adverse ( )	A. Rev. Francis Arabin	1. Allen
2. Dorothea Brooke ( )	B. Dolores de la Fuente	2. Brontë
3. David Copperfield ( )	C. William Dobbin	3. Dickens
4. Odette de Crécy ( )	D. Jane Eyre	4. Eliot
5. Beale Farange ( )	E. Will Ladislaw	5. Galsworthy
6. Donald Farfrea ( )	F. Annette Lamotte	6. Hardy
7. Soames Forsyte ( )	G. Charlie Marsden	7. James
8. Elcanor Harding ( )	H. Elizabeth-Jane Newson	8. O'Neill
9. Nina Leeds ( )	I. Miss Overmore	9. Pinero
10. Edward Rochester( )	J. Paula Ray	10. Proust
11. Amelia Sedley ( )	K. Charles Swann	11. Thackeray
12. Aubrey Tanqueray ( )	L. Agnes Wickfield	12. Trollope

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invest anything like $24-billion—a far larger proportion of Soviet gross national product than of this country's—in the effort to gain lunar landing priority? Wilford notes that in January 1966 the head of the Soviet space program, Sergei P. Korolev, died of cancer, and that in April 1967 Colonel Vladimir M. Komarov died while trying to land the Soyuz spaceship. Neither incident can have been decisive, however, since the Soviet space program was never a one-man show, and the death of a key individual has never stopped any Soviet program considered really important by the Kremlin.

It must be emphasized that in 1961, when President Kennedy set the manned lunar landing as a national goal, the Soviet Union was ahead of America in most areas of space capability. The USSR had more powerful rockets, had orbited heavier spacecraft, and had sent the first astronaut into orbit. In 1959 Russia already had fired the first man-made object into orbit around the sun, landed the first human artifact on the moon, and launched an instrumented capsule that took and transmitted back to earth the first pictures ever obtained of the side of the moon perpetually turned away from earth. There seems no reason why, given adequate resources, Soviet scientists and engineers could not have built the equipment needed to give their country priority over the United States in landing men on earth's natural satellite. Their failure to do so is explicable, therefore, primarily on the ground that they were not provided sufficient funds.

In June 1962 I received a clue to the internal battle that was then going on in the Soviet high command. At a meeting in London then I encountered one of *Pravda*'s leading commentators, Viktor Mayevsky. "What are you Americans trying to do to us, make us spend ourselves into bankruptcy?" Mayevsky asked me angrily. He then listed all the areas of Soviet-American competition—including the moon race—that were putting such a fearful strain on the Soviet economy.

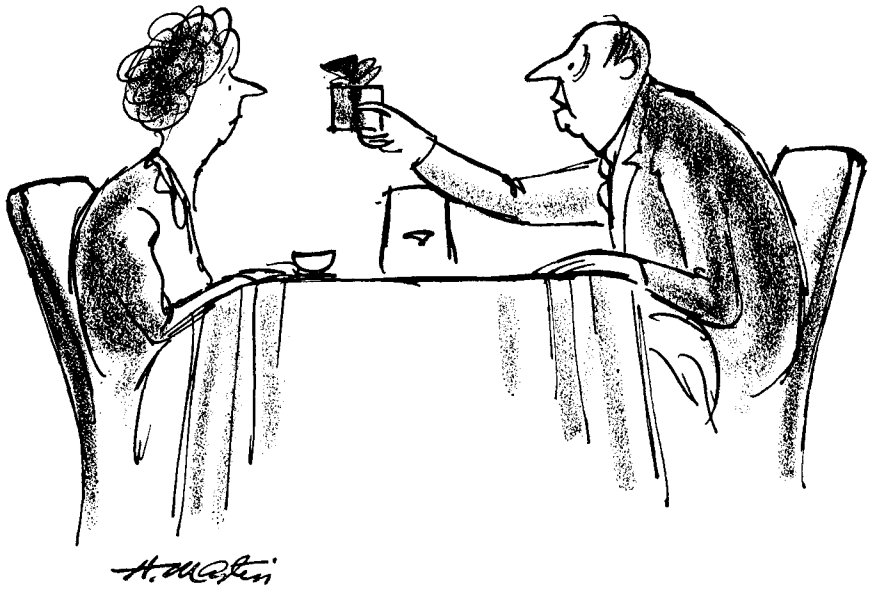
There can be little doubt that in the Moscow battle over priorities for very scarce resources, Nikita S. Khrushchev wanted the Soviet-manned lunar effort to get everything it needed for victory. This former peasant boy was a technical romantic and, more important, he had discovered that Russian space feats were his most effective propaganda weapons. How often he had enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of declaiming that one or another Soviet feat in the cosmos "proved" the superiority of socialism over capitalism and of the USSR over the United States. Moreover, success in space appealed to Khrushchev's deepest sense of inferiority to the West. Wilford quotes him chiding the West in 1963 for "saying that we Russians were running around in bark sandals and lapping up cabbage soup with those sandals. . . . Then suddenly, you understand, those who they thought lapped up cabbage soup with bark sandals got into outer space earlier than the so-called civilized ones."

In 1963, when Khrushchev made this self-revelation, the Soviet economy was in deep trouble. Industrial growth had slowed down catastrophically; a ruinously bad harvest was forcing the USSR to turn to the West to buy grain so that its people could have bread to eat. A year earlier Khrushchev had had to impose sharp increases in prices for meat and dairy products, a move that provoked angry riots in some Soviet communities. With his dream of economically defeating the United States disappearing before his eyes, Khrushchev still hoped that a successful space program could redeem his domestic and foreign propaganda campaign until the economy could improve.

Those economic failures of Khrushchev were a key factor in prompting his unceremonious ouster from power in October 1964. It is now clear that one of the first moves of the Brezhnev-Kosygin leadership was to reduce the priority of and the appropriations for the Soviet space program. Kosygin virtually announced this revised policy in a speech delivered shortly after Khrushchev's purge, but few noticed his words, and the usual Soviet secrecy kept from the world any news of the detailed implementation of the new régime's space course. In short, after Khrushchev's removal there was no longer a race. The United States was still committed to landing on the moon before the end of the 1960s; the Soviet Union was aiming at the same goal whenever it could afford the achievement.

Those who have argued in this country for less space spending have usually pointed to the nation's vast needs for more and better housing, medical care, education, anti-pollution measures, and the like. And something of the same sort was implied in Kosygin's slightly veiled discussion of the retreat from the space race. But subsequent events have also shown that the Brezhnev-Kosygin decision to cut the space program reflected in large part a determination to give military spending top priority. During these past five years the expansion of Soviet missile and naval capabilities has seriously altered the world's strategic balance. Since space research is under military control in the Soviet Union, the conflict must have been between two factions of the Soviet military-industrial complex, with the weapons advocates winning out over the lunar-landing enthusiasts.

Now that Americans have landed on the moon and returned safely with their precious cargo of rocks, what is appropriate space policy for the future? These past months the Nixon administration has been debating issues very similar to those that were being argued in the Kremlin from 1962-64. If NASA could have the resources, it would dearly love to aim for a manned Mars mission at the beginning of the 1980s. Others in the administration view with equanimity the prospect of Americans not landing on Mars until twenty or thirty years later. The really sensational pictures and scientific data secured by Mariners 6 and 7 make it almost certain there is no more life on Mars than on the moon, while they emphasize for budget-conscious laymen how much knowledge



"Here's your gold watch, Gertrude, for fifty years of faithful service."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about Mars can be obtained relatively cheaply by unmanned satellites sent to the red planet.

Reflecting some of these differences in view, Wilford remarks that "it is not unreasonable to think of men walking on [Mars] before the century is out," while Lewis opines that "in the current context of war and domestic unrest, a Mars Project would seem irresponsible." President Nixon, it would appear, has hit upon what is becoming one of his typical compromises. Verbally, if his press secretary can be believed, the President has "committed" the nation to a manned Mars landing. But no dates have been set; no dramatic appeal has been made to Congress for additional funds, and the published alternatives presented to the President cover such radically different degrees of urgency in the effort that the "commitment" could be said to have been met whether Americans land on Mars in 1985 or in 2005. In effect, Mr. Nixon has assumed the same elastic policy toward a Mars landing that the Soviet Union adopted five years ago regarding a manned moon mission.

Almost certainly the correct decision, it contains one major flaw. Space exploration would be worth many times the billions of dollars being spent on it if the effort served to bring the nations of the world together, to ease the tensions and dangers that now grip so much of the earth and its people. If one wishes to indulge in utopian thinking, one may speculate about the useful impact that would have been registered had Apollo 11 carried an American, a Russian and a Chinese rather than three Americans.

That opportunity was lost, but Mars still lies ahead. A really statesmanlike attitude toward space would aim to make its exploration an area of human cooperation transcending the puny national divisions on this minor planet. Why doesn't President Nixon take the lead in asking that space be the exclusive concern of the United Nations, with opportunities for people of all countries — whether members of the U.N. or not—to take part in this dramatic widening of humanity's horizons and sphere of activity?

But narrow nationalism is still dominant. Congress required that only the United States flag be planted on the moon, though the plaque on *Eagle* proclaimed, "We came in peace for all mankind." And, reporting to Congress, one of the astronauts confessed to his dream of living to see an American become the first man on Mars. In such myopia is the real tragedy of man's infancy in space, and the source of danger that one day men may kill each other in space as they do now in the Middle East and Vietnam.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Important Ethnic Identity

CONGRATULATIONS TO NANCY LURIE for her informative and balanced essay review of Vine Deloria's *Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto* [*SR*, Oct. 4]. Dr. Lurie's conclusion that Indians, Gypsies, and other ethnic groups "may be able to show us ways ultimately to utilize and enjoy modern technology without the fear of becoming its mindless creatures" recalls the recent comment of a *Gitano* in Granada: "We [Gypsies] do not throw away the light of life as we move towards progress." The Gypsy, like the Indian, wants to maintain his ethnic identity at the same time that he exercises his right to be selective in his confrontations with modern technology and urban norms. I wish them well, and join with Dr. Lurie in the hope that out of their creative recombination of old and new they will indeed make their "contributions to the grand scheme of total cultural advance" before it is too late . . . for *us*.

BERTHA B. QUINTANA,
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Cogent Speaker

I FOUND THE LENGTHY discussion of the American Indian Chicago Conference (which Mrs. Lurie helped organize), her book, and those of other white Indian buffs self-serving and irrelevant. Certainly a woman of Mrs. Lurie's academic standing and insight need not feel so threatened when an Indian comes on the scene who can speak cogently for his people without benefit of an anthropologist interpreter.

VIRGINIA RAISCH,
Chicago, Ill.

Hubris

IN HER REVIEW of *The Rise and Fall of Feminism* [*SR*, Oct. 11] Elizabeth Janeway writes: "The decline of feminism is partly due to its hubris in accepting the myth that women are different from men, and exploiting the myth for its own ends."

Here at my week-end cottage I have only a "Fifth Collegiate." I admit to a nip from another fifth on the shelf, but cannot find the meaning of *hubris*.

DONN W. HAYES,
Petersburg, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Try The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, which defines "hubris" as "overbearing pride or presumption; arrogance."*

The Real Woman

IN REGARD TO the review by Elizabeth Janeway and Rochelle Girson's article, I am reminded of Shakespeare's "Methinks thou dost protest too much," etc.

My point is: all one has to do to realize what women are thinking is to read any of a number of women's magazines. To me, this represents the consensus of the woman's point of view. The balance of women are represented by a point of view which can be described as camp.

So, we can choose between the real woman and the butch woman. Naturally, I would choose the former.

WALTER D. GRIMM,
Mira Loma, Calif.

Good Licks for the Girls

I AM A NATURAL BORN MALE, but I'm glad you got in some good licks for the girls. I'm highly prejudiced in favor of women because I think they have been shamefully treated throughout history. Some good virulent prejudice is necessary to combat masculine vanity and arrogance, which is still endemic though eroding. I developed this prejudice as a result of a love affair which started back in the flaming Twenties (we were Flaming Youth then) and has persisted to this day, even though the girl and I were married in New York City April 13, 1928.

RONALD H. JUMP,
Jefferson, O.

Welcome Minority

THERE IS ONE CORRECTION I'd like put on the record. *Aphra* is not a "publication for women." It is a literary magazine with a political orientation about the position of women in society. Many of our charter subscribers are men, and we would not dream of excluding 47 per cent of the American population from our prospective audience.

ELIZABETH FISHER,
Springtown, Pa.

Civil War Cryptology

JOSEPH W. BISHOP, JR.'s review of *The Super Spies*, by Andrew Tully [*SR*, Sept. 27], is inaccurate concerning the state of American cryptology during the Civil War.

It can hardly be said that encoding efforts during the Civil War were restricted to puns and erroneous spelling. The A. Lincoln-Ale in Can example, cited as the best War Department telegraphers could do, is quite misleading: Carl Sandburg in *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* mentions this incident, and points out that it was used as an emergency measure only.

The occasional nature of such means of message concealment is demonstrated by David Kahn's *The Codebreakers*. There it is clearly shown that the Union's cryptological techniques ranged from the simple to the classic modes, and were so effective, both in cryptography and cryptanalysis, that the Confederacy never came near matching them.

ARNOLD TAYLOR,
Covington, Ky.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perspective

J. H. Plumb

On Easter Monday morning in 1916, fifty-seven men mounted a tram car on the outskirts of Dublin, paid their fares, and told the driver not to stop until he reached O'Connell Bridge. There they got off, formed themselves into a column, and tried as best they might to march in military fashion. Some had uniforms, some were dressed in their Sunday suits, all were equipped with rifles, shotguns, cartridges, revolvers, and home-made hand grenades. They were led by two poets, a trade-union leader, a cripple, and a sightly rackety country gentleman whom few had expected to turn up. No one guessed their purpose as they made their way up Dublin's main street. Ragamuffins joined them but most people were totally indifferent, and the few British officers about stared at them with disdain. Such a Falstaff's army was merely comic to them: the mad Irish were best left to stew in their ridiculous fantasies of a Free Ireland.

This comic-opera army took over the General Post Office: threw out the clerks, knocked out the windows, sandbagged the building to ready it for war. Elsewhere in the city little knots of men had seized one or two points—the Courts of Justice, a well-situated brewery, and a few other tactical spots. The rest of Ireland did not stir. The Dubliners themselves failed to respond except to the chance of looting. The men, doomed from the moment they got on the tram, fought the British Army for nearly a week. It required artillery and fire to drive them out of the Post Office. On the way to jail these desperate, battle-scarred men were jeered at by the Irish mob. The British promptly shot fourteen of the leaders. Only then did "The Troubles" begin in earnest. What the Rising had signally failed to do was accomplished by the executioner. The lesson was clear: never treat a nationalist as a traitor. It has proved a hard one to learn, not only for the British.

The story of the Easter Rising needs telling over and over again, and Thomas M. Coffey relates it well in a form that is a mixture of historical and literary methods. He gives an hour-by-hour account; conversations are reconstructed but they are anchored to facts, and Mr. Coffey's research has been as extensive as it is thorough. The result, *Agony at Easter: The 1916 Irish Uprising* (Macmillan, $6.95), is an extraordinarily readable book and a most moving one. Throughout the world the Irish will read the account with a sense of heroic achievement. Conversely, Anglo-Saxons will find it difficult to repress a deepening sense of shame. But all would do well to think long and hard about the Irish difficulties so brilliantly portrayed here, for they still haunt the British people as well as the Irish. The situation—not a unique one—may occur wherever weaker communities, with different cultures, live cheek by jowl with those more powerful. It is of the same family as America's greatest domestic problem—the relationship of the Negroes to the rest of America.

For centuries the Irish, like the blacks, were exploited by a planter class, and just as the Negro developed a protective personality, so did the Irish: wayward, emotional, given to living in the moment, addicted to fantasy, elusive and insinuating. They clung leech-like to their own cultural patterns, particularly to their religion, which underlined their difference from most of their landlords. The poverty of the Irish was appalling, and their lives were threaded with misery. One has only to glance at the photographs in Theodora FitzGibbon's *A Taste of Ireland* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95), which, as it is an excellent cookbook, were obviously not chosen to disturb the reader. If deprivation is here displayed inadvertently, one can imagine how harrowing it must have been.

That Ireland rebelled, that poets and cripples and trade-unionists were willing to die for Ireland's freedom is in no way surprising. What does give food for thought is the consequences of their success. Had they not rebelled, not succeeded, Ireland would have been transformed by England's increasing affluence and sustained by her excellent social welfare system. Instead, from the 1920s to the 1960s Ireland stagnated. Her youth left the country in droves—about 30,000 a year. The economy did not move. Barefoot children and slums that would have turned a Neapolitan stomach were commonplace in Dublin in the Fifties.

As grievous as the economic blight was the spiritual. The wonderful Irish renaissance of the early twentieth century—Yeats, O'Casey, Joyce and the rest—vanished. A ridiculous censorship was enforced by the most conservative wing of the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed, it was regarded as indecent to mention breast-feeding in a newspaper. For forty years the blood of the revolutionary martyrs achieved nothing except the absence of the English. There would have been far less destitution, far less disease, far less denial of the decencies of life for the mass of the Irish people had there been no rebellion. Freedom was bought at a very high price. Time and time again the thoughtful Irishman must have wondered whether it had been worth the sacrifice.

Ten years ago it looked as if Ireland would remain moribund—the self-governing Calabria of the United Kingdom, poor, priest-ridden, decaying. The tide, however, turned. And why the tide turned, and the changes it has borne with it, are the subject of Alan Bestic's lively *The Importance of Being Irish* (Morrow, $5.95). My first intimation that startling things were afoot in Ireland came while flying back from Dublin to London in 1963. The huge Boeing, a grotesquely expensive gesture to national pride, yet typically Irish, looked entirely empty. Then suddenly from behind a seat a bright blue space helmet appeared, surrounding the face of a small Japanese boy. As he emerged I saw that he had on his back a bag of miniature golf clubs. The outer world had come to Eire. The boy, returning to Japan to school, had left his parents in Killarney, where his father was managing a new industrial enterprise. Around those sad, beautiful, rain-drenched lakes there were not only Japanese, but Americans, Canadians, Germans, Swiss, even a few English. The postwar industrial and technological revolution had hit Ireland at last. Wages have risen, emigration has dwindled. Affluence, slight by European standards, is spreading corrosively through Ireland. It is eating into the old bigotries, the old fears, the old shibboleths, for nothing helps like affluence to create a more liberal social atmosphere. Fortunately, too, as Mr. Bestic stresses over and over again in his exciting account of this new Ireland, prosperity has developed at a time when the old politicians of the republic have been passing away, to be replaced by men closer to modern needs. Simultaneously, the ferment in the Catholic Church has also

(*Continued on page* 59)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolutionary

THE GREAT REBEL:
Che Guevara in Bolivia

by Luis J. González and Gustavo A. Sánchez Salazar translated from the Spanish by Helen R. Lane

Grove, 254 pp., $7.95

"CHE" GUEVARA ON REVOLUTION: A Documentary Overview

edited by Jay Mallin

University of Miami Press, 255 pp., $7.95

CHE GUEVARA

by Daniel James

Stein & Day, 380 pp., $7.95

THE COMPLETE BOLIVIAN DIARIES OF CHE GUEVARA AND OTHER CAPTURED DOCUMENTS

edited by Daniel James

Stein & Day 330 pp., $6.95

CHE: The Making of a Legend

by Martin Ebon

Universe Books, 216 pp., $5.95

HE WAS A BRAVE MAN, unsullied by the materialism that flaws our civilization, dedicated to delivering the oppressed from bondage even at the cost of his life. He was pure and selfless in the context of his calling. And he was the anti-poet, though none of the poets who envied his capacity to substitute action for doubt was aware of it.

Robert Lowell, seeming to recognize the ambiguous truth that he was slain "for gold, for justice," nevertheless called him regretfully "the last armed prophet." The painters, like the youth in search of an untarnished symbol, fell in love with his death-image, strapped naked to the laundry tub at Vallegrande so reporters could verify the wounds. They portrayed him with the traditional full beard, the lustrous eyes rolled inadvertently heavenward (Christ Entombed), or lashed to the helicopter skis, an Airborne Redeemer in the clutches of Hell's Angels. They painted him realistically with the stigmata, or abstractly in a sunburst of red.

He came to Bolivia armed only with cash, automatic weapons, and statistics. These should suffice. Wasn't it enough that this strategically placed little country was poverty-stricken and receiving help from the Arch Enemy? Throughout Che's voluminous diaries there is no mention of anything in Bolivia's history, past or current, that could have provided a clue to what the people really wanted. If he caught even a sidewise glimpse of the landscape's awesome majesty, the ancient monuments or living folk arts, or the beauty of figures of speech, he maintained a silence that appears absolute. The job, as he saw it, could be done with rifles, grenades, bazookas, walkie-talkies, and the theories of the prophets, Marx and Lenin—interpreted by himself.

"Face up to it, Dad—the conception of the inherent wisdom of owls is a myth."

Vanity, arrogance, lack of the poet's eye were his undoing.

His vanity betrayed him into abandoning that disguise of a balding, paunchy Uruguayan salesman that had permitted him to wander the streets of La Paz undetected. Vanity also assured the disastrous indiscretion of all those photographs, later captured in a cave: posing with weapon-at-the-ready, chatting with comrades whose identities would thus be revealed to the enemy.

His arrogance developed out of the stunning Cuban triumph. (If Che had arrogance in Argentina, in Guatemala, in Mexico, or in the Sierra Maestra, he concealed it well.) Arrogance led him to misinterpret the quick collapse of Batista's forces—crediting a peasant uprising, whereas in reality what had unhorsed the corrupt dictator was the total defection of the Cuban middle class with its resources in technology, arms and money—and through arrogance he compounded the error by ignoring the fact that Bolivia's peasants had already won their revolution against the landlords and were prepared to defend it against *him*. (Guevara gained not one *campesino* recruit.)

Even so, with a poet's eye and ear, Che might have survived—or at least escaped to fight another day. But the little band of Cuban professionals who hadn't bothered to learn Guarani or Quechua was also isolated in its armor of abstractions as if it had been on the moon. The diaries reveal no empathy with anything Bolivian, no reference to any local particular that might have provided a bond with a native man or woman, no sensing that individual human beings might retain a "retarded" love of their country or its traditions. Even the country's communists were spurned as too backward or nationalistic; they were told to participate under Cuban leadership or withdraw, and when they did withdraw, the last possible link to the real world, the last hope of survival, was gone.

It may be argued that all true apostles of violent revolution are anti-poets. Lenin's remark to Gorky after listening to Beethoven's *Appassionata*—that he rejected the music because it made him want to stroke heads rather than break them—is well known. "We are good revolutionaries," said Lenin on another occasion, "but I don't know why we also feel obligated to prove that we stand on the heights of foreign culture. As for myself, I don't hesitate to declare myself a barbarian." Mao and Ho wrote poetry once, and Fidel Castro has always had a poet's delight in simple pleasures, but there is considerable evidence that in the decisive executions without trial that followed the entry into Havana, Fidel's romanticism yielded to Che's single-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minded ruthlessness. Human beings, Che was to write, must be turned into "killing machines."

This is not to say that Che enjoyed killing his enemies, as did Hitler and Stalin—he released his Bolivian prisoners, without exception, unharmed. But, in contrast to the poet—preoccupied with seeing life as he finds it, celebrating it, creating it—the anti-poet, concerned with proving himself right and recreating man in his own image, accepts death without compunction as the price of victory.

That is the composite portrait which emerges from these various books about Che Guevara, though it is not so delineated by any of the authors, and

least of all by Che himself, whose writings were either neo-Marxian tracts or brilliant but partisan reportage. Jay Mallin's book presents the surviving canon and in his introduction, where he compares the theoretical essays on guerrilla warfare with those of Mao and Giap, the acknowledged masters, Mallin shows that Che's major innovation—the idea that a peasant revolution can be created out of an isolated armed action—was his undoing. "He knew nothing of economics, and his notion of history," Mallin adds, "bordered on the grotesque. Most striking of all, he was ill-versed in the tenets of communism."

The journalists Luis J. González of Paraguay and Gustavo A. Sánchez Salazar of Bolivia, who are Marxists of the Guevarista persuasion, divide the blame for Che's fate fairly evenly between the Moscow-oriented Party ("Bolivian Communists are pigs," said Che in his diary) and the CIA, which is presumed, without citing any evidence, to have subverted the Bolivian revolution of 1953 and mastermined Che's capture and execution. Discounting this bias and a tendency to present Che as a noble paladin and family man, *The Great Rebel* does present the Bolivian campaign consecutively for the first time, and without flourishes.

Daniel James skillfully laid the groundwork for this task—and for Mallin's analysis of Guevara's theoretical naïveté as well—in his introduction to the complete diaries. Unfortunately, the greater opportunity of becoming Che's first biographer seems to have been too much for him. Instead of sticking to the facts, and letting the reader draw his own conclusions about the fabulously adventurous life that ended so misguidedly, James goes over Che's mistakes so repetitiously and with so much tiresome moralizing that one begins to sympathize with the Great Rebel, who at least chronicled his Bolivian fiasco critically, dispassionately, and without self-pity.

Of course, if a definitive book about Che is ever written, it will owe much to Daniel James, whose account of the Argentinian upbringing of the future revolutionary is full of revealing details. As the sickly, asthmatic child of aristocratic parents, and later as the rejected suitor of a glamorous heiress, Guevara asserted his independence and sustained his pride through an attitude toward Peronism that was highly ambivalent; though he advocated violence against the police, he steadfastly refused to join any of the strikes or demonstrations against the fascist dictatorship. The eyes of "Don Quixote" (as he was later to call himself) were already on more romantic opportunities for adventure abroad. It is significant that when young Guevara passed through Bolivia in 1953 on his way to Guatemala, Mexico, and Cuba, he had no taste at all for the social revolution already in progress there—the only worker-peasant revolution South America has so far generated.

Of these books, Martin Ebon's *Che: The Making of a Legend* has the virtues of being the shortest, the least expensive, and the best written. To be sure, some of the detail about the early years that James includes has been sacrificed, but remarkably little. Bonuses are a chapter on the "R" Report, presumably prepared by the Moscow-Communist veteran Aníbal Escalante, which throws light on the nervous breakdown suffered by Guevara in the months between his disappearance from the Cuban scene and his reappearance in Bolivia; and the pathetic last letter written by Che's comrade Tamara ("Tania") Bunke to her mother. Ebon's analysis of Che's character is more penetrating than the speculations of the other authors. Comparing him to Fidel, he makes the point that Castro was flexible, worldly, and a realist whereas Guevara was utopian, rigid, and quite incapable of participating in organized efforts that he did not himself command. "Behind his humanism, his concern for the underdog, his tolerance even for the peasants who betrayed him, stood authoritarian intolerance. "He was," said his friend Régis Debray, who testified to this authoritarianism in Che, "a mystic without a transcendent belief; a saint without a God."

Selden Rodman

Selden Rodman, in the course of preparing his forthcoming book, "South America of the Poets," has traveled extensively in Bolivia. His most recent book is "The Mexico Traveler."

Orange Twist.
This week's
perfect martini secret.

A twist of orange and
the perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's
The perfect martini gin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

PRICKSONGS AND DESCANTS

by Robert Coover

Dutton, 256 pp., $5.95

"STRANGE CREATURES ABIDE HERE," says Robert Coover as he muses in midstory, trying to extricate himself from the brilliant maze of ghoulishness and Charles Addams shenanigans he has wrought. Strange creatures they are indeed. In the very title of *Pricksongs and Descants* the reader will sense the bizarre juxtapositions of sexual and death forces in Coover's excellent collection of twenty stories and sketches. Rivaling David Boyer's recent *Sidelong Glances of a Pigeon Kicker* for sheer zaniness and verbal pyrotechnics, these fictions are more dense in texture, for the descant (in medieval music, a counterpointing above the main melody) is ever just beyond the fringes of our ribaldry, reminding us of the long silence when laughter is done.

Coover's long-legged beasties are sometimes hairy Sweeneys, like the caretaker's son in "The Magic Poker" who "squats joyfully over the blue teakettle, depositing . . . a love letter, so to speak" for the objects of his libidinous fantasies. Swede, another primitive grotesque, piqued at his daughter's cat for tracking through his lemon pie, takes the animal outside and blows its head off. "Her daddy was a good shot," Coover calmly explains.

Nowhere is the macabre handled with such delicious fun as in "Klee Dead." Klee (whose name may really be Orval Nulin Evachefsky) leaps from the thirty-seventh floor of the Federal Building, and Coover's narrator pauses to meditate upon the meaning of Things:

> But mark this detail: a small scrap of paper, completely illegible and perhaps even blank, lies not far from us in the fringe splatter of the main impact, weighted by a finger joint. *Is it possible that . . . these notes, all too honest, all too unanswerable, eventually contributed decisively to his inevitable but no less abrupt and disturbing end?* Hmmm, but perhaps I betray my trust. For the piece of paper may well have been there on the pavement before Klee arrived so melodramatically. . . . In fact, I confess, it looks more like a handbill. . . . What is life, after all, but a caravan of lifelike forgeries?

In "A Pedestrian Accident" Paul (whose name may really be Amory Westerman) is run over by a lipstick truck ("Magic Kiss Lipstick—in 14 Different Shades"). The truck still atop him, Paul hears the arguments of the driver, the voracious curiosity of the crowd, to whom his nearing death is only a Roman spectacle; he looks up from his "squashed bug's-eye view" of man and sees him only as butts and bellies. "It was their crotches that were prominent." But from the horrors of his death Coover still pipes the pricksong: Paul is crooned over by Charity Grundy, a rapacious seventy-year-old whore of incredible mamalian proportions, who can only say of the paralyzed youth that *"he humps terrible,"* and whose philosophy of life is evident in this interchange:

> "Good God!" she rasped, as though appalled at what she saw. Then, once more, she took an operatic grip on her breasts and staggered back a step. "O mortality! O fatal mischief! Done in! A noble man lies stark and stiff! Delenda est Carthago! *Sic transit glans mundi!*"
>
> Gloria, corrected Paul. No, leave it.

There are yet stranger creatures and tales in Coover's array of our sex-death compulsiveness. In "The Marker" Jason lays down his book, carefully marking the page, and prepares to make love to his wife. In what seems only an instant later, he is horrified to find that she is rotting beneath him, having been dead for three weeks. The Pinteresque "In a Train Station" is another grisly commentary on time. In it a mousy commuter is doomed forever to purchase a ticket for the 10:18 to Winchester, a train he will never catch, however, because his fate also includes his Station Master—a mythic figure who eternally butchers a drunken religious fanatic just as the train enters the station, and who there turns the clock back so that the commuter must watch it all happen again. In "J's Marriage" love is seen from the viewpoint of a man who must believe that his pregnant wife of an unconsummated marriage has become fertilized by divine injunction. J's rattling laughter at the story's end is echoed by that of the unshaven man in "Scene for 'Winter'" who, as he urinates in the snow, writes "I DID THIS," his laughter slowly welling up in anguished terror.

The author has obviously been brought up on the *Wake* rather than A. A. Milne, and it's a good thing. For style saves his chamber of horrors from degenerating into gratuitous savagery and morbidity. Coover masters several technical and stylistic modes in the collection, from the conventional rhythms of Edith Wharton's graceful prose to the wildest Wolfean flights and Joycean spasms of language.

The old shepherd in "Morris in Chains," driven by the gradgrinds from his harmless fluting in Central Park into a mutton factory, speaks a hip blank-verse line that capture's perfectly the story's theme of social protest. ". . . it pleasures me no little somewhat to pipe for the younguns tickle em into dancin a round or two and their old folks they like it too don't let them kid ye otherhow/then top of all that why now and again on *lucky* days I even experiences an occasion to stick the old staff mongst the tender herbage as the poet says." Coover is devastating when he puts on bureaucratic "officialese"; Dr. Doris Peloris, who hunts Morris down, swears, "We shall put an end to idylatry. . . . Until Morris is captured there are to be no overcast skies." And in "The Wayfarer" police power crushes the dissident Christ figure with a relentless impersonality that is a triumph of implication through style:

> I already was contemplating the old dilemma. If I shot him in the chest there was a fair chance I would miss or only graze the heart. . . . On the other hand . . . I do not enjoy the sight of mutilated heads. . . . I would rather receive it in the chest. The chest seems to me farther away than the head. In fact, I could almost enjoy dying, allowed the slow dreamy

"Sometimes I think all the bank cares about is money!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regard of my chest distantly fountaining blood. . . . Given these considerations, I shot him in the chest. . . .

I felt calm and happy. A participant. I enjoy my work.

Using techniques varying from folk fantasy to Stern-like intrusions into realistic narratives, alternating chronologies and points of view with Faulknerian suddenness, Coover achieves highest excellence in a scintillant variety of short fictional forms. His continual flaunting of present tense narration in seemingly incongruous plot situations makes all the more immediate his deep-felt concern with the approaching sound of the lumberman's axe, and the ambivalent forces within us which can at once shrink from it and yet be "enraged at life that it should so resist."

Frank Cunningham

Frank Cunningham, a critic and essayist, is in the English Department at Lehigh University. His work has appeared in The New York Times Book Review and Sewanee Review.

PAIRING OFF

by Julian Moynahan

Morrow, 252 pp., $5.95

IT'S TOO BAD that the popular fiction market these days tends to overlook a book like Julian Moynahan's second novel unless it has a title like *Pairing Off*. *Paring Off* or even *Pearing Off* would be as appropriate, for Moynahan's quite creditable effort has little really to do with its slightly leering title. There's sex here and scattered Anglo-Saxonisms, but Moynahan handles it all naturally and believably, proving that such a thing can be done in the writing of an absorbing and humane novel.

Myles McCormick, Moynahan's protagonist, would pass himself off as the product of an unknown past, a feckless dreamer, in his own words, a "marginal man." A shade over thirty, bright, Harvard-educated, Myles has settled for a dry job as cataloguer in the Boston Free Library. After a youth spent in every occupation from lover of female 4-Fs to book salesman in the Midwest, his only prospect is a possible promotion to director of the Rare (read "fusty") Book Collection.

In some of the novel's best narrative passages Myles watches his girlfriend, Milly, finish the lonely process of dying of cancer. He begins to understand that his life, played entirely by ear, is

(*Continued on page 58*)

The critic, James Lea, teaches literature at Stetson University.

SEND GOOD WISHES...

EXPRESS GOOD TASTE...

ASSURE GOOD READING

Saturday Review is a gift you can give confidently to everyone on your list who shares your zest for wit and wisdom. Each recipient has 53 reminders of your thoughtfulness—the engraved Tiffany card which announces your gift before Christmas . . . and weekly Saturday Review service throughout the New Year. Use coupon below to order.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

One gift subscription $9 **Additional subscriptions $7**

Above rates apply to U.S. and Canada only.
Elsewhere add $2 per subscription.

A TIMELY REMINDER!

Saturday Review's rates go up April 1, 1970. So it makes good sense—and good savings—to include your own new or renewal subscription with your gift order!

Saturday Review 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Gift for_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Gift Card Signed_____

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Gift for_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Gift Card Signed_____

Sent By_____

Address_____

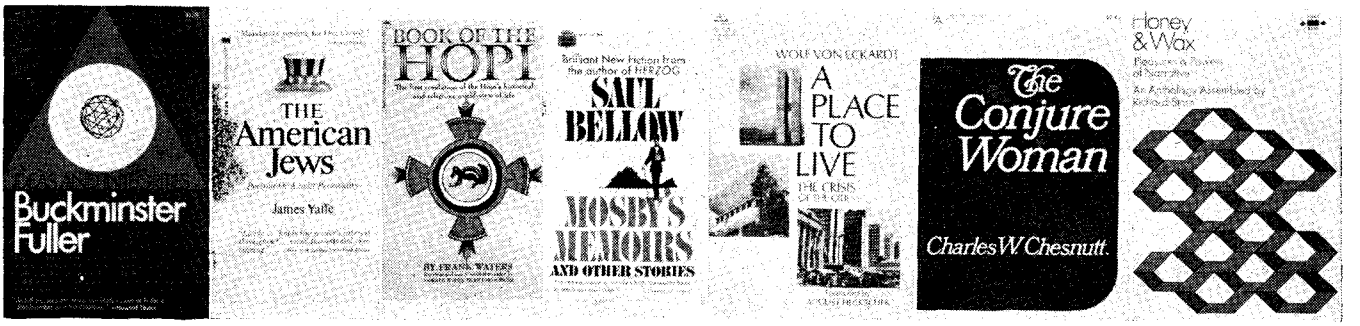
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Include my own subscription ☐ New ☐ Renewal

I enclose $_____ ☐ Bill me later

X91A

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Anyone who, like James Yaffe in his book *The American Jew: Portrait of a Split Personality* (Paperback Library, $1.25), takes an unflinching look at this sensitive, puzzling, indefinable minority, be it ethnic or religious, is bound to bring upon himself the wrath of its Establishment and its many splintered factions. Though Yaffe received critical approval from such fellow novelists as Bruce Jay Friedman and Chaim Potok, other reviewers came close to accusing him of anti-Semitism. "Jews are always accusing each other of self-hatred," said forty-two-year-old Yaffe recently in his New York apartment. "Any Jew who writes about his fellow Jews in ways contrary to the Establishment position invites criticism." That there is an Establishment, composed of religious, community, and organization leaders, seems certain to him. "Of course, the Establishment line changes. At one time, when anti-Semitism was considered a primary danger, the accepted line was 'Jews are no different from anyone else.' Jerome Weidman's *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* was intensely criticized for its depiction of a ruthless Jew."

Since World War II a new generation of Jews has grown up scarcely if ever experiencing anti-Semitism. Colleges, housing, most jobs are wide open to them. "Now the line has changed. It's all right to be different. Chaim Potok's novels or those Rabbi detective stories which emphasize warm, wonderful Jewish values are highly approved. It's okay to be Jewish. Look at Barbra Streisand. She never even had her nose fixed."

In fact, because of the threat of assimilation it is perhaps even desirable to underline one's Jewishness. "Today many young people say, 'Sure. I'm Jewish. So what? I've also got black hair and freckles. It doesn't make any difference.'" The result of this indifference is a marked rise in intermarriage. One out of three college-age marriages involving a Jew—a figure Yaffe says will increase—is between Jew and gentile. "What is happening," says Yaffe, "is an incredible softening of orthodox affiliation in all religions."

After two years' intensive research and conversations with Jews of every persuasion, Yaffe goes even further. "In fifty years Judaism will probably reduce itself in this country to a hard-core orthodoxy. Other Jews will exist, of course, but non-religious and unaffiliated. The basic threat, you see, to Jewish society is the fact that we live in a country which accepts us instead of persecuting us."

Yaffe's book has placed him in great demand as a lecturer, and one question that is invariably put to him is: "Are you married to a Jewish girl?" He is—and the father of two small daughters with properly biblical names of Deborah and Rebecca. Novelist Yaffe, who was graduated *summa cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa from Yale, has dealt in such books as *What's the Big Hurry?* and *Mister Margolies* with those Jews who have made money.

His *The American Jew* is charming and humorous as well as controversial. It includes an illuminating history of Jewish immigration and a compilation of Jewish humor, much of which originated in the little villages of Eastern Europe.

A classic story in the book tells of two poor Jewish schoolteachers, one of whom says, "If I had Rothschild's money, I'd be richer than Rothschild." "How could you be richer than Rothschild?" asks his friend. "I'd do a little teaching on the side."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Growing attention to the black novelist has resulted in the reissue of Charles W. Chesnutt's *The Conjure Woman* (Ann Arbor, $2.45). Chesnutt wrote only five books between 1899, when this one was first published, and 1905. Failing to achieve literary success, he became a successful lawyer. Now he is considered an important literary figure. While other writers were sentimentally recalling ante-bellum days, Chesnutt turned out a series of ironic dialect stories told by an ex-slave to his white Northern employer.

Whereas Chesnutt's books are largely interesting historically, the novels of Richard Wright, who died in Paris in 1960, are compelling drama. Just reissued are the posthumously published *Lawd Today* (Avon, 75¢), about a Chicago postal employee caught in a life of futility, and *The Long Dream* (Ace, 95¢), which is much closer to his classic *Native Son* in its violent account of a black man doomed by Southern small-town oppression.

Two novels that have received wide notice are Jerzy Kosinski's *Steps* (Bantam, 95¢), the unexpected winner of the 1969 National Book Award for fiction, and Vassilis Vassilikos's *Z* (Ballantine, 95¢), concerning a political murder in Salonika. Like a Godard movie, long on atmosphere and short on plot, thirty-six-year-old Polish-born Kosinski's novel hastens through a series of sinister, erotic encounters. *Z*, the basis for the film that won the 1969 Cannes Film Festival Award, was a natural for the movies. The technique is cinematic: close-ups of intrigue and political corruption flash past in highly visual terms.

For anyone who keeps track of Anthony Burgess's prolific literary output, here are three recent Ballantine reissues (95¢ each): the futuristic *A Clockwork Orange*, in which teen-agers rise to power; *Enderby*, which offers the most unlikely artist as hero since Joyce Cary's Gulley Jimson, and *Tremor of Intent*, which manages to be brilliantly cerebral without sacrificing an atom of suspense.

For devotees — they are legion — of John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee series, the latest, *Dress Her in Indigo* (Fawcett Gold Medal, 75¢), takes our

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hero for a change from his houseboat, the *Busted Flush*, in Ft. Lauderdale into intrigue south of the border.

New and duly noted: In *Girls in Their Married Bliss* (Dell, 75¢) Edna O'Brien follows with the same stylish, mordant prose the promising heroines of *The Country Girls*, Kate and Baba, now disappointed in conjugality. *Mosby's Memoirs* (Crest, 95¢), mostly stories from the 1950s, offers a number of Saul Bellow's richest characters, among them Hattie, the indomitable, alcoholic gentlewoman of "Leaving the Yellow House." That Bellow story is also included in Richard Stern's choice anthology *Honey & Wax* (Chicago, $3.95), a gifted novelist's personal selection which embraces in an international gathering such writers as Isaac Babel, Danilo Dolci and Machado de Assís. In a decade of black humor there's some starshine and nostalgia in Olive Higgins Prouty's *Now, Voyager* (Popular Library, 75¢), about ugly duckling Charlotte Vale, who finds love and Paul Henreid aboard an ocean liner. And what about that final line: "Don't ask for the moon! We have the stars!"

City Life

"Our society will never be great until our cities are great," said President Johnson, but the recent Nixon administration's cut-back of $215 million in the Model Cities urban aid program dims the dream of refurbished metropolises. Edmund K. Faltermayer of *Fortune* interviewed hundreds of city planners in an effort to determine what could be done practically to improve urban life. *Redoing America: A Nationwide Report on How to Make Our Cities and Suburbs Livable* (Collier, $1.95) suggests a variety of schemes by which to halt suburban proliferation in natural beauty areas, reduce air and water pollution, develop workable transit systems, and shrink the slums. "Given our country's wealth," writes Faltermayer, "the result could be a transformation on the scale of the Italian Renaissance."

Lewis Mumford's *The Urban Prospect* (Harvest, $2.45) focuses upon the individual and his place in the city plan. For example, both midtown traffic congestion and the forgotten pedestrian can be aided by introducing malls and thoroughfares to revitalize the ancient habit of walking.

Wolf Von Eckardt, architecture critic for the *Washington Post*, gets down to brass tacks in *A Place to Live: The Crisis of the Cities* (Delta, $2.65): New York City's new PanAm building is "conspicuous only for its unseemly bulk and disregard of its surroundings"; Charles Luckman's Boston Prudential Tower is "ugly, illiterate"; Edward Durrell Stone's John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts being constructed in Washington, D.C., is "a monument to our fetish of gigantism."

Designer, architect, engineer, promoter of whatever is beautiful, Buckminster Fuller has written in *Ideas and Integrities* (Collier, $1.95) an autobiography, a philosophic discourse, and a practical guide to the uses of the new technology. His scientific knowledge enabled him to experiment with jets and rockets back in the 1920s, and, for that matter, he recalls that as a kindergarten boy in 1899 he amazed his teacher by constructing what was probably the first geodesic dome, a complex tetrahedron structure of toothpicks and dried peas. Maybe Fuller's idea of a vast air-conditioned dome two miles in diameter to cover New York City is the answer to air pollution.

The American Indian

Handsomely presented, beautifully illustrated, *The Indians' Book* (Dover, $4) is an irreplaceable collection of the traditional music and songs of eighteen tribes, encompassing everything from Apache lullabies to Kwakiutl totem chants. It was lovingly and painstakingly compiled at the turn of the century by Natalie Curtis, an ethnologist who was herself part Indian. Miss Curtis, who died in 1921, had to get special permission from President Theodore Roosevelt in order to record songs on the reservations because U.S. policy at that time denied Indians the right to play their native music.

The attention that Red Power is getting is long overdue. Stan Steiner's *The New Indians* (Delta, $2.45) is an outspoken call to recognize the white man's exploitation of the American Indian and to reaffirm the values of the red man's culture. The awful fact is that only 500,000 American Indians remain, the bulk of them living on reservations where more than 90 per cent of the housing is substandard. And substandard usually means hovels.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.'s encyclopedic one-volume history, *The Indian Heritage of America* (Bantam, $1.65), ranges from the earliest settlements to the white man's invasion of Indian territory, during which more Indians died from diseases introduced by "civilization" than from warfare. Highly sympathetic to Indian problems, the author traces swiftly the intrigues and shifting government policies that have invariably surrounded the subject of Indian affairs.

In *Cheyenne Autumn* (Avon Discus, $1.25) Mari Sandoz retells the bold saga of the Cheyennes, who, abandoning the Oklahoma reservation onto which they had been herded, fled northward for 1,500 miles back to their Yellowstone lands, pursued all the way by United States troops.

Navajo Wildlands: "... as long as the rivers shall run" (Sierra Club/Ballantine, $3.95) is a characteristically beautiful Sierra Club photographic essay. The text by Stephen C. Jett is supplemented by selections from such writers as Willa Cather, Joseph Wood Krutch, and Oliver La Farge. The lofty pictures in splendid soft color capture the essence of cathedral-like cliffs, windswept mesas, the wild, lonely country against which the tragic Indian drama was played.

To Frank Waters, who spent most of his life working among the Hopis, the elders of the tribe entrusted the secrets of their most mystic rituals. *Book of the Hopi* (Ballantine, $1.25) describes the history and mythology of these cliff-dwelling Arizona people whose desert village of Oraibi is America's oldest continuously occupied settlement.

William Tomkins, who lived for years among the Plains Indians, amassed in *Indian Sign Language* (Dover, $1.25) a whole range of vocabulary that Indian tribes who spoke different languages used to communicate with one another.

Some of this country's most dramatic moments are preserved in the photographs of Magnum, an international cooperative of photographers. *America in Crisis* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95), with text by Mitchel Levitas, reviews a panorama of current events in its pictures of peace marchers, Harlem schoolchildren, U.S. soldiers defending Hue, the poverty and plenty of the nation. It's a great, big catalogue testifying to the turbulence and variety of the American experience.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Adventures in Afghanland—I
The Flying Bazaar

I WONDER if Alexander, when he mushed his legions through the Hindu Kush mountains and into Afghanistan twenty-three centuries ago, found the going any rougher than do today's invaders in Land-Rovers. There is even something venturesome about taking Ariana Afghan Airlines' weekly safari from London to Kabul, the mile-high capital of Afghanistan that made a bid for touristic glory in September with the opening of the country's first Americanized, sanitized chain hotel, the Inter-Continental Kabul.

The adventure begins, I suppose, with one's arrival at Gatwick Airport, a sort of auxiliary plant forty miles south of London. Gatwick is a hangout for all the airlines you've never heard of, those that pay minimum rent or otherwise don't qualify to fly in and out of Heathrow. Ariana has come up in the world since a pioneering American aviator moved his little band of Dakotas from India to Afghanistan in the mid-1950s and launched a formal, though irregular, service. But the airline still doesn't hold membership in the monolithic International Air Transport Association (other exceptions: Aeroflot and Icelandic), and continues to operate with a Flying Tiger let's-try-it-this-way spirit.

Ariana uses one jet, an untiring 727 that works overtime six days a week to link Kabul with such distant points as Moscow and Delhi, while its several propeller models handle the business closer to home. Pan American World Airways owns 49 per cent of Ariana and backs up each London-Kabul flight with one of its own pilots. Ours was a genial hardy with long red sideburns and mustache, a man we came to know, those of us who followed him to the hotel premiere, simply as Bigelow. Pan Am also owns the chain of fifty Inter-Continental hotels, so its stake in Afghanistan is considerable. Bigelow gave off a becalming Jack Armstrong assurance, whether he was leaning back in a cabin seat reading magazines, or threading mountain passes on the approach to Kabul.

The 5:30 p.m. Sunday flight from London calls at Frankfurt, Istanbul, and Teheran, crossing five time zones before landing at 8:30 a.m. in Kabul on a runway too short to handle planes bulkier than 727s. It is the quickest and most direct route to Kabul unless one flies Pan Am from the States to Teheran and there picks up an Ariana DC-6 on the last leg. As a bonus, I think, the London-Kabul journey provides an introduction to Afghan culture. The rear of the plane was packed with families of returning Afghans, women in the modified, hoodless *chadri* (a flowing silk gown that cloaked all female faces until 1959, when a law declared it optional), and mindful dark-eyed children who stopped crying as soon as dinner was served out of Frankfurt. Up front, where first-class passengers might have been, hulked a pile of cargo, and in its shadow lay an Afghan invalid, his entire form covered with a white sheet. I know he was alive because once or twice, on my rounds of the mysterious flying bazaar, I saw the sheet drawn back from his face and felt his cavernous eyes following me.

Since Alexander's visit, Afghanistan has been crisscrossed and sometimes tenanted by Parthians, Kushan Buddhists, Persians, Arabs, Seljuk Turks, a vengeful Genghis Khan, who destroyed the cities Alexander had built, turbulent Pushtun tribes, and, in the last century, by opposing British and Russian colonialists. Yet even since 1919, when Britain finally recognized Afghan independence, tourist legions have stayed away. Those who come today are American hunters willing to pay a $6,000 license fee to track the coveted Marco Polo sheep, overland sloggers in search of remote campsites and awesome landscape, comfortable world travelers who put up with certain deprivations to win an exotic passport stamp (Would anyone at the country club believe Afghanistan?), and footloose kids from Northern Europe and America on the heady trail of nirvana.

Afghan's energetic Prince Mahmud Ghazi now hopes to draw the rest of us with a mounting tourist campaign, keyed on the arrival of Inter-Continental. As top mogul in the national tourist office (managed by a kinsman of the Prince), Ghazi carries enough weight to have his way. Although Afghanistan's constitutional monarchy has been liberalized in recent years, the Parliament bows regularly to the throne. I hope the Prince will exercise

**Doing Europe?
Really do it in a Citroën.**

Order your Citroen now for delivery upon arrival. Place your order through your authorized Citroen Dealer or through Citroen Cars Corporation. Or see your travel agent. Your car will be delivered to you directly from the Factory. It's your assurance of getting the most reliable European Delivery plan, and the biggest Factory-direct, tax-free savings. Financed Purchase-Repurchase plans also available. For full information, write for our free European Delivery brochure.

Citroen Cars Corporation Dept. SR-910
East: 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022
West: 8423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211
Please send me your free brochure on Factory-direct European Delivery of Citroen Cars.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

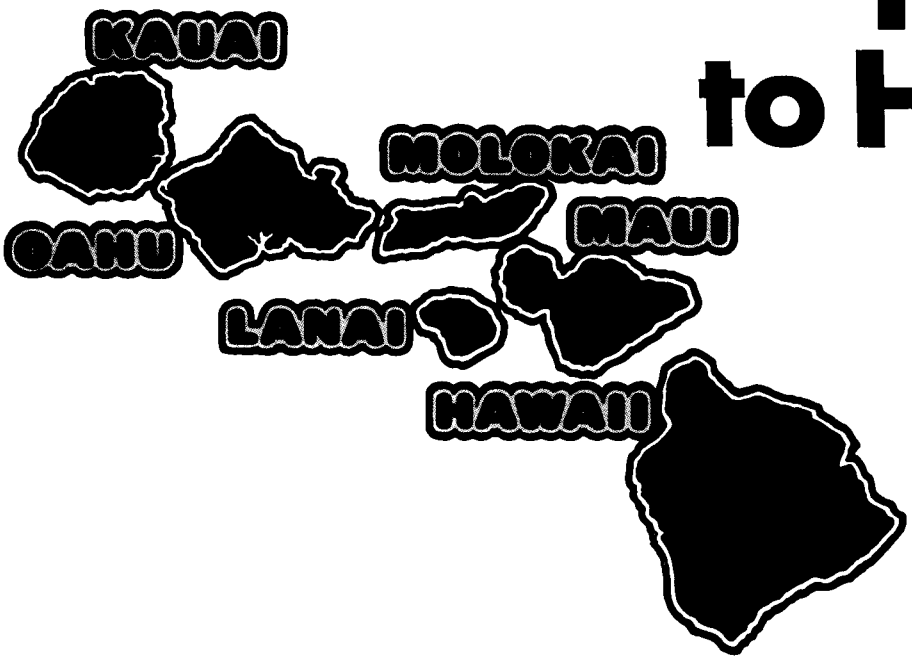
We've just thrown our bonus money into the Pacific.

TWA now has service to Hawaii. And this service is backed by our million dollar bonus. Which means you can expect the same great treatment you've come to know and love in the U.S., Europe and the Mid-East.

Flights from Los Angeles depart daily for Honolulu and beyond to Guam, Okinawa, Taipei and Hong Kong.

For more information, call your travel agent or TWA.

TWA to Hawaii



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a short story by Ray Bradbury

The Hour Of Ghosts

It was the finest hour.

It was the most delicious hour in the day.

It was the Hour of Ghosts.

In Timothy's room, an extraordinary mist spun round, took shape.

In Ralph's room, a second phantom of incredible size and mysterious mien reared up.

In Alice's hideaway, across the hall, a third and mournful stranger wove itself from shuttling light, air, and pollens of dust.

In the parlor, below, Father enjoyed *his* Visitation.

And Mother? She moved and worked in the kitchen while the Brewing Witch leaned near upon the warm bake-oven air, pointing to spices, riffling cookbooks, advising mixtures.

You would have had to thrust out your hand to find which was real. Your fingers would have gone right through the Wise Old Thing. Your fingers would have stopped on summer flesh: the Lady of this house.

"Gosh, this is great!" cried Timothy.

"You can walk all the way round them!" said Ralph.

And this was true.

And they circled all around their Ghosts, the private electronic miracles beamed into their rooms.

"They're *real!*"

"And yet not *quite* . . ."

"Say it all again," said Alice to the bright air.

"Yes," said the boys. "Speak!"

And in Timothy's room, Marley's Ghost shook his money-box chains, grieved for his lost soul, and fixed the boy with a pale oyster eye:

"O woe is me! I wear the chains I forged in life! . . . No rest. No peace! Beware, Ebenezer Scrooge!"

While by Ralph's bed, the spectre of Blind Pew clutched a bit of paper with a dark circle inked thereon and cried:

"The Black Spot! I'm doomed!"

And sank in a half-swoon as, from the shadowed corners of the room, came the bang, step, bang, the tread of a one-legged man striding a dark road by some far-off sea.

Alice was in raptures.

Her Ghost, a young woman, hair blowing in the wind, tapped at a snow-blind window and called a wild man's name:

"Heathcliff!"

And swiftly, in the midst of the air, a door swung wide on the winter's night. A man, answering, plunged out and vanished away from Wuthering Heights, lost in blizzards of white that fell to touch the bedroom floor and melt without trace.

©Ray Bradbury, 1969

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Holograms," whispered Timothy. "Telecommunications. All done with laser light and extra special machines. . ."

"Don't!" said Ralph, younger but wiser. "I mustn't know that. I just want to *see!* Ghosts are the greatest things ever. After Blind Pew I got King Tut and the Phantom Rickshaw and—heck! why not *now!?*"

He stabbed a button. The laser light rewove its tapestry. Blind Pew unraveled and fled, pursued by a one-legged tattoo.

Out of moorland fogs, in a crack of lightning and a drizzle of rain, a Hound with fiery eyes rose up and bayed.

"Good old Hound," said Ralph. "Good old Baskervilles!"

In the parlor, the ghost of Hamlet's father mourned:

"List. O List! Hamlet . . . remember *me!*"

"One cup of cooking sherry," said the Cooking Ghost, the computerized memory of how to work well between oven and table. "Two . . ."

"Much obliged," said Mother, and touched a switch.

The Kitchen Ghost, obedient to lightning, vanished.

"Dinner!" called Mother, in the hall.

"You," said Timothy-like-Scrooge, "are nothing but a blot of mustard, a fragment of under-done potato . . ."

At which old Marley collapsed upon his bones with a final despairing cry, and was no more.

"Come back at eight!" said Ralph.

And the Hound hid deep in the moorlands grass of the carpet.

"Oh, such lovely Ghosts." Alice wept as the figures of Heathcliff and his love ran away through the walls.

At Elsinore, dawn lit the parlor airs. Hamlet's Father withdrew. And the father of *this* house stood up and went to dinner.

As did all the real children, drawn by a real mother with real food.

The hour of Ghosts was done.

The dusk of laser Visitations was through.

But night lay fresh ahead. And waiting in their rooms, after homework, after studies, other spectres stood alert. The Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, Future abided in the walls. The Phantom Signalman beckoned his spirit lantern at the top of the stairs. The house was indeed Haunted. . . .

"I've taken the liberty," said Father, "of inviting Plato and Aristotle to dinner . . ."

"They talk too much!" said Ralph.

But suddenly, the two old men were there, gently, at their elbows.

"How goes the Republic?" asked Tim.

"Well . . ." And Plato told him, sweetly, fine, and true.

And even Ralph was astounded after awhile and sat up, blinked, and said, "That *last*. Tell it again."

And Plato told.

And it was *almost* as good as Blind Pew and the whine and bark of the far Hound on the moors . . . .

• • •

Are these the Ghosts of Christmas Future?

Yes.

Not so far off across the sill of Tomorrow, three-dimensional holograms will 'visit' your house.

These friendly Phantoms, invited in through your telecommunications system, will delight, edify, and educate. Or, if Mum's the Word, be still, as you wish.

These are such stuffs as dreams are made of.

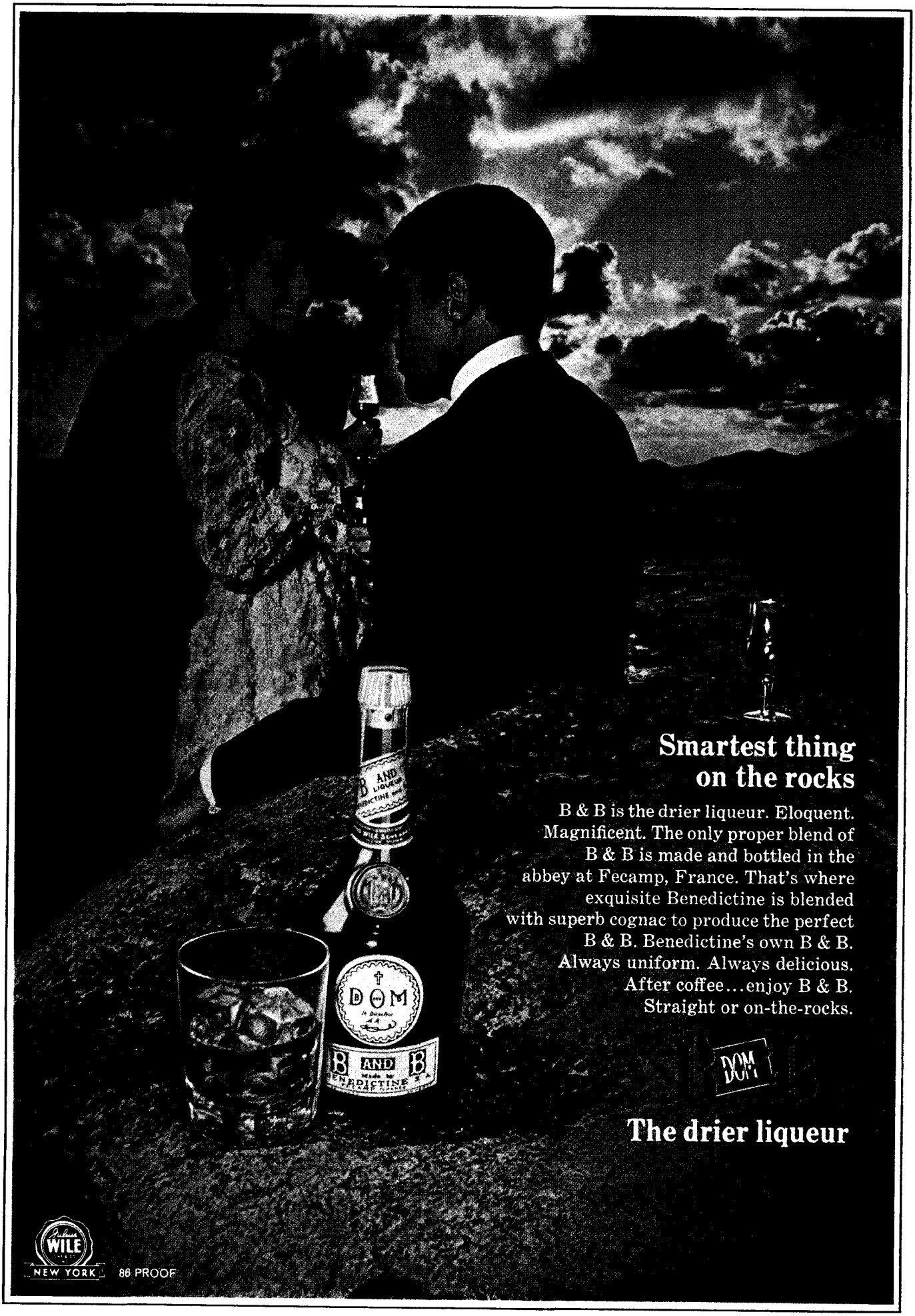
Built upon the very fabric of light and air in any room. View them from north-south-east-west. Walk around them. They'll have as many sides as you have angles.

Watch for these friendly spirits.

Ray Bradbury

In the science fiction of today lie bits and pieces of tomorrow's reality. A reality that all of us in the Bell System are planning for today. AT&T

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Smartest thing on the rocks

B & B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent. The only proper blend of B & B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B & B. Benedictine's own B & B. Always uniform. Always delicious. After coffee...enjoy B & B. Straight or on-the-rocks.

DOM

The drier liqueur

Julius WILE SONS & CO. NEW YORK

86 PROOF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his considerable powers to do something about the unwieldy visa a tourist must obtain, as well as the bothersome exit tax. After parting with more than $1,000—the economy class jet fare from New York to Kabul—a visitor doesn't need any further burdens.

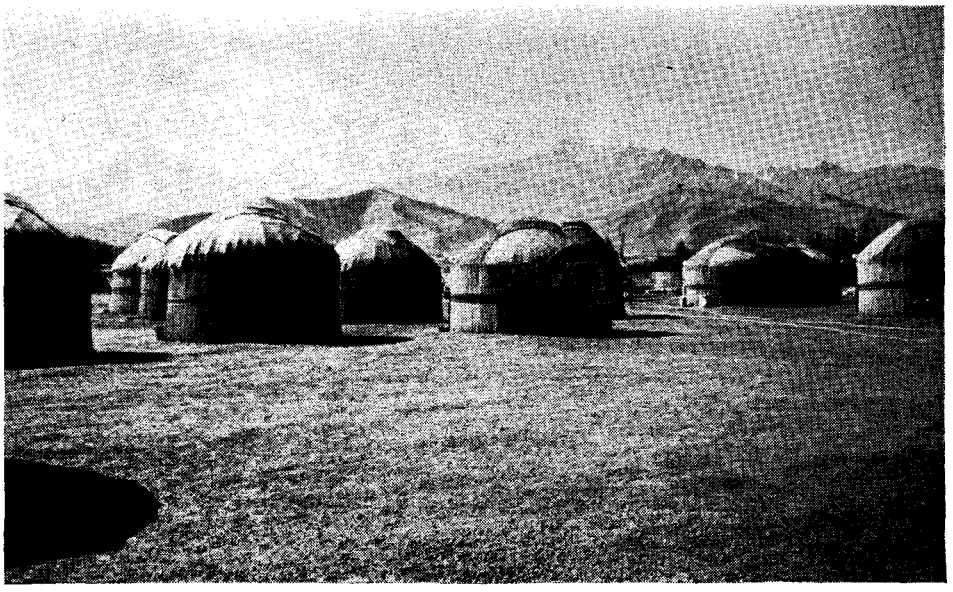
Hotel openings of the Hilton, Sheraton, Inter-Continental style normally are cork-popping social galas. From the start, the Kabul inauguration seemed to pack special clout. There was, for one thing, an unmistakable if muted toot of political horns to be heard above the din of the city's biggest social event in many seasons. For years the Soviet Union and United States have jockeyed for influence in this politically uncommitted, landlocked nation, hemmed in by Iran, Russia, Pakistan, and a fingertip of China. The U.S.S.R. invests about twice as much aid as the U.S., outfitting and training the Afghan army among other things. America counters with the Peace Corps and massive building projects. Often the game goes strictly tit for tat: we build a road, they build a road; they build a silo, we fill it with wheat. Kabul's airport, of modest design and function, was supported by Russian money. Far to the south at Kandahar, Afghanistan's former capital, U.S. aid dollars put up a gleaming mosque of an airport in 1962, equipped with jet-age landing strips and spacious terminal arena. It stands today like an absurd mirage on the southern plains, used for little more than auxiliary commercial flights.

Neither side succeeds for long in commanding a foothold on a given hilltop or street corner. Inter-Continental built its seven-story fortress high above downtown Kabul in a gap cleaving the dusty ring of mountains circling the city, as if to fortify itself against an invading enemy. Holiday Inn? Just down the slope, built along strikingly similar lines, seldom beyond the gaze of hotel guests, stands a technological school compound constructed and staffed by the Soviets. Chinese projects are in evidence too, and West Germany is hard at work, sinking in the third largest foreign-aid investment.

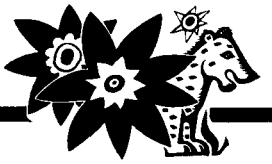
Kabul may not offer enough attractions to hold a visitor more than a night or two, once he has prowled the Kabul Museum, abrim with Greco-Buddhist sculpture and art, ivory carvings, and ancient coins; or combed the bazaars for lapis lazuli objects, jackets and caps of Karakul sheepskin; or gaped at hippies lolling about the Noor Hotel, a 50-cent downtown hostelry that rents space in its pleasant courtyard to wandering campers. It was curious to observe the titillation aroused in my European colleagues by the very hint of hippiedom, all of them rushing down to the Noor for a peek. The Americans, on the other hand, were generally unmoved.

At the Khyber Hotel in downtown Kabul I saw a formal letter tacked to a wall in the lobby, signed by a member of the United States Embassy in Afghanistan. It said, "The families of the following are trying to locate or contact their sons and daughters," and then listed the names of five young Americans. Below, a reader had scrawled an answer: "You have built a society whose only avenues are freak-out and escape, and still you hound."

Travel within Afghanistan is a trip



Russian-style yourts lodged Omar Sharif and a movie crew making "The Horsemen."



"Let's go someplace really different this year."
"What's really different?"
"Surinam."
"What's Surinam?"

Only one of the world's most fascinating vacation spots. On South America's northern coast (it was once Dutch Guiana), a tropical paradise where 12 ancient cultures live side-by-side. Settle down in the air-conditioned luxury of our place, then visit Amerindian and Bushnegro villages, see exotic fauna, dugout canoes, native fire dances. Or go sightseeing in Paramaribo—Moslem mosques, historic synagogues, Old Dutch architecture, Javanese, Hindustani, Creole handicrafts. Or just relax, enjoy our enormous pool, orchid gardens, tennis courts, casino, cocktail lounge, entertainment, French cuisine. Everything posh but the rates.

Surinam-Torarica Hotel/Casino
another fine Executive House Hotel

Ask your travel agent, or call (212) 265-7474, or write: Executive House, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020

PEWTER SOUP TUREEN with TRAY ONLY $12.98

Magnificent classic 5½-quart Italian import keeps "zuppa," stew, baked beans, other foods steaming hot over 3 hours beautifully—on buffet, at table. Handsomely crafted from rich pewter-finished metal, this commanding beauty has insulated lining, tight-fitting cover. Matching 12½" tray adds to elegance, protects table and linens. Just as effective for keeping foods icy cold—a perfect ice bucket—a unique punch bowl or snack server! **$12.98** plus 75c postage & handling.

Prompt shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed
Send check or money order—no C.O.D.'s

Send for FREE gourmet catalog

MAISON michel, ltd. | Dept. SR-109
Michel Bldg., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040
GOOD NEWS FOR GOURMETS

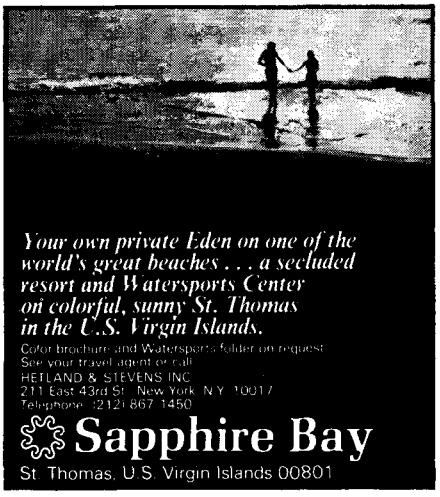
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ireland of the Welcomes magazine

For Christmas-giving: a two year trip to Ireland without leaving home.

"Ireland of the Welcomes" magazine will whisk them off to Ireland. In the company of the greatest Irish writers. Color pictures of Irish scenes. Poems. Stories. Articles. Make all the Irish-hearted friends on your list happy (yourself, too) by taking advantage of our special subscription offer: $5. ($1. off regular newsstand price) for two years (12 issues) of "Ireland of the Welcomes" mailed from Dublin to you and all your friends.

Address your check for $5. to:
Irish Tourist Board, Dept. NY 3
590 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10036


Your own private Eden on one of the world's great beaches . . . a secluded resort and Watersports Center on colorful, sunny St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands.
Color brochure and Watersports folder on request
See your travel agent or call
HETLAND & STEVENS INC
211 East 43rd St New York N.Y. 10017
Telephone (212) 867 1450
Sapphire Bay
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

EUROPE by CAR
Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue
Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT, SAAB, MG. ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, Inc.
The Oldest & Largest Overseas Delivery System
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20 TEL. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles Tel. 272-0424
CAR ($)_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____ SR-25

backward, a walk on the dusty side. There is nary a car-rental agency in all the land. I went one morning to Bamian, a onetime Buddhist settlement cradled in a green valley northwest of Kabul. Bakhtar Afghan Airlines, a local wing of Ariana, launches a DeHavilland Twin Otter every morning at 6:30 or 7 on a forty-five-minute swoop that takes you close enough to stark, sawtooth mountains to study mineral deposits. I studied the backs of my eyelids until the lone eagle up front, an Indian with curling mustaches, who might have looked more at home atop a Kipling elephant, bumped down on a pitted dirt runway beside an avenue of stalwart poplars. Bamian was as dry, cloudless, and pleasant as Kabul, saved from late summer's blazing heat by a 6,500 foot perch.

The Bamian Hotel barely functions now, but its adjacent motel and village of Russian-style *yourts*—roundtop teepees with plumbing—put up visitors for $12 a night. When Omar Sharif swept into the valley earlier this year to shoot parts of *The Horsemen*, he and his crew lodged in the *yourts*. His presence was enough to achieve something an earthquake couldn't have done. It brought the women of Bamian, as silent and shadow-seeking as the rest of Moslem womanhood, spilling out of their huts and high-walled fortress homes into the broad sunlight for an unveiled look at Sharif.

The motel stands on a ledge above the valley, affording a view that justifies any airborne hardship en route to Bamian. Across a rushing stream and broad valley floor loom two immense statues of Buddha, one towering to 175 feet, carved by resident Buddhists fifteen or more centuries ago from a sheer sandstone cliff. Although succeeding Moslem tenants, abhorrent of idols, scarred the huge figures and chipped away large chunks of their faces, the original sculptures have survived the ages in remarkable shape. And today Indian and Japanese archaeological crews are restoring the Buddhas to their former glory, workers on scaffolds climbing about the giants like so many Lilliputians.

Crossing the valley by minibus, we encountered on a dusty road a flock of Afghan men pressing close to a sagging, open-topped bus jammed with young Army recruits. They were bound for Kabul to begin the required two-year military service, and their friends had come to say good-by. In the flattened brown faces and almond eyes one could see all the way back to the Mongols, who were left behind in the Bamian valley after Genghis Khan died. It seemed an intrusion to start snapping photographs, but I couldn't resist the faces.

They crowded around me, nodding their turbaned heads and smiling as I sought each man's permission to shoot. I couldn't persuade a handsome young boy of twelve or so who kept darting out of range despite the urging of his elders to stand still. With each snap I said thank you *(ta sha koor)*, and the words came back in chuckling mimicry. When the bus thundered away, the recruits raised a din that would have done Genghis Khan proud.

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES: New York, Richard H. Morton, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; Cleveland, George Dawson, 30559 Pine Tree Road, Cleveland, Ohio, 44124; San Francisco, L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Howard M. Cleff, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140. **Printed by the McCall Printing Company, Dayton, Ohio.**

NUMBERS, PLEASE!

The numbers and letters on the label that brings Saturday Review your way each week may not mean much to you at first glance. But they are essential in helping our Subscription Department quickly identify your records. That is why it is important to include your address label whenever you write Saturday Review about your subscription.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

CHANGE of ADDRESS

Please let us know *at least four weeks before you plan to move.* For fastest service, clip or paste your current mailing address in space provided, fill in your name and address, and mail to Saturday Review's Subscriber Service Division.

NEW or RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTION

Check here to enter or extend your subscription:
☐ One year $9 ☐ Three years $21
☐ Two years $16 ☐ Five years $25
Outside U.S. and Canada, add $2 per year
☐ New subscription ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Renewal ☐ Bill me

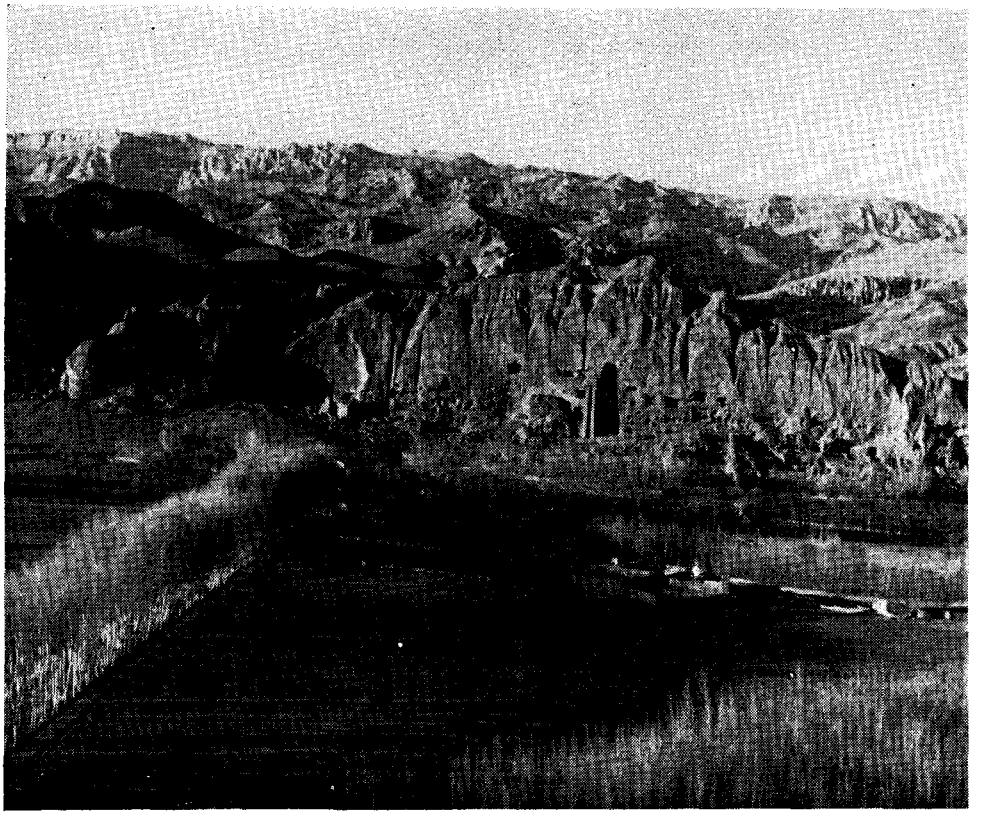
Name Address

City State ZIP

Saturday Review Subscriber Service Division
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Despite the building of hotels and highways, life in Afghanistan resists change. Barbers in downtown Kabul (above, left) work by the noonday sun, and two Afghan women (above, right) cloak themselves in the traditional chadri, no longer required dress. Buddhists lived in the Bamian Valley (below, right) centuries ago and left behind giant statues carved in sandstone (below, left), now undergoing repair by Indians and Japanese.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

Brandt's Britain

IN A CLASSICALLY simple installation at The Museum of Modern Art, the work of British photographer Bill Brandt proves that it needs none of the attention-getting mechanisms of multi-media gimmickry and gigantic enlargements to attract the eye. Spanning the almost forty years since he was a student of Man Ray in Paris, his first major one-man show in this country provides an engaging guide to the character and consistency of his vision.

Reviewing the 125 prints selected by John Szarkowski, director of the Museum's department of photography, it is not difficult to spot some of the influences of Brandt's mentor and the Surrealist film-makers, or the effect of his avowed preference for Atget, Weston, Brassaï, and the early Cartier-Bresson. But it is not so easy to define his distinctive approach—an improbable blend of intense involvement and Olympian detachment, of visionary romantic and clear-eyed realist. Each image seems like a frame from a film momentarily interrupted but with the future action already preordained.

When Brandt's camera moved from Mayfair drawing rooms to the miners' cottages and slag heaps of East Durham, it did so without the moralizing precepts of many of our own Depression-day Farm Security Administration photographers. The Northumbrian miner's enjoyment of his evening meal or a bucket-style back scrub, the shabby bits of Victoriana and the carefully positioned lace doily, the "cheerful" wallpaper—details such as these are revealing. No one can miss the weariness of the Tyneside coal-searcher, but one senses a respect for rugged survival in the face of poverty rather than the impoverishment of body and spirit that our West Virginia-Kentucky documentaries of those years propagandized.

Similarly, things-as-they-are (for the nostalgia undeniably lies in the beholder) is the keynote of what is mirrored in the views of prewar England: stiffly starched parlormaids and underparlormaids, nanny and footman, the Edwardian bathtub and the elaborate tea service. It is an evocative personal account of upper-middle-class life, of a world that blackout and Blitz would transform into a climate no longer able to sustain the sharply defined tonal scale of social strata.

Of this earlier period the photographer has said, "I found *atmosphere* to be the spell that charged the commonplace with beauty. . . . I am still not sure what atmosphere is. I only know that it is a combination of elements that reveals the subject as familiar yet strange." Characteristically, he has done little theorizing about his own work. As Mr. Szarkowski points out, "Perhaps this has helped him preserve the precedence of intuition over system, and allowed him to accept the risks of repeatedly beginning again, free of commitments to his own past."

At the close of the war, Brandt turned his attention to portraying personalities in the arts—Dylan Thomas, the Sitwells, Robert Graves, Henry Moore, Francis Bacon, Ben Nicholson, among them—figures who were of interest not only to avant-garde periodicals but to the status-fraught magazines of high fashion. More recently, he has returned to recording the English landscape and to experimenting with new perspectives on nudes. It is the latter that uniquely typify his credo: the nude merges into the stones on the Sussex shore, becoming another of the landscape's abstract sculptures; chalk cliff and alabaster flesh are metaphors of the same master design. For all his camera subjects he now prefers a starkly dark printing style that emphasizes graphic structure, often at the expense of detail though always with arresting effect.

When Cyril Connolly asked, "What do we look for in a photographer?", he found the answer in Bill Brandt:

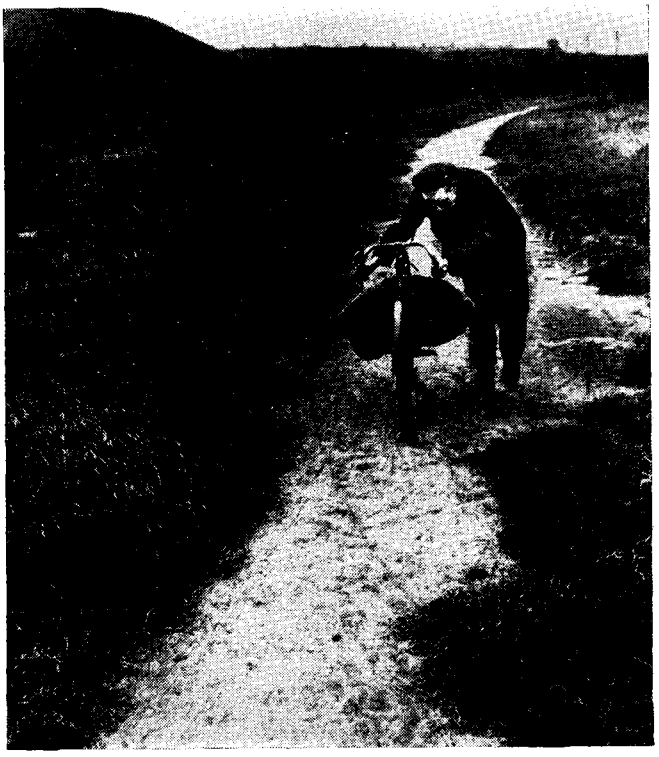
1.

2.

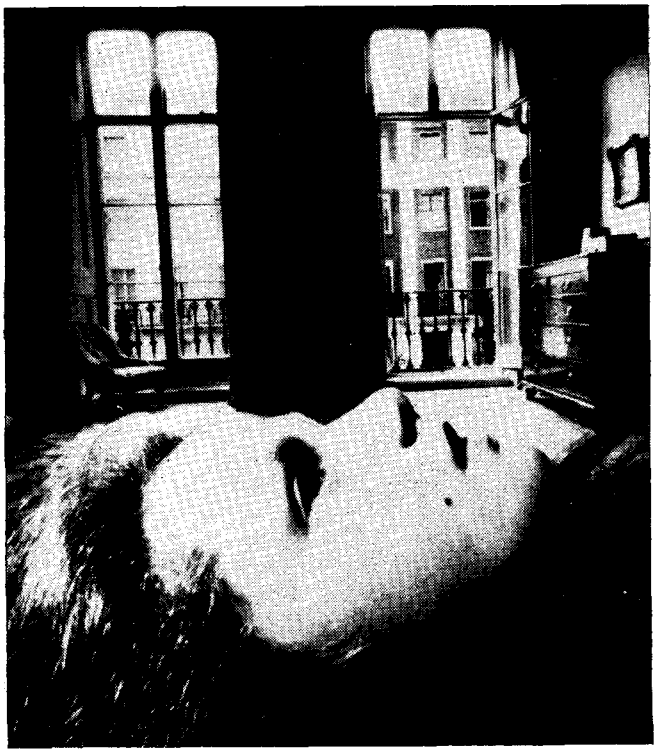
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Curiosity, wit, humility, detachment, some imaginative quality to offset the brutality of the machine itself . . . some sense of unsatisfied questioning, and ultimately technical mastery and fastidiousness of selection."

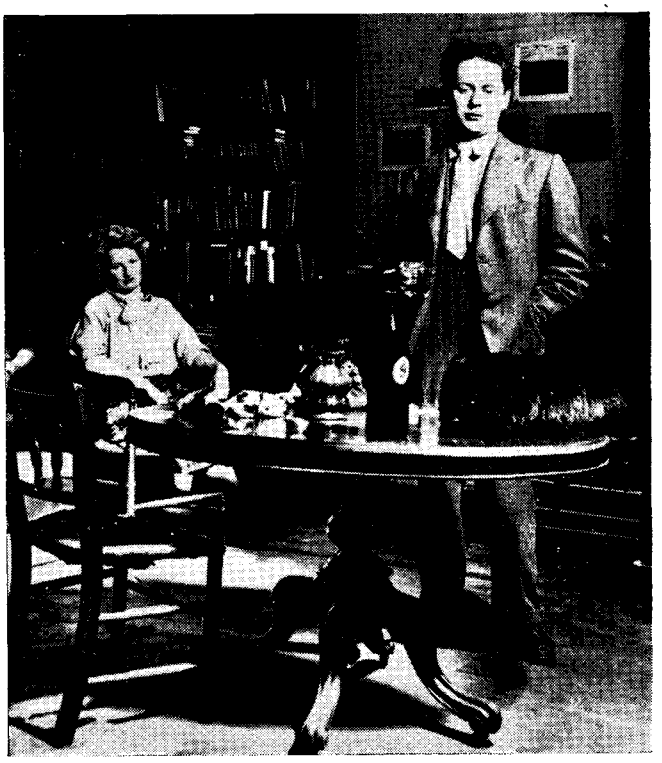
These are attributes that come through to the viewer in the prints on display in the Museum's first-floor galleries. The exhibit will remain in New York until November 30 and then begin a scheduled tour of major cities throughout the United States and Great Britain.



3.

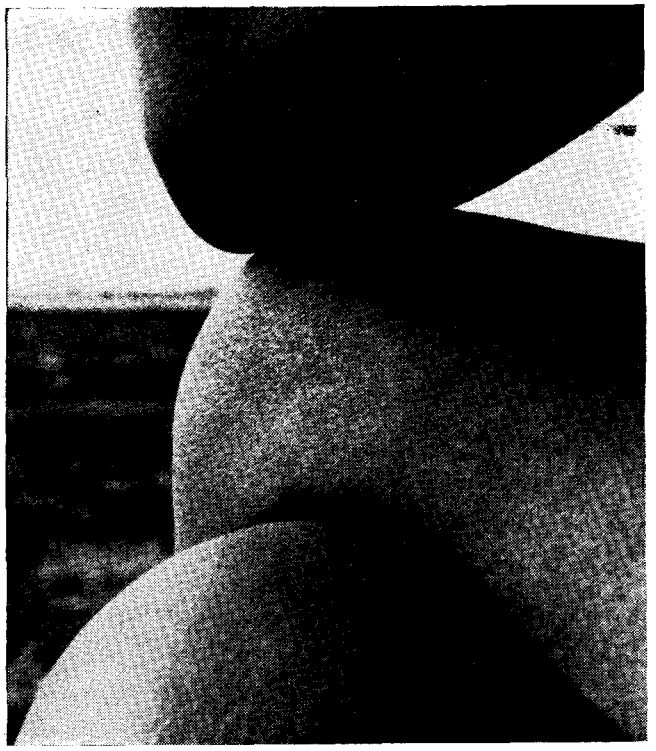


5.



4.

6.



1. Parlormaid and underparlormaid ready to serve dinner, 1933
2. Drawing room in Mayfair, 1938
3. Coal-searcher going home to Jarrow, 1937 (?)
4. Dylan Thomas and his wife in their room, Chelsea, 1944
5. Portrait of a young girl, Eaton Place, London, 1955
6. From Brandt's book, "Perspective of Nudes" (p. 87), 1959

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Beverly Sills as Lucia di Lammermoor

THE LONG, involved history of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* in this town added a new episode with the first venture of Beverly Sills in the title role of a new production by the New York City Opera in the State Theater of Lincoln Center. Someplace in the dim remote past there was a dramatic Lucia, then it became all prim and prima donna coloratura impersonations from Melba and Tetrazzini through Galli-Curci to Pons. Most recently, of course, there was the revivification of the dramatic concept by Callas, followed by an emphasis all her own when Sutherland ascended to public favor.

That Miss Sills can be put into a sequence with such names is ample evidence that she is doing a good deal to admire, and a few things to marvel at, in the singing of the music. Much the most of it comes in Lucia's two great stretches of solo singing—"Regnava nel silenzio," in the garden scene of Act I; and the "Ardon gl'incensi" and on, in the "Mad Scene" in Act III, In each, she put together some choice examples of almost any kind of technical discipline one could think of—trills, staccati, ascending and descending chromatic scales, skips and runs, plus the expectably secure top notes up to E flat above C. Its nearby, lower neighbor D became, after awhile (because of the key in which much of the music is written) almost as predictable as yesterday's weather.

So much, then, for one tradition of singing Lucia. Being an intelligent artist as well as a performer with a brain, Miss Sills is well aware of the dramatic emphasis that can be imparted to the role, and has made a brave attempt at a combination of the two. Here, however, she is presently deterred from realizing her total objective by two adverse factors: insufficient weight in the middle and lower range (to get her kind of flexibility and lightness above, something almost inevitably has to be sacrificed below) and an acting technic that is a good deal less sophisticated than her vocal technic. In the episode with her brother in Act II and the following "Marriage Contract" ensemble climaxed by the celebrated Sextet, Miss Sills is not the factor in the drama that a Lucia can be.

She does, being the kind of worker she is, match what she is doing vocally with action throughout. It is (doubtless in conjunction with director Tito Capobianco) carefully planned and thoughtfully composed action, but it remains action, not acting. Perhaps when she has added a dozen or twenty performances to the few she has had elsewhere than in New York, it may have more flow and impact. Right now, it is on the margin of conviction (for me) with not much below the surface.

The theme of it is that Lucia, who usually waits for the end of Act II to disclose her dementia, starts when the supposed faithlessness of her husband-to-be Edgardo is revealed by her conniving brother as part of a scheme to acquire a more desirable in-law. By the end of the "Contract Scene," when Edgardo returns to discover *her* apparent faithlessness, she is gone, really, in the Sutherland terminology "a loony dame." Here, in one of those typical "touches" of contemporary operatic stage direction, Capobianco has Lucia snatch a dagger from the belt of her brother when his back is turned, thus running up a signal to the audience: "'Mad Scene' coming." In a court of law, this would convert Arturo's death from an action in a fit of insanity into premeditated murder. No matter; Lucia still dies of the mortal disease known as *trauma operatica* at the end of the "Mad Scene," thus obliterating all earthly guilt.

So much staring into space and blank otherworldliness as Miss Sills is required to do under these circumstances gives an impression that she is cataleptically inclined, a good job for Edgardo to stay away from. As for the daggered Arturo Bucklaw, if he didn't recognize what he was in for, he had nobody to blame but himself. It is, really, an unworkable concept, except for a consummate actress. In any case, this audience was much more responsive to vocal virtuosity and high notes. There was an abundance of both and all the bravos any singer could use for one evening.

It is a bare possibility that Miss Sills was disadvantaged rather than assisted by the decision to make this something nobody could remember ever happening before—totally complete, absolutely uncut *Lucia*. A particular consequence of interest was the rarely heard "Tower Scene" at the beginning of Act III, in which the displaced Edgardo and the conniving Enrico exchange heated unpleasantries. It has the shape as well as the temper—if not the substance—of some famous male duets in Verdi operas to come *(Trovatore, Forza, Don Carlo,* and, of course, *Otello)*, and was much worth hearing as performed by Michele Molese (Edgardo) and Dominic Cossa (Enrico). There was also value in the restoration of material involving Lucia and Raimondo (Robert Hale), her tutor-counselor. But the tedious choral repetitions at the end of scenes, and some other incidental filler-matter —such as the interjections of the chorus in the "Mad Scene"—could be spared without loss. What Miss Sills does in the latter is wizardly in its facility (embellishments were sparingly indulged), but a less than thorough solution of an admittedly difficult dramatic problem.

Of the others previously mentioned, Molese was outstanding for credibility in action, excellent appearance, and spurts of fine tenor singing. He seemed inclined to spread his effort with a view to preserving power for the concluding "Tomb Scene," but this resulted in an uneven graph from very good in the garden scene to not so good in the "Contract Scene" (where such an Edgardo as Tito Schipa or Galliano Masini validated the idea of Lucia as a "tenor's opera") to good again in the tower episode. Whether it paid off, at the end, I was not able to hear on this cutless occasion. Cossa had adequate menace for Enrico, if less than ample voice, and Hale performed in the manner of a practiced Raimondo.

The settings by Marsha Louis Eck (paid for by the Corbett Foundation of Cincinnati in thoughtful memory of the City Center's late Morton Baum) are atmospheric and functional; the costuming of Jose Varona profuse and excessively dressy for the circumstances. Capobianco's direction mostly attended to Lammermoorish business and did not send up too many smoke signals of the "'Mad Scene' coming" variety. Charles Wilson held the performance on a straight line, though with not too keen an understanding of where singers have to breathe or a cadential chorus accelerated to bring off the effect written into it.

Also noteworthy in the week were performances by the American Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski (eighty-seven by the latest count) of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Dubinishka* and portions of Moussorgsky's *Boris* (with Jerome Hines as the biggest, weightiest Boris of them all) that were powered by all the vigor of his best days and the kind of sonorous density that he uniquely commands.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theater

Henry Hewes

Oh, Bill, Poor Bill

EIGHT YEARS ago, playwright Arthur Kopit burst brilliantly on the scene with the Off-Broadway presentation of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. Now, at the unripe old age of thirty-two, he has returned with another, more soberly titled work, *Indians*. However, had he been so minded he might easily have called his new play, *Oh Bill, Poor Bill, They've Put You on Display in the Museum of Natural History and I'm Feelin' So Sad*, because *Indians* cries crocodile tears for the pathetic fate of that American folk hero, Buffalo Bill. And, of course, Kopit intends that Buffalo Bill represent all white Americans who vainly try to reconcile their image as practitioners of benevolence with their violent suppression and exploitation of minority groups at home and abroad.

When we enter the theater, the play is in progress. A circular stage partly surrounded by a spiral ramp suggests a Wild West show that extends beyond the circus tent. And wooden beams projecting out over the audience give the flavor of our Western films. In the middle of the stage stand three glass cases, two containing Indians and one displaying William Cody. From loudspeakers on all sides we hear strange pulsing thumps and far-off unidentifiable nature sounds composed by Richard Peaslee. Suddenly the pace quickens. As the auditorium lights dim, there is a frenzied crescendo of tom-toms. Live Indian figures replace the display cases, and Buffalo Bill appears as if he were riding a horse from over the horizon. The effect is most dramatic, and never has there been a more effective stage horse than the one Jim Knox has devised for him. Stacy Keach, who plays Buffalo Bill, manipulates it so skillfully that it seems fiercely alive and full of that sudden stop-and-go energy we associate with the old Wild West show.

However, the playwright wants us to see these shows for what they were, humiliating spectacles in which the defeated Indians impersonated themselves for white audiences, and in which the white man's killing of the Indians was celebrated. So this Buffalo Bill is drawn in poetic perspective: an old performer reduced to playing two-a-day in a ghost town. And the drama we are about to see is his tortured attempt to justify his life and defend his position as an American hero.

Much like one of the accused officers in the Green Beret case, Buffalo Bill stubbornly maintains that he is a hero, and to prove it he takes us to the meeting he arranged between Sitting Bull and a Presidential commission of Senators. Although this hearing constitutes the most serious and realistic portion of the play, the playwright keeps interrupting it with more fanciful, humorous, and nightmarish episodes that we assume are the haunted memories of Buffalo Bill. These memory excursions are signaled by a flickering strobe-light effect in which Buffalo Bill appears to be having a fit.

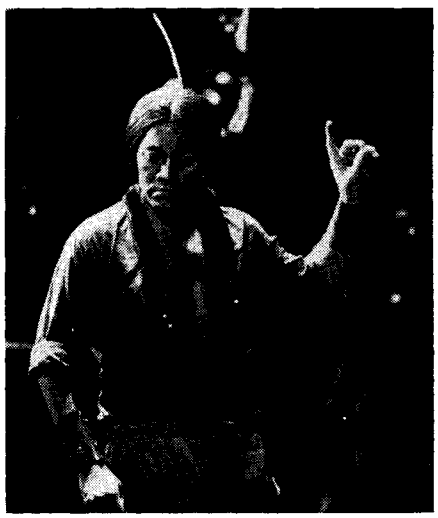
The spectacle of the sad, wasteful slaughter of the buffalo is presented quite imaginatively with the help of some wonderful buffalo masks designed by Marjorie Slaiman. It appears that Buffalo Bill has been hired as a guide to the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, who wants a hundred buffalo heads to take back as trophies. The Duke, played broadly by Raul Julia, asks Buffalo Bill to tell him about killing Indians, and to accommodate him Bill makes up a tall story of how he slew fifty Comanches singlehanded. The Duke is so excited that he wants to shoot a Comanche too, and he takes aim at a nearby Indian and fires. The dead victim protests to the audience that he is not a Comanche, and we are entertained by the irony at the same time that we are appalled by the damage engendered by the myth. Kopit seems to be saying that the myths we so blithely pour out in our books and films have unforeseen consequences. And perhaps he is suggesting that since we have an unconscious need for these consequences, we deliberately ask for the myths to be created. Afterward, when Buffalo Bill knowingly lies to the Grand Duke about the killing, the process of covering up mistakes for the preservation of historical propriety is demonstrated.

The dramatic meaning of some of the other nightmares is not always clear. The confrontation between the captive Geronimo and the lion tamer Buffalo Bill is perhaps meant to ridicule our need to see the "good" defeat the "bad." The showing of Chief Joseph delivering his moving speech of surrender to a Wild West show audience may simply demonstrate that the white man enjoys sympathizing with the plight of a people he has eagerly destroyed. And even the play's funniest scene, in which Wild Bill Hickock is hilariously affected by the make-believe melodrama he and Buffalo Bill are performing at the White House, delves into the question of a celebrity's responsibility to be himself instead of becoming his myth. Buffalo Bill rationalizes his pretending by arguing, "I'm simply drawin' on what I was and liftin' it to a higher level."

A quite different example of being carried away by one's own myth is furnished in a sequence where the Indian Sun Dance is being re-enacted for circusgoers. This dance, in which the Indians show their bravery by hooking their chest muscles to a rope and ripping themselves apart with centrifugal force, is being imitated harmlessly when one Indian becomes so ashamed at this debasement of the ritual that he rushes in to commit the real act.

The cowboys and Indians game is so attractive that even an "Ol' Time President" exercises on a mechanical horse and tries to use cowboy slang

Stacy Keach as Buffalo Bill.



Manu Tupou as Sitting Bull.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Buffalo Bill as the latter vainly pleads with him to meet with, and save, Sitting Bull and his tribe from extinction. Shrewdly and callously, the President points out that even his powers are restricted by the prevailing myths. Later a parody of saloon shoot-em-ups is used theatrically to indicate that once we create an absurd exaggeration of heroic violence, we can make copies of these "heroes" and use them as suppressive tools.

As interesting as these excursions are, their effect frequently tends to be nominal. Because Kopit has not really found departure points that seem to lead directly into a particular flashback, there is not much sense of dramatic urgency to them. Furthermore, he writes his humor so broadly that we tend to lose our feeling of involvement with the play. And much of what ensues is so immediately obvious that the continued action strikes us as repetitive. Here and there we are made intellectually aware of possible profound meanings, but the playwright has preferred to let us work at them instead of exploring their complexities for us. For instance, *Indians* makes us wonder if the Indians' insistence upon maintaining their racial pride didn't lead them to a worse fate than it did the Negroes, who generally adopted more accommodating attitudes in or-

(*Continued on page* 85)

BEST MUSICAL
NEW YORK DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
TONY AWARD
1776
THE NEW MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY, PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $12.; Mezz. $9.; Balc. $7, 5.; Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15., 12.; Mezz. $10.; Balc. $8., 6.; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $8.; Mezz. $7.; Balc. $6., 5. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
46th STREET THEATRE, 226 W. 46 St., N.Y. 10036

WORLD'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL
Fiddler on the Roof
Mon. thru Sat. Evgs. Orch. $9.90; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $6.25; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80; Sat. Mat.: Orch. $7.50; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Lame and the Blind

AMERICA'S TELEVISION audiences—are they alive or dead? The question has been raised by the new no-mischief, nonviolent television season. The answer is not apparent now; as in a soap opera, we'll have to keep tuning in awhile in order to find out. Perhaps it will be January, perhaps spring—who knows? The new season will go down in broadcasting history as the year of the widowed, the lame, the halt, and the blind. Widowers and widows struggle manfully or womanfully with the problems of raising the brood (*To Rome With Love, The Courtship of Eddie's Father, Family Affair, Julia, The Brady Bunch, My Three Sons*). As for the lame, the halt, and the blind—those who suffer violence instead of inflicting it—they have moved in to replace the gun-slingers and the fist-throwers in old shows as well as new ones.

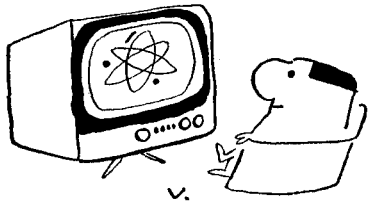
The Westerns are muted and the crime-busters are gentle (except in *Hawaii Five-O*, which seems to enjoy a special license). The only brawl I have seen in several weeks of viewing exploded in, of all things, the BBC-NET production *In Search of Rembrandt*. The painter, visiting his native village, mixed it up with some local millers over his attention to a bosomy maiden in a Dutch pub—a mild and educational version of the venerable saloon free-for-all. Meanwhile, back at the commercial ranch, only a single blow was landed in an episode of *The High Chaparral*, and that with brotherly emotion in a family quarrel. The elder brother did not strike back, and symbiotic peace was re-established when the brothers went to rescue a nephew who had fallen off a horse. That was it—the whole story. Pastore, thy blows have been mighty!

ABC set the tone for the season of the righteous sufferers with a movie called *Seven Against Darkness*, in which a party of blind people, after a plane crash, struggled against wolves, rotted bridges, and their own inadequacies, eventually to be rescued by a boy and his dog. A blinded ex-district attorney and his wife, both victims of an acid-thrower, were the pitiful central characters of a crime-journalist's adventure on *The Name of The Game. Then Came Bronson*, the latest replay of the man running for his life—this time on a motorcycle—opened with a very soft story about an autistic child who was brought to the threshold of normalcy by the tender, loving care of the wholly untrained itinerant. An autistic child was also the essential element of the second episode of *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, a new derivative of the ancient Dr. Christian. The first episode involved the elderly general practitioner, his handsome young assistant, and a pretty grade-school teacher who had a brain tumor. An operation was unsuccessful, and the theme of the program was acceptance of death.

Kidney transplants and the ethical question of when it can be determined beyond doubt that a prospective donor is going to die were the topics of an early episode of *The Bold Ones*. It made compatible heroes of the old GP and the computerized, technologically glittering general hospital. If we add *Medical Center* to the Hippocratic list, the great medical motif in the new season becomes clearer. Lionel Barrymore and Raymond Massey walk the hospital corridors once more!

Survival, of course, is the central theme of television's own soap opera, in which TV is the patient and the doctors are the program executives and writers operating to save it from its twin enemies—the legislative censor and defecting viewers who might themselves be bored to death by the tedious clinical details of slow-moving plots devoid not only of violence but of freshness, meaning, or excitement.

Television, like its new characters, has suffered unmerited violence (so it believes) and its response is to substitute the after-the-fact violence of death, disease, and injury for the active violence of people in conflict. The key to television's problem lies in the number of sets in use. Early reports from the ratings services show no decline. If sets in use eventually fall (and people turn to books, bowling, or movies for escape), TV must either administer a new dose of aggression or die. If sets in use stay up, TV will survive—but then that question of the audience's life or death arises. Violence or no violence, it will have been established that people will watch anything. It's a real *Twilight Zone* chiller.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Progress Report

PHILADELPHIA.

THE BOSS beamed happily in the lobby of the handsome Academy of Music; the director, on crutches and foot in a cast, smiled with delight as he inched his way downstairs to backstage; and on stage, the dancers were bowing again and again to that heady music that is composed of applause and cheers. The "boss" was the American impresario, S. Hurok, who said, "We could have sold out for a week or ten days, not for just these three performances." The director was the British John Cranko, who had fallen off a picturesque cliff while vacationing in Greece—"If I had been drunk instead of sober, I probably wouldn't have broken any bones. As it was, I tried to turn my fall into a *grand jeté* and see what happened!" The dancers were the Stuttgart Ballet from the Württemberg State Theater in Germany [WORLD OF DANCE, May 31, June 7, July 12]. And this is a progress report on one of the world's great dance troupes.

I would say that the Stuttgart's triumphant progress in America, starting in June with its U.S. debut in a season at New York's Metropolitan Opera House and resuming with a national tour, October 4 through November 17, is characterized by disbelief and discovery. I know that *I* didn't quite believe the tales of a ballet miracle happening in Stuttgart until I got there and saw a full repertory season. Many readers didn't quite believe *my* glowing reports. The audiences at the Met couldn't quite believe what *they* were seeing until they found themselves screaming *"Bravo!"* at the new company they had personally discovered.

In Baltimore, the tour's first stop, local balletomanes couldn't believe it. Yes, they usually went to New York to see the Royal Ballet or the Bolshoi or something of the sort, but dancers from little Stuttgart? They didn't believe until they discovered them in Baltimore's Lyric, a far-from-ideal theater for ballet production.

Here in Philadelphia, the same thing happened. When Richard Cragun [WORLD OF DANCE, Aug. 2], made his entrance as Romeo in Cranko's matchless ballet of *Romeo and Juliet*, there was no applause. Who was he? But before the first act was over, he had become a favorite. Marcia Haydée

The "Balcony Scene" with Haydée and Richard Cragun—"irresistible Shakespearean lovers . . . a great new dance duo."

(Juliet) was given perfunctory applause on her entrance, but by the end of the "Balcony Scene," the Philadelphians had discovered not only a new pair of irresistible Shakespearean lovers but a great new dance duo. When Egon Madsen (Mercutio) started in this matinee, there was no recognition of him as an artist, but a few minutes later he was an audience favorite. At his death scene, a woman

Hella Heim—"a link with the royal ballet traditions"—as the Nurse, and Marcia Haydée, Juliet, in the Stuttgart Ballet's production of Cranko's "Romeo and Juliet."

in back of me sighed out loud, "I don't want him to die, I think he's great." Her husband (or escort), equally impressed, looked at the rough-and-tumble "Carnival Scene" with its streetwalkers, acrobats, and tumblers and said, "Now *that's* what I call choreography." His disbelief had become discovery.

The applause was addressed not only to the young dance stars and their multiple air-turns, their multiple pirouettes, their lofty excursions into air, and the lofty lift of a leg in *arabesque penché*, but to Ruth Papendick, a middle-aged woman, who played Lady Capulet with tenderness, dignity, and, at the deaths of her Tybalt and Juliet, with the anguish of a mother; to Alan Beale, towering, unbending as Lord Capulet; and to seventy-years-plus Hella Heim, with a large and comforting bosom, an elegantly cinched waist, and a sweet smile, as Juliet's Nurse.

But this is as it should be, for the Stuttgart Ballet, under the genius of Cranko as director and chief choreographer, fuses the todays with the yesterdays, tradition with adventure. There was a successful court ballet in Stuttgart as far back as 1609. Jean-Georges Noverre, choreographer, ballet reformer, dance rebel, and author *(Lettres sur la danse et sur les ballets)*, headed the ducal ballet in Stuttgart. In much later times, when Württemberg had graduated from a duchy to a kingdom within Imperial Germany, Hella Heim was a young dancer in the royal ballet. She was much admired by the last king of Württemberg whose reign ended in 1919, after World War I, when Germany and its states became republics. So Miss Heim remains a link with the royal ballet traditions of ever forward-looking Stuttgart.

For the current, and first, American tour, the company is performing three full-length Cranko ballets, *Romeo and Juliet* (Prokofiev), *Eugene Onegin* (Tchaikovsky), and *The Taming of the Shrew* (Scarlatti). These productions remained in America after the Met season (which had included many other ballets) in anticipation of the fall tour. But these three ballets, I assure you, are quite sufficient to change disbelief into discovery.

It was said last June that not since the Royal Ballet from Britain (then the Sadler's Wells Ballet) made its U.S. debut twenty years ago has America responded with such fervor to a ballet importation. This is a fact, for not only are local audiences opening their arms to this newest of internationally esteemed dance companies, but American balletomanes are taking leaves from their jobs to follow the Stuttgart Ballet from city to city. Have a look and discover for yourself.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for newspaper editors and publishers only

2

special features from

Saturday Review

The cultural boom and the educational explosion have created thousands of new readers throughout America for authoritative, incisive, comprehensive news and reviews of all that's new in

Books & Music

Saturday Review's syndicated services for newspapers provide exclusive, original reviews, interviews, personality profiles, news and inside gossip from the worlds of books and music, authors and composers, publishers and performers for your readers every week.

Both exclusive services, written and edited under the supervision of SR Music Editor, Irving Kolodin, and distinguished book critic, John Barkham, are fully illustrated.

Reasonable rates — Territorial exclusivity

More than 40 satisfied newspapers now subscribe.

For details, write, wire or telephone.

Saturday Review Newspaper Syndicate

380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Yes, please send, without obligation, sample packet of Syndicate material.

Name_____

Newspaper_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Pairing Off

Continued from page 41

not turning out to be an ultimately rewarding venture. With that discovery, he frantically engineers a romance with a lady city planner, and makes a futile career-building effort at the BFL. Unfortunately, Myles's epiphany comes to a soggy conclusion, the book's most disappointing—though not ruinous—weakness.

Julian Moynahan's greatest stylistic strengths are the straightforward prose and crisp humor that keep the plot moving through Myles's flashbacks, daydreams, and muddled introspections. The author has kept his novel from being simply another grim tale about a postwar schlemiel for whom existence is one kick in the head after another. Moynahan has told the story of an intelligent, capable man who, from varied threads of self-delusion, has woven a thoroughly sappy life. But along with his awesome aptitude for bungling, Myles McCormick has been endowed with an eagerness for living, a need to locate the mainstream, and optimism that he will. These may not be the strongest qualifications for literary immortality, but for now they give ample life to a thoroughly readable novel.

James Lea

GIRLS AT PLAY

by Paul Theroux

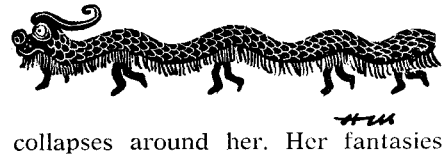
Houghton Mifflin, 209 pp., $4.95

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME since it was possible to call Africa the "Dark Continent" without irony: the old mysterious visions are dead. Yet Africa continues to disappoint and defeat those who come to it with fantasies of romance and fulfillment. The girls at play in Paul Theroux's grimly funny novel are victimized less by Africa than by their own delusions.

The girls are women really, but Mr. Theroux observes that "white women in Africa appear strikingly girlish—even the middle-aged ones." They have aspects of "foolishness and decay." Two of the women here are incipient spinsters: the frigid Miss Poole and the indiscreetly passionate Heather. Two are young volunteers: B. J. Lebow, a somewhat implausibly dense Peace Corps worker, and Pamela Male, her more sophisticated British counterpart. All are teachers at an isolated girls' school in what is still known as the "White Highlands" of East Africa.

Heather and Miss Poole insult and degrade each other in icy combat gleefully perpetuated by their antagonistic servants, but this is merely emblematic of the sense of vicious conflict—personal, tribal, racial—that pervades the novel. *Girls at Play* can be extremely funny, at times as amusing as Mr. Theroux's brisk comic parable of last year, *Fong and the Indians*; the humor, however, carries sinister overtones from the outset, and games of conflict descend bitterly into destructive encounters. The dominant tone is fear.

B. J., the focus of catastrophe, is a girl with Technicolor dreams of Africa, which Peace Corps training has done nothing to dispel. Poor B. J. wants to "get to know Africans," and when her first efforts fail, her entire new world

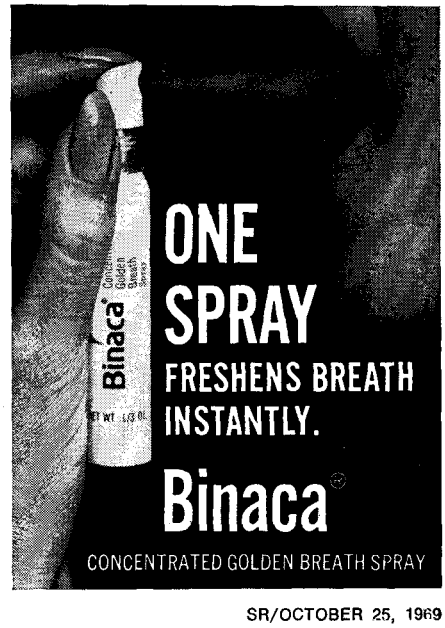


collapses around her. Her fantasies turn from romantic Africa to the good old USA: cars flashing along California freeways and a plastic doughnut twenty feet long. For her all the mystery of Africa evaporates in the sudden brutality of sexual assault, and she is left with the nightmare repetition of an act which all her images of Africa are unable to accommodate.

The book concludes, appropriately, with its most ambiguous character—the last girl, an African albino named Rose, who survives as a puzzled epitaph to the homeless white women of East Africa. *Girls at Play*, a book of great style and authority, carries its author well beyond the considerable promise of his first two novels. The natural comparisons, to E. M. Forster and Evelyn Waugh especially, aren't really needed, since Mr. Theroux has a tone and vigor genuinely his own.

Steven Jervis

Steven Jervis has lived and traveled in East and West Africa.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perspective

Continued from page 37

reached Ireland. The result is increasing freedom, less censorship, greater creativity, and a delightful sense of renewal and growth. Anyone who wishes to know the Ireland of today should get a copy of Mr. Bestic's book. It will in addition enable him to understand more fully the riots that are ravaging Ulster. And it makes clear why revolution and even forty years of stagnation were, perhaps, preferable to staying with the British.

Affluence has yet to touch Ulster. There, poverty exists aplenty, high unemployment, terrible social conditions. And the Catholic minority suffers the worst of it. These six northern counties were never economically viable by themselves, and now what was once the richest province in Ireland is the poorest. The Protestants, the majority, cling to their narrow economic advantage and discharge their bile and bigotry at those who seek a crumb of their cake. And naturally enough, the Catholics cling to their hatred of Protestantism. What Ulster needs is the magic wand of gold as well as social justice. Wherever one reads of a clash of beliefs, of intolerance in ideas, one should listen hopefully for the jingle of coin: a full pocket helps peace domestically and internationally. Poverty and hate have always been bedfellows.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1368

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1368 will be found in the next issue.

VI NEA CGY YMYG CP C HEQQ

PE QARREGP C IHCXXVSX

UESMYGQCPVES, VSPGEBAUY

PWY QAZDYUP EI YCPVSX.

—HYVXW WASP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1367

Conscience and cowardice are really the same things. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm.

—OSCAR WILDE.

90,000 Americans Can't Be ALL Wrong!!

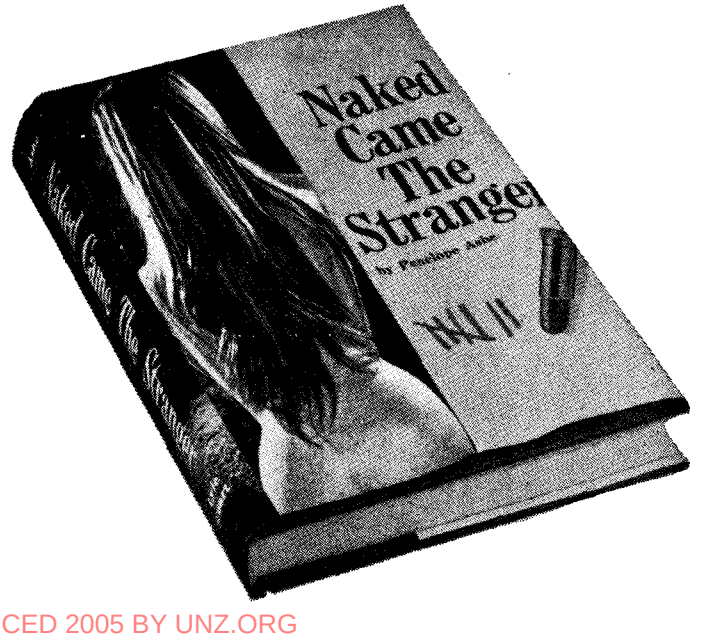
A few weeks ago, NAKED CAME THE STRANGER was exposed as the literary hoax of the century. Supposedly written by a "demure Long Island housewife" to whom we gave the name "Penelope Ashe" (and who didn't write one word of it!) this "savage and sensational story of one woman strangely willing and the men who were weak" was actually written by twenty-four newspapermen!

It was intended to show up you know which authoress (initials, J. S.) and to prove that poorly written trash with plenty of sex and some unintentional humor can be packaged into a best seller with almost no effort. Unfortunately, our 24 authors are so talented that even their effort at deliberate bad writing turned out to be so good that NAKED CAME THE STRANGER has already sold 90,000 copies; has toppled "The Love Machine" from some best seller lists; is #1 on some lists, #2 on others and #4 on the New York Times list. It will be published in Japan, England, Germany, Greece, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Brazil, Italy and Spain! It is soon to be a major motion picture! If you haven't read it — you're not with it! Get with it today! Buy — don't borrow a copy!

Copies are available — as quickly as we can supply them — at every bookshop in the United States!

NAKED CAME THE STRANGER — the "dirty" book that has replaced Shirley Temple as America's sweetheart!

Published by LYLE STUART



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disadvantaged

ON FIGHTING POVERTY

edited by James L. Sundquist

Basic Books, 256 pp., $8.50

ON UNDERSTANDING POVERTY

edited by Daniel P. Moynihan

Basic Books, 425 pp., $10

THE WAR ON POVERTY was undoubtedly the boldest attempt at social legislation in the postwar period. As such, its history and performance are important to us. But this record may be of even greater importance if it provides better information on the mechanisms of social action and more insight into ways and means to achieve the objectives we seek. Because it affords such a review, *On Fighting Poverty*, edited by James L. Sundquist, is a significant work.

Its companion volume in the Perspectives on Poverty series is a book edited by Daniel P. Moynihan, *On Understanding Poverty*. Although it ostensibly deals only with the concept of poverty, interlaced almost throughout the study are specific observations on aspects of the poverty program. Taken together, these books are essential for helping the reader to comprehend one of the most complex and controversial topics of our time.

The volume edited by Moynihan has a few surprises in store. The question of poverty, to which are attached so many social values, guilt feelings and status attitudes, is dissected, reviewed, and analyzed by an eminent group of social scientists drawn from the fields of sociology, economics, psychology, anthropology and history. Under this scrutiny fixed notions about levels of deprivation, a "culture of poverty," the closing off of upward mobility, and the continuity of the poverty cycle from generation to generation are carefully qualified and, in several instances, measurably demolished.

Of particular interest are the following conclusions:

"All told," Peter H. Rossi and Zahava D. Blum state, "the empirical evidence from our review of the literature does not support the idea of a culture of poverty in which the poor are distinctively different from other layers of society."

Stephan Thernstrom observes that

"the fragmentary knowledge we have about the American class structure in the past and the extensive literature on current occupational mobility patterns suggests that changes in the opportunity structure over the past century have been minimal, and that those minimal changes are in the direction of greater upward mobility today." And, after comparing the history of the economic mobility of various migrant groups with Negro occupational mobility, Marc Fried finds that "one might well argue that rates of social mobility among Negroes have been remarkably high in view of the inadequate preparation of the rural Southern Negro population who form a very large proportion of contemporary urban Negro Americans, the manifest inequality of opportunity, and the potency of a heritage and current experience of discrimination."

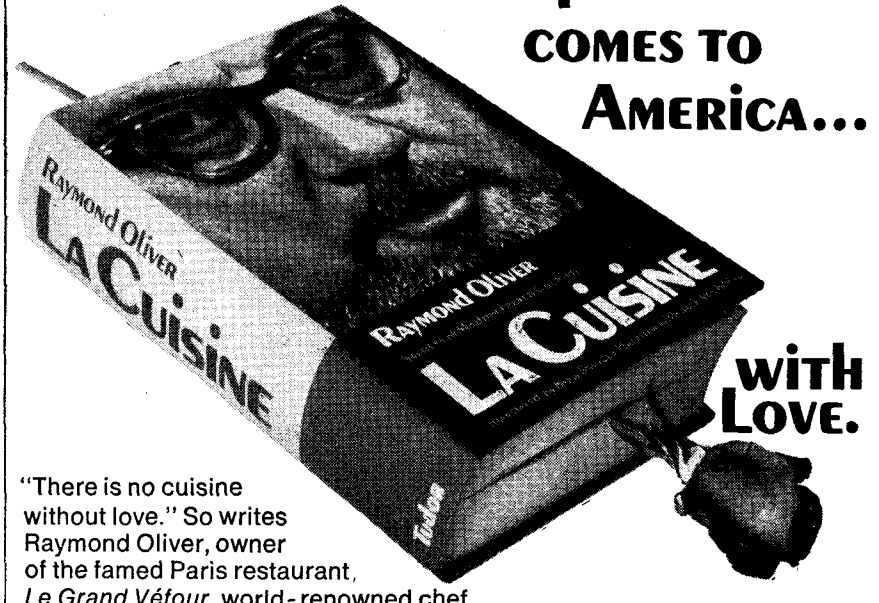
The book demonstrates that it is far too simplistic to regard the "poor" as a separate population locked into its own subculture of deprivation, stagnation, apathy, and ignorance. Moreover, despite all the study, research and commentaries on the subject, the hard data and experimentation from which conclusive determinations can be drawn are missing.

The formulation of the War on Poverty did not stem from any deep research into the nature of poverty or its causes. Instead, as Mr. Sundquist indicates in *On Fighting Poverty*, it grew out of the disappointment over the failure of welfare, housing, and educational programs to alleviate poverty in the United States substantially. "In the atmosphere of dissatisfaction and criticism in each field," he writes, "the streams of innovative thought and action arose, grew, and gained momentum." Ultimately, "when the War on Poverty took form, those streams converged and provided most of the new program components that gave it substance."

Aimed at the "root causes" of poverty, "the lack of capacity or opportunity to earn a decent living, rather than the simple lack of money," the program was to be primarily oriented to human development at the neigh-

The critic, Isadore A. Candeub, is president of the community development consulting firm of Candeub, Fleissig & Associates of Newark, N.J.

FRANCE'S BEST-SELLING cookbook COMES TO AMERICA...



...WITH LOVE.

"There is no cuisine without love." So writes Raymond Oliver, owner of the famed Paris restaurant, *Le Grand Véfour*, world-renowned chef and author of France's best-selling cookbook *La Cuisine*.

Translated by two outstanding food and wine authorities—Nika Standen Hazelton and Jack Van Bibber—*La Cuisine* is perfect for the enthusiastic beginner, advanced cook or gourmet. It's the only French cookbook you'll ever need.

Nearly 1,500 easy-to-follow recipes—890 pages—680 illustrations 96 color plates. *La Cuisine* by Raymond Oliver. $25.00 until January 1, 1970, $27.50 thereafter. At bookstores, or from:
Tudor Publishing Company, 572 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

borhood level with emphasis on the coordination of all resources. It was to be a comprehensive attack on all of the interrelated causes of poverty through community action.

The degree to which the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) was given a free hand in carrying out these objectives is explained by Sundquist in his chapter on the origins of the War on Poverty: "The whole novel concept of community action—the definition of the community, the nature of the community-action agency, the content of its program, all of which were to have a profound impact on federal-state-local relations and on the social and governmental structures of participating communities—was left to OEO in an exceptionally broad grant of discretion."

John G. Wofford, who was staff assistant to the Director of Operations, describes in some detail the manner in which the community action program was developed and administered by OEO from 1964 to 1966. Of particular interest is the role of the OEO representative in the community. In order to save time in processing community applications, the OEO "decided to put the essential review into the hands of 'field representatives' who would be assigned to particular geographic areas." These representatives were to "work with the community on revising the application, and make a recommendation that OEO would (in 90 per cent of the cases) accept without further questioning." The application forms themselves were designed "to require the least possible quantity of information about the proposed program, with the statement of budget the most important document submitted."

"The power to say no blended with the power to make positive recommendations," says Mr. Wofford, "appeared to the local people as the power to command." This was particularly true with reference to the question of adequate representation of the poor. "The field representative had no clear guidelines to answer this question. . . . He was thus forced to rely on his own sense of what was required in order to obtain local agreement, since that was always his objective. . . . In short, the field representative frequently became both judge and participant, a negotiator whose negotiations were often the subject of large headlines in local newspapers."

In the face of this frank and honest portrayal of the role of the OEO field representative, it is astonishing that Mr. Wofford doesn't point out the obvious—that this was an extraordinary situation for a federal official and virtually without precedent. What he describes is a federal official going directly to neighborhood groups, bypassing local government, making recommendations for community action, assisting in the preparation of applications for funds, and then passing judgment on such applications virtually single-handedly.

William C. Selover reports that by 1966 Washington had begun "to respond in earnest to the pressures of the city governments—the criticisms by mayors and city councils that the poverty program was creating in its community-action agencies a federally financed independent power base within the cities, a direct challenge to the established structure, unresponsive to the taxpayer and the voter."

Gregory Farrell has some pointed

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 B 1; 2E4, *Middlemarch*; 3L3; 4K 10, *Remembrance of Things Past*; 5 I 7, *What Maisie Knew*; 6H6, *Mayor of Casterbridge*; 7F5, *Forsyte Saga;* 8A 12, *Barchester Towers*; 9G8, *Strange Interlude*; 10 D2; 11 C 11, *Vanity Fair*; 12 J9, *Second Mrs. Tanqueray.*

Correction: In the October 4 quiz, the first name of the dying Usher should have been given as Roderick.

Important and controversial

MENCKEN
by
Carl Bode

"I want to watch reaction to this book. Or rather to Mencken himself." —Tom Wolfe, *Book World*

"Mr. Bode is a low-keyed academic, writing with an intellectual permissiveness that borders on abdication of judgement." —Irving Howe, *New York Times Book Review*

"No other study has been nearly as successful as this one in presenting the late H. L. Mencken in context."
—Gerald W. Johnson, *Chicago Sun-Times Book Week*

"His [Bode's] book is neither the 'monument' . . . nor the 'exposé' he might have written."
—Carl R. Dolmetsch, *Saturday Review*

"Magnificent biography . . . A Menckenian accomplishment." —Robert Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times Calendar*

illus., "thirty-two excellent, unhackneyed photographs"
—Carl R. Dolmetsch. $10.00

At your bookseller or from
SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY PRESS
Carbondale, Illinois 62901

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observations to make about the attitude of local administrators to OEO administrative practices at that time: "OEO itself, of course, never made up its mind whether community-action agencies were to be innovator-coordinators and program operators or organizers of and advocates for the poor. Nor did it make up its mind to let the local organization decide for itself. In our case, what OEO did was to provide a series of field officers and regional administrators to whom we had to go for funds, and these individuals would lean in one direction or another toward 'programs' or 'organization,' and we would fare well or badly depending on how much they liked our philosophy and how compatible they thought it was with theirs."

The War on Poverty tried to combine new community processes with concrete program elements. It is evident from *On Fighting Poverty* that the administrative problems attendant upon this combination were never properly resolved—if, in fact, they could be resolved. The program experimented with bypassing local government in the provision of federal grants while calling upon local government for cooperative assistance. Neither in this book nor elsewhere is it apparent that any real consideration was given to the full implications of this procedure. The War on Poverty attempted a mammoth task with limited funds. There is little to indicate that its administrators were wary about arousing expectations and encouraging participation that would ultimately have to be frustrated by the level of benefits that could be achieved.

Four of the chapters of Sundquist's book attempt to evaluate the results of the War on Poverty but, admittedly, they are not easily measured through either qualitative or quantitative data. Notably absent is any discussion of the black-white confrontation that took place, the name-calling divisive effects in the competition for power and grants, and some of the subsequent fallout.

In the War on Poverty the "enemy," the "establishment," was generally the city hall. The invective, the power play and the counter forces that were built up were in most cases directed at the local administration. During an age when many of our most critical problems have become concentrated in older urban centers, the strength and leadership of city hall have been seriously damaged. Those who feel that this has little relevancy to the poor might well ask themselves how the urban poor will fare if our cities continue to deteriorate at their present rate.

At the conclusion of *On Fighting Poverty* James Sundquist comments: "No one who has read the preceding chapters of this volume can question that the community-action idea was launched on its nationwide scale precipitously, without much pre-testing or any clear idea of the direction it would take. Certainly Congress did not know, nor did the President, as is evidenced by their pained surprise when they found out what manner of institution they had begotten."

Perhaps this may be the most valuable lesson to be learned from the War on Poverty. We dare not venture into any large-scale social program without a thorough understanding of the problem with which we are concerned, without some prior testing for results, and without an organized program and procedures to achieve our goals.

Isadore A. Candeub

Photo Credits

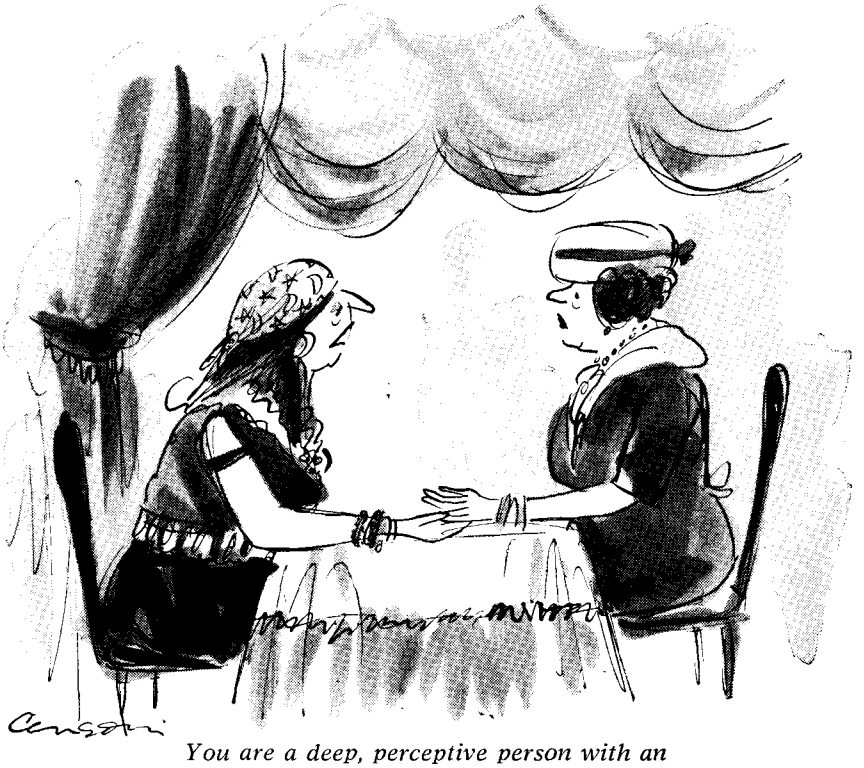
Page 49: David Butwin; Page 51: (top left), Rochelle Girson, (top right and bottom right) Rinaldo Schinase, Monkmeyer, (bottom left), David Butwin; Pages 52 and 53: all pictures courtesy The Museum of Modern Art; Page 55: Martha Swope; Page 58: Priya Ramrakha; Page 65: E. Fred Sher; Page 70: from "Musik Des Rokokos Und Der Klassik," by Ernst Bucken; Page 71: Felicitas Timpe, Munich/DGG.

CARRY IT...
ONE DROP FRESHENS YOUR BREATH INSTANTLY!

Binaca®
CONCENTRATED GOLDEN BREATH DROPS

original lithographs
enrico baj
robert bechtle
jose luis cuevas
mel ramos
Hand inked and printed in limited editions, signed and numbered by the artist.
COLLECTORS PRESS
621 Minna St., San Francisco 94103
Enclosed is 50¢ for illustrated catalog #4G
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

FREE WOMEN
THINKING DOING BEING
Subscribe to APHRA
Box 355
Springtown, Pa.
18081
One year's subscription—4 issues—$3.50



You are a deep, perceptive person with an artistic nature and you do a lot of dishes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Criminal Record

Fiction

Quicksand. *By Myrick Land. Harper & Row. $4.95.* Reporter for New York weekly embarks on cross-country jaunt for story that may save his paper: the exposure of a member of Congress who puts property before patriotism. Good show.

Fever Grass. *By John Morris (a collaboration by two residents of Jamaica). Putnam. $5.95.* Fever grass is the Caribbean name for marijuana, which means Mary Jane. But the accent in this bang-bang yarn is on the arms traffic and other blessings.

Hildegarde Withers Takes the Scene. *By Stuart Palmer and Fletcher Flora. Random House. $4.50.* With its turned rules on the jackets, front and back, this volume by itself is a memorial to Stuart Palmer, Hildegarde's creator. His memory deserves well of all readers of the detective story.

The Mathematics of Murder. *By Kenneth Bedford. Roy. $3.95.* The doing-in of a big-time money manipulator in unidentified English financial center sets local police up in business which they prosecute with zest and competence.

Darkest Hour. *By Helen Nielsen. Morrow. $5.95.* Simon Drake, West Coast lawyer, and his longtime friend Hannah Lee compare notes as murders multiply. This number is longer than most works in this area, but that's all to the good in the present instance.

Top Bloody Secret. *By Stanley Hyland. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.* There has been only one murder in the House of Commons, but this jolly Gilbertian bit is okay if you want the fictional variety.

The Zakhov Mission. *By Andrei Gulyashki. Doubleday. $4.50.* A security leak sends ace agent into Balkan woodlands, where a sentry has been attacked and certain documents have vanished; all is cleared up in Bulgaria. This is the author's first appearance in English.

The Wine of Violence. *By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row. $4.95.* The latest unit in this always professionally handled series reciting the exploits of Glendale, Calif., police is concerned largely with the pursuit of an escaped felon out to kill a law officer who has killed the felon's brother.

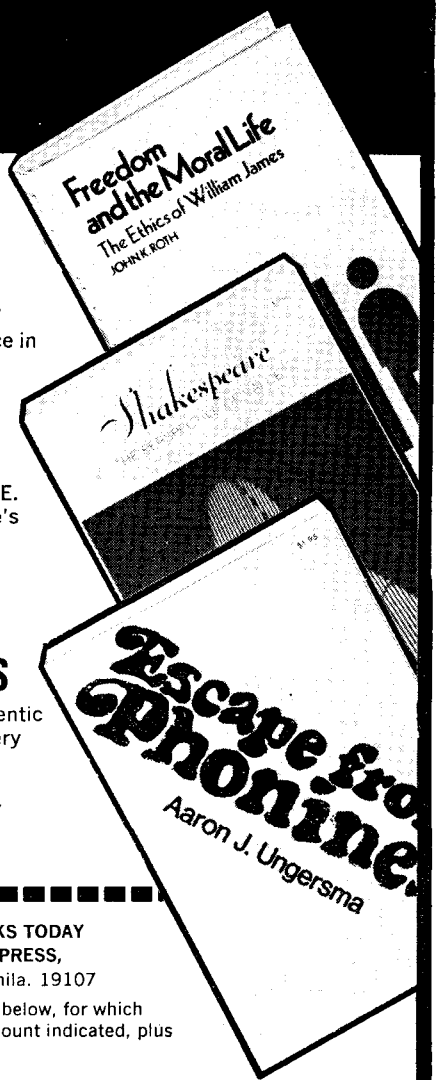
A Complete State of Death. *By John Gardner. Viking. $4.95.* Police officer with service background in both New York City and London (but not at the same time) revisits his old tramping ground; back in London, he is confronted with the murder of two informers. Carlyle would have cast the detective as hero.

The Intercom Conspiracy. *By Eric Ambler. Atheneum. $5.95.* This tidbit could be called a spy story, but it's espionage with reverse English, and is basically funny, which is much better than being grim. Eric Ambler has scored another touchdown.

The Last One Kills. *By Whit Masterson. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.* Youthful deputy D.A. takes a part in a movie being filmed in Mexico in hope of inducing missing actress to cross into California and finger badly wanted crime tsar. Easy to take.

Decoy. *By Arthur Maling. Harper & Row. $4.95.* Small-time Chicago trucking entrepreneur accommodates his stepbrother by running an errand to Mexico City and pocketing $500 as a fee, but he learns that $500 can buy an awful lot of trouble. A nice attention gripper. **Sergeant Cuff**

The choices a man makes...
Books about values—from
WESTMINSTER
Publisher of *Honest to God* and *Situation Ethics*



FREEDOM AND THE MORAL LIFE
The Ethics of William James. By JOHN K. ROTH. James's concept of free choice in determining man's moral values and principles. $5.00

SHAKESPEARE
The Perspective of Value. By ROBERT E. FITCH. Fresh insights into Shakespeare's political, religious, philosophical, and moral ideas—from a Professor of Christian Ethics. Cloth $6.95; paper $3.50

ESCAPE FROM PHONINESS
By A. J. UNGERSMA. A more open, authentic existence is an actual possibility for every man. This masterwork of social and psychological analysis—in the Erich Fromm tradition—provides a sensitivity course in capsule form. Paper $1.95

USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER YOUR BOOKS TODAY
To your bookstore, or **THE WESTMINSTER PRESS,**
Dept. SR Rm. 905, Witherspoon Bldg., Phila. 19107
Please send me the book(s) I have checked below, for which I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order in the amount indicated, plus any applicable sales tax.
☐ Freedom and the Moral Life. $5.00
Shakespeare: The Perspective of Value ☐ Cloth $6.95 ☐ Paper $3.50
☐ Escape from Phoniness. $1.95
Name ..... Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why an automatic turntable from Swindon, England has made it big in the States.

At the risk of seeming immodest, we've had a smashing success in the United States.

There are more Garrards being used in component stereo systems here than all other makes combined.

Even *we* find this a curious fact.

But the die was cast thirty-odd years ago.

Not parity, but superiority

H. V. Slade, then Managing Director of Garrard Limited, decreed, "We will sell a Garrard in the U.S. *only* when it is more advanced than any machine made there."

H. V. Slade

A commitment to, not parity, but absolute superiority.

Spurred by it, Garrard of England has been responsible for every major innovation in automatic turntables.

In the thirties, Garrard pioneered the principle of two-point record support. Still the safest known method of record handling. Oddly, still a Garrard exclusive.

In the forties, we introduced the aluminum tone arm. Today, widely used by makers of fine equipment.

By 1961, increasingly sensitive cartridges had led us to adapt a feature originally developed for professional turntables: the dynamically balanced tone arm, with a movable counterweight to neutralize the arm and an adjustment to add precisely the correct stylus tracking force.

In 1964, we added an anti-skating control, and patented the sliding weight design that makes it permanently accurate.

Then, in 1967, Garrard engineers perfected the Synchro-Lab motor, a revolutionary two-stage synchronous motor.

The induction portion supplies the power to reach playing speed instantly. The synchronous section then "locks in" to the 60-cycle frequency of the current to give unvarying speed despite variations in voltage.

"We're bloody flattered"

This year one of our competitors has introduced a copy of our Synchro-Lab motor on its most expensive model.

To quote Alan Say, our Head of Engineering, "We're bloody flattered.

"After all, being imitated is a rather good measure of how significant an innovation really is."

The new Garrard SL95B features still another development we expect will become an industry standard.

Garrard's viscous damped tone arm descent—originally offered to provide gentler, safer cueing—now operates in automatic cycle as well.

It seems only logical. Yet, for the present at least, it is another Garrard exclusive.

Other 1970 Garrard refinements include a counterweight adjustment screw for balancing the tone arm to within a hundredth of a gram. A window scale on the tone arm for the stylus force gauge. And a larger, more precise version of our anti-skating control.

Un-innovating

At the same time, we've eliminated a feature we once pioneered. A bit of un-innovating, you might say.

Garrard's disappearing record platform is disappearing for good.

We've replaced it with a non-disappearing record platform. A larger, stronger support with an easy-to-grasp clip that fits surely over the stack.

A small thing, perhaps.

But another indication that H.V.'s commitment remains with us.

$44.50 to $129.50

Garrard standards do not vary with price. Only the degree of refinement possible for the money.

There are six Garrard component models from the SL95B automatic turntable (above) for $129.50 to the 40B at $44.50.

Your dealer can help you arrive at the optimum choice for your system.

Garrard

British Industries Co., a division of Avnet, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sorrowful sight of the $50-million plant standing mute and empty in the shadow of the brilliantly illuminated State Theater."

Old Problems at the New Met

SR: RECORDINGS

65 Old Problems at the New Met
by Irving Kolodin

68 Hi-Fi at L.A.: The Sunshine Show
by Ivan Berger

69 The Beatles: "Abbey Road"
by Ellen Sander

70 Recordings in Review
by the Editor

72 Recordings Reports I:
Orchestral LPs

75 Miles Davis by Martin Williams

76 Recordings Reports II:
Miscellaneous LPs

79 From Bach to Bach
by Robert Jacobson

81 Bread and Lollipops
by Herbert Weinstock

82 Letters to the Recordings Editor

by IRVING KOLODIN

Whatever happens in the Metropolitan Opera's labor problems in the days between this writing and the time it is read, the nights for its patrons at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts are likely to remain, for a while, as they have been since the twice-postponed opening originally scheduled for September 15—dark. Even should a burst of light proclaim a settlement, none who has seen it is likely to forget the sorrowful sight of the $50-million plant standing mute and empty in the shadow of the brilliantly illuminated State Theater. And vexing problems will remain whatever temporary agreement may be achieved.

It is small consolation that this is a time of protracted labor disputes on every level from underground transit workers to high-rise elevator technicians, or that paralysis is now a possibility in any unionized situation. Should there not be some higher community of interests in a nonprofit enterprise whose product is artistic rather than commercial? If there should, it has not been attained in the eight years since then Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg, in his inquiry into the Met's labor-management crisis of 1961 that brought about his involvement, wrote:

> To have reviewed in detail this long series of specific issues . . . is to have developed a deep conviction that there must be . . . a better approach to the handling of the relationships between the Association and the members . . . represented by the union. . . . Too many of the issues submitted to me . . . are of the kind that most employers and unions, having dealt together for forty years, would resolve without difficulty. . . .

At that time, it was the orchestra and the Old Met that were involved; now it is the chorus and ballet in the New Met whose contracts have to be settled before all others. Otherwise, Goldberg's observation is as applicable

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the present situation as it was to the prior one: a give-and-take on items is hardly a possibility in the strained circumstances that prevail between those who give and those who take.

In a bare reading of the superficial circumstances of the 1969 confrontation, there is no obvious right or wrong apparent on either side. Who, in these inflationary times, doesn't feel the same pinch as the members of AGMA (American Guild of Musical Artists) who make up the chorus and ballet (as well as the principal singers employed on a weekly contract rather than per performance)? They have not had a new contract since 1964, having been bypassed when the orchestra forced a steep upward revision of its status by threatening a work stoppage after the opening of the new theater in 1966.

Who, similarly, doesn't sympathize with the dilemma confronting the Metropolitan's board, already charged with raising millions to balance the insufficient income against the always rising outgo? In the package offered and rejected by the unions (as of October 10), increases would raise the payroll by another $2-million in the third year of stepped-up salaries.

If it thus appears that the Metropolitan has made a "good offer" that the chorus and ballet (whose deferred grievances must be recognized before other issues can be settled) have perversely considered unsatisfactory, it must also be noted that there is more than an insignificant gray area dividing them.

It is management's contention that the money offer will make its choristers and dancers the highest paid nationwide. But it means, really, that they will receive more for living in a high cost-of-living area than the modest sums paid elsewhere. In characterizing an increase of 20 per cent in the first year of a new contract as insufficient, AGMA notes that during the life of its prior contract "the cost of living rose over 20 per cent." That contract did not contain a cost-of-living clause, and provided for only a $9 weekly increase at the end of five years for chorus personnel with top seniority (some others fared better as they moved upward in seniority). Thus the real wages proposed for the first year of the new contract would do little more than close the gap between the purchasing power of members' earnings in 1964 and their purchasing power in 1969. "What appears to be a reasonable increase," continues the AGMA summary, "is only a change from the previous grossly inadequate wage." By the third year, the new chorus and ballet contract will provide another 20 per cent increase—but who knows what the inflationary trend will be by then?

Those who examine labor's present position note that it fails to give due prominence to the main thrust of the 1964 negotiations. This was to provide AGMA's membership with the long-cherished goal of year-round employment and paid vacations. Since 1964, the Metropolitan administration has extended itself to devise income-producing activities in what was previously the off-season, in some instances with adverse financial results (wind and rain can be ruinous to outdoor planning). From some labor sources one now hears the contention that, good as the year-round schedule is for job security, a voice really can't stand all those weeks of usage, and the paid "off-time" should, like a teacher's, be extended to cover the whole summer. Such is the nature of the human animal that former adverse conditions are readily forgotten. Gains beget more gains, and the new amenities of plane travel on tour (replacing the tedious train jumps of the past) and the air-conditioned comforts of the new theater are taken in stride. Now the objective is a five-day week, which, together with the pressure for longer summer intervals, spells more personnel for management. More personnel, of course, spells increased expense to the financially responsible board of directors and even greater fund-raising than that which will be required to cover the increases offered under a new contract.

In the last season for which an annual report has been issued (1967-68), the fund-raising required to close the gap between income from all sources and outgo for all purposes was $3.5-million. The total amount expended was close to $17-million on a season that included 236 performances at home, forty-nine on tour, and eleven in the New York park series, or 296 in all. Should a settlement be more costly than presently estimated, the loss figure would inexorably increase. Since fund-raising from private sources or by further increases in ticket prices has a realistic limit, some thinking has gravitated toward municipal, state, or federal subsidy, dim as the prospect of such assistance is in these times of urban crisis, state needs for education, and federal commitments of all kinds. (A prominent personality of the musical world who urged the White House to interest itself in the Metropolitan dilemma weeks ago did not even receive acknowledgment of the request.)

But is subsidy the only answer, as some contend? Or, in the quaint phrase of one party to the controversy, must "labor subsidize the arts" (as if labor derived no personal benefits from the existence of those arts)? It is a better than fair certainty that *the more money the Metropolitan has available, the more money it will be under pressure to spend*—pressures from within as well as from without. This may sound like a strange note coming from one who consistently commended Rudolf Bing for insisting on the means for restoring the Met's long-neglected productions to something like respectability—but the needs of the Seventies may be different from those of the Fifties and Sixties.

In a budget of nearly $17-million, there is, clearly, latitude for options. There is at least the possibility that reappraisal of some recent inclinations might relieve the budget of expenses in one category and make them available for application to another. Were the sums expended on the sizable, elaborately costumed productions of *Luisa Miller, Lucia di Lammermoor,* and *Il Trovatore* wholly in keeping with the basic musical requirements of these works, or were they more in the interest of spectacle?

It is a well-known managerial position that the amounts contributed by generous sponsors to underwrite such productions would not be forthcoming for other, general expenses. Some others, equally well informed, contend that such a sponsor would meet the stated cost, whether it was exclusively for an elaborate physical production, or for a *less* elaborate one with part of the difference allocated to rehearsals or servicing. In addition to the costs of rehearsal, the maintenance, moving, and warehousing costs are borne by the Metropolitan and enter into each year's reckoning.

Just how these expenses break down into their component parts is not as clearly defined in recent statements as they have been at earlier times. As long ago as 1903, a Metropolitan management (the opera was privately operated for profit, which was a possibility in those days) published a financial statement in which payments for chorus, ballet, supers, orchestra, solo artists, and costumes were separately itemized. As recently as 1951 (after Rudolf Bing's first season), a *Statement on Operations* for 1950 and a part of 1951 similarly presented expenses in a dozen different, specific categories. In a 1966 *Annual Report* the practice had veered around to lumping "Expenses" in such inclusive groupings as "Artistic Payroll," "Stage Support," "Staff and Building Operations," "Transfer and Travel," "Scenery and Costumes." In this procedure, relative values are, unclearly, less apparent.

In the 1951 statement, "New Production" costs are placed at $199,601. The

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Available on RCA Stereo Cartridge Tape

RCA
RED SEAL
The Philadelphia Orchestra / Eugene Ormandy
in their FIRST RECORDING of the
Mahler Symphony No. 1 with the long-lost
original second movement "BLUMINE" (Flower Piece)

In the fall, our fancy turns to Bach, Vivaldi, Mahler, Mozart, Schubert — Mancini and The Beatles.

RCA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

average cost of the four new productions presented in that period thus was $50,000. In the annual report for the 1967-68 season, expenditures on "Scenery and Costumes" are listed at $840,000. There were five new productions in that year, which average out at $168,000 each. This is an average of rather more than 300 per cent per production greater than in 1950.

Nobody would pretend that costs in 1950 were remotely related to what they had become in 1967. But while the amounts expended on designers' and directors' fees, materials, and labor for the size and scope of the productions deemed desirable in 1967 had gone up over 300 per cent, what had happened to the weekly wages received by chorus and ballet personnel?

At a way point in the early Fifties, when an AGMA contract was negotiated in 1952, the weekly chorus wage was $107.50 (with pre-season rehearsals on an hourly or daily basis). In the last season of the contract negotiated in 1964, the weekly wage stood at $194 for the most experienced performer with the greatest seniority. This would represent about an 80 per cent increment, spread over sixteen years. Under the terms of the contract tendered to AGMA at the outset of the latest negotiations, chorus members would, in their third year, achieve a top wage of approximately $270. A substantial upswing from $194, to be sure. Management may also point out that this would bring the yearly earnings of a chorister in the top bracket to $14,000, or 40 per cent more than he was getting in 1964. But, concurrently, the Met is planning a $300,000 production of *Boris Godounov* to be underwritten by Mrs. De Witt Wallace. This is nearly double the going expenditure in 1967-68, and, of course, astronomically removed from the investments of the Fifties.

In a paid advertisement in *The New York Times* of October 6, 1969, AGMA stated:

> The application of work rules which had been designed for the old Opera House intensified the strain on the

(*Continued on page* 83)

Hi-Fi at L.A.: The Sunshine Show

For the first time in nearly twenty years, the only hi-fi show of the season was on the West Coast at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. It was altogether a more relaxing experience than the one customarily held in New York, due in part (according to exhibitors) to low attendance. But more important was the indoor-outdoor layout. The show's fifty-six exhibitors were spread through eight cottages on the Ambassador grounds, so that the sunny spaces of a California autumn replaced the dark, crammed corridors of a commercial building as one moved from exhibit to exhibit. Also, there were few exhibitors per cottage, so the din of simultaneous demonstration was quite tolerably diffused. (The sole exception was the upper floor of Cottage G, which housed loud demonstrations from Bose, Infinity Systems, Peploe, and Rabco.)

As might be expected, four-channel stereo was the talk of the show. Demonstrations were given by Acoustic Research (who gave the idea its prime impetus); Telex/Viking, Crown, and TEAC (all three with four-channel tape decks); Scott (with the first four-channel amplifier); and Bose. Most of the demonstrated material appeared to be derived from four-channel tapes released by Vanguard.

In concert hall recordings, the added channels from the rear contribute to a realistic you-are-there feeling. This could help to bring concert hall acoustical effects into the home. In popular and modern music, it opens new horizons both for artistic exploration and for gimmickry—with gimmickry promising to be the more common. Listeners in the Boston and New York areas will have the opportunity to investigate four-channel stereo conveniently, at the New York and Cambridge AR music rooms. There are plans for broadcasts (over pairs of New York and Boston FM stations) soon.

Receivers made news, too. AR introduced its first receiver, while Panasonic had the most expensive unit at the show, the $1,000 SA-4000. Introduced last year, the SA-4000 features both automatic and slow-motion manual motor tuning, with optional remote control. This 160-watt (IHF) receiver also featured tone controls that could be switched to provide more or less of the midrange, as you prefer.

Bogen also showed a remote control, signal-seeking FM receiver, the DB-240 (introduced last year). Bogen's newest, the BR-360, features "crescendo control"—a circuit that can compress the dynamic range of music (for easier recording) or expand it for more dramatic listening. One of the new Bogen compacts has this control, too.

Sherwood broke their styling mold of the past several years with the new SEL-200 140-watt (IHF) receiver (225 watts IHF into four ohms). Among its features are front-panel tape recorder jacks and a new type of permanently aligned, highly selective IF filter.

Among the new amplifiers, the most interesting were those shown by another newcomer, the Electronic Industries Division of Peploe—the first in years to use tubes instead of solid-state devices. According to Peploe, their tube designs have exceptional stability and definition, and they are priced accordingly: up to $500 for their massive, dual-chassis power amplifier, $750 for the more expensive of their two preamps.

Though Dynaco still makes tube equipment, its new products were both solid-state. The Stereo 80 power amp has eighty watts (IHF) output, and sells for $120 in kit form, $160 assembled. With integrated control section, it becomes the SCA-80, selling for $170 in kit form, $250 assembled.

Hitachi offered an amplifier with built-in electronic crossovers and three different ways of putting out 120 watts: When full-range speaker systems are utilized, the IA-1200 delivers sixty watts per channel. With the crossover switched in, it feeds thirty watts to each of the two woofers, thirty more to each midrange tweeter. Or it can drive a common woofer with sixty watts, and feed thirty watts into each of the speaker systems' two midrange tweeters.

The biggest news in amplifiers was probably Scott's 140-watt Quadrant 499—the first four-channel amplifier. And the next-biggest news may prove to be the reintroduction of the Citation line from Harman-Kardon. For the moment, this line includes an amplifier and a preamp, each available in kit form for $199.95 and factory wired for $250 more. The Citation Twelve amplifier puts out sixty watts per channel RMS with *both* channels operating (each channel has an independent power supply). The Citation Eleven is the first home preamplifier to substi-

(*Continued on page* 77)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Beatles: "Abbey Road"

by ELLEN SANDER

Whenever a new Beatles album is released it's generally a critical and social as well as a musical event. Rock fans spend an entire week listening to the blessed product, radio stations play it incessantly, teachers bring it to class for discussion, and retailers scramble for stock. Musicians listen and compare; opinions, analyses, hypotheses, and suspicions fly; much is written; much is discussed; and whatever else happens, millions of Beatles lovers on all cultural levels are intensely involved with the new album for a week or so. The world is more fun for a little while; then things sort of settle down to the usual general chaos.

This Beatles album, *Abbey Road*, is pure beauty, a wonderful album. Some folk poet once said that in ugly times beauty is the only true protest, and, if nothing else, *Abbey Road* bears him out. There are no nagging inconsistencies in *Abbey Road*, no finger-pointing or exasperating enigmas, just a whole mess of sublimely executed, elegantly composed Beatles music.

Yea, team.

Shimmering brilliance and unbounded creative energy grace every moment of *Abbey Road*. It is alternately bright, silly, warm, funny, childlike, funky, and glib, seamlessly bound into a perfectly molded entity born fresh into the day. All the insecure raggedness of the plain white album is gone and *Abbey Road* emerges a glowing tour de force.

It opens with a fresh, salty rock 'n' roll stompalong, "Come Together," peppered with spicy Lennon one-liners, underpinned with a jolly boogie beat. It's a midnight mover, good old rock 'n' roll. "Something," a love song suffused with tenderness, follows; it is certainly one of the most beautiful songs George Harrison has ever written. He feels his way through the song, instinctively cutting through its body and into the core, emoting so clearly and so gracefully that at the moment he peals "I don't know, I don't know," it is shown that even what is not known can be understood.

"Maxwell's Silver Hammer," in the best McCartney-music-hall, rinky-tink tradition follows, a jolly ditty of mischief and manslaughter, full of musical imagination and lyrical buffoonery. You can hear his losing battle to keep a straight face while singing.

"Oh! Darling" is a blistering rock 'n' roll wailing wall, a grand old John Lennon screamer. It's constructed simply around a conventional rock 'n' roll chord pattern, reaches its height with steamroller guitar assaults, the vocal roaring, gasping, and gagging until its relieved last, dying breath. Ringo wrote a children's song for this album, "Octopus's Garden." It's full of sweet silliness, cartoon images, and pretty guitar figures. The melody has the charm of a puppet show; the harmonies are sweet, lush, and innocently sincere behind Ringo's lead vocal. It's pure enchantment, very simple and colorful, and during the short upbeat instrumental break, bubbly noises rise behind the music. It's all carried off with straight-faced, childish delight, and on pure musical terms it stands up to any other song on Side 1.

The final cut on the first side is "I Want You (She's So Heavy)." It's another broad-beamed hard rock number that builds into an ear-splitting maximum-volume chord crescendo, then fades instantly, so dramatically that you don't know what hit you.

The first side is the spectacular, programed for abrupt contrast and crisp definition of the material. Songs of completely different character are placed next to one another with a conscious sense of pace. The result is that each song is set off to the ultimate advantage of its contents and is surrounded by material that complements it, leaving its identity intact. Programing is what makes an album an album and not just a string of songs, and the programing on *Abbey Road* is as good as any and all of the material arranged on it.

If Side 1 is the study in contrasts, Side 2 is the ultimate in tonal blending and rhythmic balance. It is the sun side, suffused with mellowed warmth, woven together with motifs, bridging, reprises, surprises, with all the songs set within one another. It opens with "Here Comes the Sun," an awakening, an exaltation of the dawn, "sun, sun, here we come." "You Never Give Me Your Money," a song of estrangement, business, and art, follows, leading through with the same sonic quality. "Sun King," picking up the tonality and theme of the first cut, is next; then come five mini-songs interwoven in a casual suite, exerting the identity of each section gently but firmly in a careful but easy structure.

The racing upbeat is broken by "Golden Slumbers," an overflowing lullaby, leading easily into "Carry That Weight" and a reprise ("The End") of "You Never Give Me Your Money," back into "Carry that Weight," and, be it ever so humble, Ringo takes a ten-second drum solo in a rhythm break. The chords flood up again into a two-liner conclusion: "and in the end the love you take/is equal to the love you make," a moment of silence after a beautiful fade, then another chord-burst, and a bit of McCartney sass about Her Majesty ends the album with an afterthought.

The album is completely cycled, ready to be played from the start again and again. The balance and feeling for the material on this album is a brilliant example of the Beatles' perspective on their own work, the variety and ultimately the synthesis of the sounds they make. The range of musical sounds in this album goes from tiny cricket noises to a Moog synthesizer and everything in between. Each cut is clear and full but never overloaded. The album changes shape each time I listen to it, each listening unravels new discoveries in every song. This is one Beatles album of which I will never tire.

Beatles—"The world is more fun for a little while."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

K.P.E. Bach, Symphonist

BACH, K.P.E.: *Symphonies (1773) in B minor, A, C, and B flat. Collegium Aureum with Franzjosef Maier, concertmaster; and Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord.* Victrola stereo, VICS 1453, $2.98.

THESE STIMULATING performances of the so-called "Hamburg" Symphonies should do more to illuminate the place of J. S. Bach's second oldest son in the sequence of symphonists than half a dozen scholarly treatises. There have been, to be sure, prior recordings of such works (perhaps even of works included on this disc: the attributions are none too conclusive). But they have not been brought together in such meaningful sequence, or performed with the unanimity and verve achieved by the conductorless group of which Maier is the chief officer.

In addition to illuminating the place of Karl Philipp Emanuel among symphonists, the symphonies themselves shed much light on their famous characterization of his father as "the old peruke." In a 1770 version of the generation gap, K.P. expressed his distaste for "learned music," and contended that other things were "more essential" for a good composer than command of counterpoint. As these works show, he had his own fair share of such command, but also a large sense of enterprise, musical innovation, and what commentator Robert Gutman aptly characterizes in his annotation as "the rhetoric of the following century."

It is of no small consequence that the works were commissioned from Philipp Emanuel (the first name, incidentally, derived from his father's regard for Georg Philipp Telemann) by Baron Gottfried von Swieten (a Viennese diplomat who, between 1770 and 1800, exercised his musical judgment to the advantage of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven). The four works are replete with the vehemence, the changes of mood, the striving for musical expressiveness associated with Haydn's *Sturm und Drang* years (after Goethe). As these also centered about works of 1770-1772, it is clear that it was a widespread rather than localized phenomenon.

K.P.E. Bach—"the rhetoric of the following century."

The scholarship embodied in the performances derives from their origin with the Harmonia Mundi (German) producers. The performances have the ring of authenticity, though some keen-eared listeners may detect that the B minor of their well-tuned claviers does not agree with the pitch of the work in this sequence so designated. Nor is it quite B-flat minor. The explanation is given that "the instruments on this recording have been tuned about one-half tone lower than usual, pitch having risen since the eighteenth century." This strikes me as a fine point shaved razor thin: what difference does it make, in instrumental performance (where pitch is not the factor that it is to the vocalist), which convention prevails? If this typically pedantic "innovation" became anything like general practice, a symphony orchestra concert could have six different As in the course of an evening.

Backdating Berlioz

BERLIOZ: *Irlande (Neuf Mélodies, Op. 2); Le Trébuchet (Op. 13); La Mort d'Ophélie; and Chant de la fête de Pâques. April Cantelo, soprano; Helen Watts, mezzo; Robert Tear, tenor; and Richard Salter, bass; with Viola Tunnard, piano; and the Monteverdi Choir conducted by John Eliot Gardiner.* L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo, SOL 305, $5.95.

OPUS NUMBERS are as undependable an index to chronology with Berlioz as they are with many of his contemporaries, but, where his vocal music is concerned, Opus 2 has some degree of definition. The *Huit scènes de Faust* bears Opus 1, but the music is most widely known only in the much later revision as *La Damnation de Faust.* Thus, these settings of texts by Thomas Moore are likely to backdate a general awareness of Berlioz's inclinations where voice and poetry are concerned (*La Mort de Cléopâtre,* which Jennie Tourel sings on Columbia SMS 6438, is almost its contemporary).

The nine songs are in no sense a cycle: indeed they vary in settings from not only solo voice to choir, but from one member of the quartet to another. What is extraordinary in making their acquaintance is to be ushered directly into the world of Berlioz's most distinctive idiom with the first line of the first song: *"Que j'aime cette heure rêveuse"* ("How dear to me the hour when daylight dies"). Many of the characteristics and traits that define the Berlioz of *Roméo et Juliette* as a master melodist a decade later are imbedded in it, likewise his special sense of French prosody. Not all the songs that follow are of the same quality, but the flame rises high in "L'Origine de la harpe," especially in the treatment of the piano accompaniment in a full-fledged arpeggiated (harplike) figuration. So far as performances are concerned, the women have better voices, better disciplined, than the men (Robert Tear, in particular, sounds here like a salon tenor rising on tiptoes for high tones), but the performances are always understanding and communicative.

The contents of Side 2 (which begins with "L'Origine de la harpe") are uniformly high in quality, likewise the performances. The *"Chant de la fête de Pâques"* ("Easter Song") is an adaptation from the form in which it appears in the 1846 revision of *La Damnation.* Tear is rather more suited to this style of singing than that he is required to do in the songs.

More Furtwaengler

BRAHMS: *Concerto No. 2 in B flat (Op. 83). Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra with Edwin Fischer, piano.* Unicorn, UNI 102, $5. SIBELIUS: *Concerto in D minor (Op. 47). Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic, with Georg Kulenkampff, violin.* Unicorn, UNI 107, $5. (Both, mono only, may be obtained by addressing Record Hunter, Ltd., P. O. Box 315, Binghamton, New York 13902.)

ENLARGED THOUGH it has been in recent years, the available file of Furtwängler records is still only a fraction of what it should be for a conductor of his unquestioned eminence. It is especially deficient in performances of the concerto literature, which gives these two issues (reclaimed from German radio archives) special interest. The source being what it is, perfection is not to be expected (the applause in the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brahms confirms a broadcast concert of 1942, the silence in the Sibelius suggests a studio rendition the following year). However, the sound in both instances is decidedly better than what might have been expected from most studio recordings of the time.

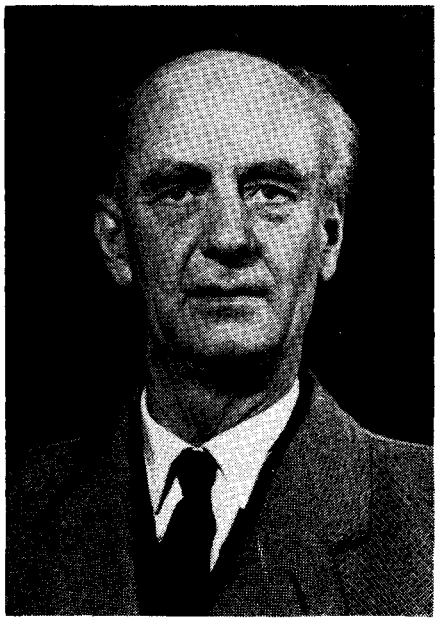
To some younger listeners of today, identification of the late Edwin Fischer as Daniel Barenboim's teacher may be meaningful. He was, of course, one of the legendary great masters of the German piano literature in the Twenties and Thirties, though he did not tour extensively. There is perfect mutuality of conception in this work, which stresses breadth and weight in the first movement and doesn't quite unlimber itself to make a real jolly experience of the "Scherzo." However, when the two men and the fine orchestra that the Berlin Philharmonic was at the time (a tentative horn solo at the very outset of the work notwithstanding) settle into the mood that Furtwängler devises for the slow movement, it takes on shadings of meaning that few versions of this work have equaled.

In the Sibelius, it is, similarly, the slow movement in which the performance reaches its greatest intensity as well as distinction. This may suggest that Furtwängler was primarily a philosopher and poet rather than a dramatist and activist but—other repertory, other results. In this instance, both the first movement and the last have a strong surge of the bardic spirit for which Sibelius has long been celebrated, but it tends, slightly, to the sluggish and the overstated. Also, for all his sizable qualifications as an artist and an interpreter, Kulenkampff, as of 1943, was not quite up to the technical demands of this work. It is Paul J. Minchin's observation in his liner notes that the Concerto "is the first example of Furtwängler in Sibelius to reach the public."

Mozart by Szell

MOZART: *Serenade No. 9 in D (K. 320); Eine kleine Nachtmusik. George Szell conducting members of the Cleveland Orchestra.* Columbia stereo, MS 7273, $5.98.

ANY RECORD by the Cleveland Orchestra under its resident alchemist commands attention for the high standard of quality that he has established as its norm. But there is a smaller, inner circle of composers for whose works expectations are pitched even higher. Among these, Mozart is at the very core, a tribute to the musical intelligence that Szell demands of his players and a consequence of the togetherness he has instilled in them.



Wilhelm Furtwängler—"shades of meaning few . . . have equaled."

Rarely have both attributes been marshaled to more gratifying results than in these two choice examples of Mozart's genius. In the one, it is the superb string section that gives Szell the kind of cooperation most conductors dream of but rarely receive (more likely because of their shortcomings than those of the players). In the other, it is his fastidious collection of wind players that, in supplementing the strings, makes for a choiring of sounds truly approaching the celestial.

In describing the results as "gratifying" rather than "impressive" or "overwhelming," the mind runs to the content of the music itself. For that was conceived neither to impress nor overwhelm, but rather to gratify the senses and satisfy the mind. In a span of performances ranging across decades, Szell's comes closest to equaling the chamber music spirit to be found in the efforts of the Pro Arte and Budapest ensembles. The volume of sound sometimes threatens to engulf the "kleine" aspect of the composition, but Szell adroitly bails out the craft short of capsizing it.

In the other instance, he makes clear that rarely has a work of sizable content been so burdened by an inappropriate nickname as this "Posthorn" (so called because of a charmingly incidental allusion to that instrument in the sixth of its seven movements—a "Menuetto"). Within the other six are comprehended a three-movement symphony and a "Concertante" and "Rondeau," which make a kind of *sinfonia concertante* on their own. Taken altogether, it is as idyllic a way of spending thirty-eight minutes, plus, as the world of music affords—a characterization which necessarily includes the performance and the manner of its reproduction. The posthorn solo is blown with vastly more than an untutored coachman's authority by Bernard Adelstein.

Stich-Randall and the S's

SCHUBERT: *"An die Musik"; "Lachen und Weinen"; "Die Forelle"; "Seligkeit"; "Frühlingsglaube"; "Heidenröslein"; "Ave Maria"; and "Liebhaber in allen Gestalten."* SCHUMANN: *Frauenliebe und Leben. Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano, with Robert Jones, piano.* Westminster stereo, 17160, $5.98.

FORTUNATE THE CRITIC gifted with prescience, the ability to foresee an outcome without first experiencing it. Short of that, persistence has its rewards also. As in the instance of this release, whose "A" side, devoted to Schubert, naturally invited priority attention. A fervent but somewhat tremulous "An die Musik" and the series of acutely perceived but less than satisfactorily articulated performances that followed led to the suspicion that Stich-Randall's always admirable artistry had now outlasted her capacity to realize, vocally, what she conceived mentally.

But there was also Side 2, and the contrast was vaster than could be imagined from merely reversing a record side. Here, in the easily over-projected *Frauenliebe und Leben* is one of the great lieder performances of recent years, a credit not only to the time Stich-Randall spent mastering her craft in this country and abroad but also to the accomplishments at the Vienna Opera that have earned her rank as *Kammersängerin.*

Is there some technical explanation for this fairly miraculous transformation in results? The one that clearly comes to my ears is that the Schubert is sung with one "voice" (as singers say), the Schumann with another. In "An die Musik," "Die Forelle," "Heidenröslein," etc. (which plumb a particular phase of Schubert's genius), Miss Stich-Randall is striving for a light, silvery quality and, despite some highly sophisticated moments of phrasing and articulation, not quite making it do her bidding. In the Schumann, which is pitched lower on the physical scale as well as deeper on the emotional range, she sounds decidedly more comfortable. Robert Jones, who is otherwise unknown to me, does exceptionally well in the Schumann, somewhat less compellingly in the more varied requirements of the Schubert side. In addition to other assets, he has a real "accompanist's tone" that blends perfectly with the voice.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

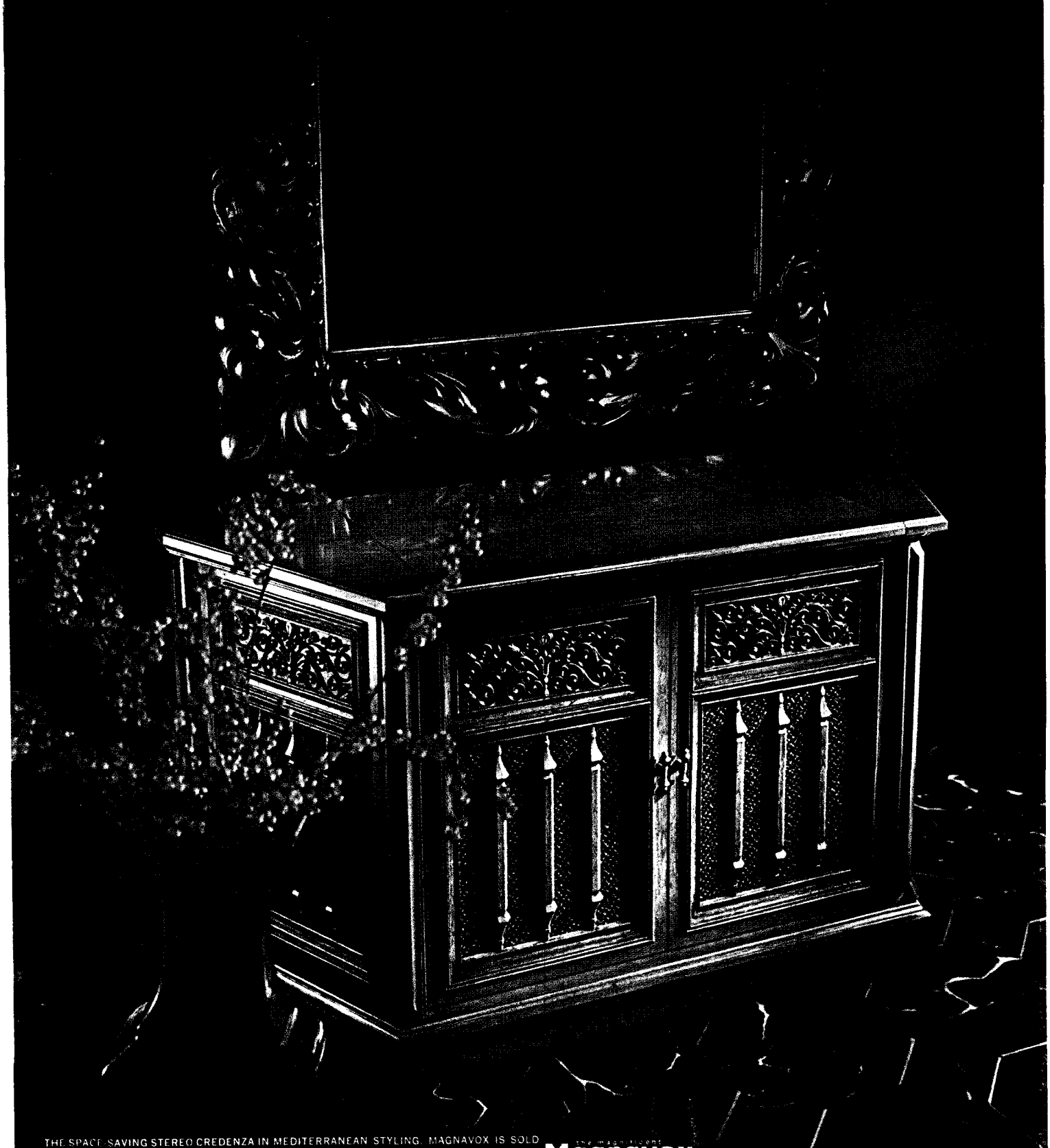
Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Berwald: Overtures to *Estrella de Soria* and *Drottningen av Golconda*; *Elfenspiel*; Polonaise from *Estrella de Soria*; *Erinnerung an die norwegischen Alpen*; and *Bajadärfesten*. Sixten Ehrling directing the Swedish Radio Orchestra. Nonesuch stereo, H-71218, $2.98.	Those whose interest in Franz Berwald has been stimulated by the issue of several symphonies by this mid-nineteenth-century Swedish composer will find much that is complementary to them in these overtures, tone poem, dance piece, etc. Others who have not been exposed to his ingratiating ideas, colorful orchestration, and freshness of feeling will find much to reward them, and start them, perhaps, on their Berwald way. Not the	least of the attractions of the disc is the vivacity and assurance of the treatments by Sixten Ehrling. Perhaps he acquired such sense of style from his older contemporary Tor Mann, who directed some of the first Berwald to be issued on discs with this Swedish Radio Orchestra in the 1940s. In any case, the direction achieves close to virtuoso flavor in the swift-moving *Elfenspiel*. The recording is a bit over-resonant.
Leclair: *Scylla et Glaucus* ("Ouverture," "Forlane," "Air des Silvains," "Entr'acte," "Menuet et musette," and "Air en rondeau"). **Destouches:** *Issé* ("Ouverture," "Air pour les Faunes," "Air pour les Hesperides," "Marche des Bergers," "Sarabande," "Sommeil," "Rigaudon I" and "II," "Air tendre," "Air pour les *trompettes*," and "Passepied I" and "II"). Raymond Leppard directing the English Chamber Orchestra. L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo, SOL 303, $5.95.	Pre-LP, Jean-Marie Leclair's place in general knowledge was restricted to a single sonata movement ("Tambourin," arranged by Sarasate and later by Kreisler), a concerto or two, a couple of minuets, etc. In addition to the quantities of concertos and sonatas more recently available, the operatic materials show him to have been a master of his time (he was born in 1697), not unworthy of the example of Rameau and Lully. Leppard's are the best performances the	spirited and elegantly turned dances have had to date, a factor not only of his own abilities, but also of the English string and woodwind players in his ensemble. For those without specialized knowledge of the subject, Destouches (born twenty-five years earlier) could be Leclair (and vice versa), which means that Side 2 is much in the same vein, and profits from the performance virtues equally. Bright, well-balanced recording.
Mancini: "Beaver Valley"; "Dream of a Lifetime"; "Strings on Fire"; "Cameo for Violin"; "Drummer's Delight"; "The Ballerina's Dream"; and "Speedy Gonzales." Henry Mancini conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3106, $5.98.	The idea of combining the engaging light talents of Henry Mancini ("Days of Wine and Roses," "Moon River," *Peter Gunn* theme) with the Philadelphia Orchestra is not without good commercial reasoning. However, the idea of having Mancini write a file of pieces to show off the virtuosity of the Philadelphia Orchestra puts the burden of proof on another matter: his capacity to write such pieces. "Beaver Valley," with its melodic reminiscences of the first-generation Italian background against which he grew up in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania (hitherto known only as the birthplace of Yankee pitcher Joe Page), has a share of interest, but it	finds Mancini repeatedly reaching for devices pioneered by Sibelius or Tchaikovsky or others, and producing the likeness rather than the substance. On Side 2, which deals with the solo talents of such persons as concertmaster Norman Carol and piccolo virtuoso Murray Panitz, the vein is closer to that of David Rose or Leroy Anderson. Given comparable originality, the mighty Philadelphians might find themselves properly challenged: in these contexts, the pop is not so loud as the caliber of the gun discharging it. Will the real Henry Mancini please stand up (and conduct the Philadelphia Ork)?
Reger: Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Hiller. Joseph Keilberth conducting the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. Telefunken, SLT 43064, $5.95.	The first impression that this might be a remake of the version by Keilberth of Reger's massive series of variations that circulated in the Fifties is offset, on closer scrutiny, by the conclusion that it is, rather, that *same* version in another form. It is described on the back side of the liner as "electronic stereo," which is not exactly what is wanted toward the clarification of the vast structure Reger evolved from the simple few measures	by Johann Adam Hiller (1728-1804). Indeed, it is the insufficiently specific, overly dense sound of the orchestra rather than any shortcomings of Keilberth's effort that leaves my listening curiosity unsatisfied. It would be a not unvalued service for some producers looking for a sound-exploiting score to take on Reger's enormously complex product and make it as simple to follow as Dohnányi's "Variations on a Nursery Song."
Strauss: *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (Suite); "Dance of the Seven Veils" (*Salome*); *Till Eulenspiegel*. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Seraphim stereo, S-60097, $2.49.	The nominal novelty of this trio is the Suite made by Leinsdorf from *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, but the artistic triumph of it is one of the best recordings of *Till* ever made. Not only is the excellent orchestra entirely attuned to Leinsdorf's wishes in matters of pace, accent, and contrast, but those wishes are, of themselves, based on an acute insight into the complexities of the score and their significance. The last point is the most telling, for the amount of characterization conveyed by this woodwind detail or that is central to Strauss's purpose. On all counts—including recording—a rousing *Eulenspiegel*. Leinsdorf's self-made	Suite from *Die Frau* is perhaps more balanced and possessed of greater contrast than the one bearing Strauss's name—there is some doubt whether he was wholly responsible for the matter chosen—but it does not, to this taste, add up to a really absorbing experience. When juxtaposed this way (and Leinsdorf notes that the sections were chosen with no intent of relating them to the story line of the opera) the materials too often recall prior Straussian use of similar ideas. Perhaps *Die Frau* is simply not an excerptible work (orchestrally speaking) in the sense that *Der Rosenkavalier* is.
Takemitsu: *Asterism*. Toronto Symphony Orchestra conducted by Seiji Ozawa; with Yuji Takahashi, piano. *Requiem* (for strings); *Green*; *The Dorian Horizon*. Ozawa conducting the Toronto Symphony. RCA stereo, LSC 3099, $5.98.	Consideration of Takemitsu's compositions leads one into a tendency for confusing the exotic with the esoteric. That is to say, are his well-wrought examples of impressionism to be rated high because they are an uncommon example of a Japanese musician working in Western idioms, or merely to be judged for the expression in the idiom? Thus far, Takemitsu has come closest to making an individual result in the prior piece recorded by Ozawa, titled *November*	*Steps*. On this disc, the sketch titled *Green* bears the subtitle "November Steps II," but does not come on with nearly the same sense of discovery conveyed by its predecessor. In the piano-orchestra work, he is working with values of the Webern variety, and not varying them enough, to my ear, to make them unmistakably Takemitsu (a destination he almost attains in *Requiem*). —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People who prize fine music make Magnavox the number one stereo console in the world.

Year after year Magnavox is number one. Because more people realize that Magnavox is the unchallenged leader in the flawless re-creation of music. Magnavox has engineered precise musical fidelity and purity of tone into each stereo instrument. New air-suspension speakers, in many of this year's models, add even greater presence to music...from records, stereo FM/AM radio or tape.



THE SPACE-SAVING STEREO CREDENZA IN MEDITERRANEAN STYLING. MAGNAVOX IS SOLD THROUGH SELECTED DEALERS, LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES. CONSOLE PRICES START AT $169.50.

Magnavox

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D-C Fans not only solve D-C's, they invent them
Here's the most recent gathering

DOUBLE-CROSTICS BY FANS #5

Edited by Thomas H. Middleton

A SPARKLING ASSEMBLAGE OF NEW AND EXCITING LITERARY PUZZLES CREATED BY D-C DEVOTEES FROM EAST AND WEST, NORTH AND SOUTH— EVEN MEXICO AND CANADA!

A fascinating collection of teasers and puzzlements comprising as many styles and reflecting as many tastes as there are contributors. Fifty puzzles—ranging from the relatively easy to the very difficult. Something for everyone, beginner or veteran. *Plus* rules for constructing your own Double-Crostic.

Spiral-bound, flat, portable and sturdy. Send for your copies of Double-Crostics by Fans #5 today. It's the best way in the world to put sun-soaked minds back to work.

Note: If you've never solved a Double-Crostic puzzle before, the instructions are in the book. All you need bring to the project is a sharpened pencil and your own comfortably stocked mind. You'll have a wonderful time and emerge from the encounter feeling like Sherlock Holmes or, perhaps, someone who can read the Dead Sea Scrolls.

To your bookseller, or

SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

Send me . . . . . copies of **Double-Crostics by Fans #5**

Price $2.50 each.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents, add applicable sales tax)

Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miles Davis

Since 1965, Miles Davis has been at work on a remarkable series of records. They have been "experimental," if you will, except that they generally have been so successful that such a description becomes a dubious one. It is more important, in any case, that they have featured music that is unhackneyed in its written themes, in the generally loosely structured guides given to the players for improvising, and in the improvisations themselves.

Davis is rather bold to have undertaken such music in the 1960s. His earlier public popularity had depended largely on his burning interpretations of ballads and standard popular songs (some of which, to be sure, he himself made standard), and of more or less traditional blues. He stepped out once in 1959 to make that remarkable LP called *Kind of Blue* (Columbia, CS 8163), which set a goodly portion of the jazz advance guard on its path during the following decade. But that event was an isolated one for some time in Davis's own career; he returned to the ballads.

Now, however, with musicians, entrepreneurs, and journalists all explaining (rightly or wrongly) that the jazz audience isn't what it was ten years ago, and with some of them no doubt saying that the repetition of the tried and successful is better anyway, here is Miles Davis avoiding the clichés and expanding the challenges.

Such things rarely happen in jazz. Few of the music's great instrumentalists have produced anything truly new after they have reached their early thirties, although numbers of them have been able to maintain and refine their early achievements. (Not so jazz composers, however; Ellington produced some of his best works when he was in his early forties.)

The outstanding Davis LP of the recent series is the one called (of all things) *Miles Smiles* (Columbia, CS 9401), which has a generally high level of composition and performance, and a particularly beautiful, exploratory ballad-like piece called "Circle." It is not too early to say that *Miles Smiles* is one of the classic jazz LPs of the 1960s.

There is also "Country Son" on *Miles in the Sky* (Columbia, CS 9750), a most interesting "extended" work. And there is *Sorcerer* (Columbia, CS 9532), which (one curious, brief vocal track by Bob Dorough excepted) has very good music and some superb, interplaying, almost contrapuntal drumming by Tony Williams, who may surely be already called one of *the* drummers of jazz history.

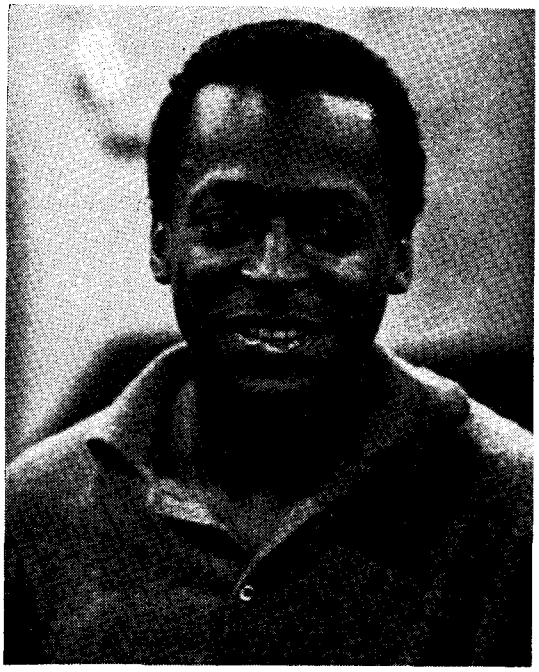
A recent Miles Davis LP is called *Filles de Kilimanjaro* (Columbia, CS 9750)—and he who affects French titles shouldn't leave out his definite articles. It belongs with the other Davis recordings under discussion. And in the replacement of bassist Ron Carter with Dave Holland and pianist Herbie Hancock with Chick Corea on one selection, it represents the Davis quintet in a state of transition. That fleet selection is called "Petits Machins" (oh, what the heck, it's called "Little Stuff"); it was written by Davis, and it is the most attractive piece on the LP.

Not that it's all there is. Davis has a typically sensitive solo on "Mademoiselle Mabry" (the way this man can skirt an area of bathos without actually entering it is something to hear). And "Brown Hornet" (oh, all right, "Frelon Brun") is built on an incantatory premise which Hancock's electric piano states hauntingly, and which Davis and tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter explore skillfully, bringing things to the brink of monotony but ending them at just the intriguing moment-too-soon.

I said earlier that Davis's ideas have sent numbers of jazzmen on their paths. One of them was, of course, the late tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, and Coltrane in turn went on to influence a generation of young players. A new LP by alto saxophonist Gary Bartz called *Another Earth* (Milestone MSP-9018) is evidence of that influence. It is also evidence of a particular sensibility that, it seems to me, is most welcome at this moment.

The album has four short pieces and one long one. "Another Earth," the title piece, is a twenty-four minute suite. In part it echos those turbulent, yearning ensemble improvisations of Coltrane's late career, and in this it uses the dark, pained cries of tenor saxophonist Pharoah Sanders most effectively. But the piece also echos celebrative gospel song and dancing blues. Bartz's solos are fleet and adroit, and he and the rhythm section execute one difficult acceleration/deceleration with aplomb.

Mrs. Bartz contributes a lucid set of notes on the album's liner, and although I had my usual trouble applying programmatic ideas to music, there is no doubt that this music is indeed a celebration of life. It is also a personal synthesis of post-Coltrane jazz—a job that needed doing, and one that Bartz has done well.



Miles Davis—"one of the classic jazz LPs of the 1960s. . . ."

RCA's Vintage reissue series is not, of course, confined to jazz. *Leo Reisman, Volume 1* (LPV-565) has sixteen selections by the "society" dance band leader, recorded between 1929 and 1939. Two, however, have solos by the ex-Ellington associate, trumpeter Bubber Miley, a somewhat faltering but soulful "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and a driving "Without That Gal!" An odd assortment of singers participate, and among them might be mentioned Lee Wiley, Fred Astaire (with his sister Adele on one number), composer Harold Arlen (who sounds a bit like he's choking), and a couple of falsettos who could out-Tiny Tim anyday. It is interesting to hear this ensemble showing more and more jazz influence over the years, but that realization is not helped by the fact that the LP is not programed chronologically. Otherwise, this would seem to be an album for the man or woman over fifty with a terminal case of nostalgia.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

Coming November 29

SR's Christmas Book Issue

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Chopin: Preludes (Op. 28; Op. 45; and A flat, Op. Posth.). Rafael Orozco, piano. Seraphim stereo, S-60093, $2.49.	What distinguishes this twenty-three-year-old Spanish pianist from others of his years is a disposition to the songful, expressive aspect of what he plays rather than an urge to overpower the listener with fluency or drama. A native of Córdoba, Orozco has made his way along the competitive trail with several big victories, most recently in England (Leeds Competition), from which developed the interest that brought about this recording. Refinement, ardor, discrimination, and several other characteristics of some eminent Spanish musicians both past and present are among Orozco's attributes. Musicianship and finesse are also mentionable, if they are not already taken for granted for one who has attained his degree of prominence. Not least, in addition, is a fine, stringy piano tone, which is to say that it is not so percussively produced that it dies almost as soon as sounded. A refreshing addition to the legion of younger pianists, and one, it would seem to me, on whom Seraphim's favor is well founded.
Schoenberg: *Verklärte Nacht*. New Vienna String Quartet; with Siegfried Führlinger, violin; and Fritz Hiller, cello. Quartet No. 2 (Op. 10). New Vienna Quartet; with Evelyn Lear, soprano. DGG stereo, 139361, $5.98.	The appearance of these performances in succession to the DGG issue of the First Quartet last year suggests that a complete stereo sequence of all the chamber music may be in the making. This would be welcome, for there can hardly be too many insights on these works. On the other hand, the quality of interpretation in the performances heard to date is none too reassuring. As in their version of the First Quartet, that of *Verklärte Nacht* (in its sextet form) gives an impression of a group grappling for a sure command of a difficult work rather than of one confident that such command is in its possession. It has, moreover, a rather thick, heavy sound to offer rather than the finely stranded, vibrant line that best befits Schoenberg's writing. The quartet achieves decidedly better results in the Opus 10, in respect to both the animation it generates and the quality of sound it delivers. Miss Lear is an eloquent, well-spoken voice for the text of Stefan George with which the work concludes.
Scriabin: Etudes (Op. 8). **Rachmaninoff:** *Lilacs*; *Daisies*. Morton Estrin, piano. Connoisseur Society stereo, CS 2009, $5.98.	Estrin is a pianist unknown to me save for his Town Hall debut in the late Forties (his prior recording of Chopin ballades and F-Minor Fantasy did not come to my attention). However, he has all the qualifications required to make a success of this venture: fine keyboard command, a suitably resonant sound, a real sense of *legato*, and, above all, compelling understanding of the specifics of Scriabin's writing. This includes a kind of ebb and flow peculiar to his concept of *rubato*, left- vs. right-hand emphasis, and similar refinements of general practice. As for the music, it is some of the most beautiful in the post-Chopin repertory and, for my taste, includes—in such a pulsating, surging expression as the E-major Etude—Scriabin at his all-time best. Estrin plays it in that vein, and it is certainly worth the listening effort. The Connoisseur piano reproduction is typically good.
Soler: "En Pielagos Immensos"; "Contradanza Colegio"; "De Un Maestro de Capilla"; and "Congregante y Festero." The Gregg Smith Singers, the Texas Boys Choir, and the Collegium Musicum Winterthur; with Susan Harmon and Esther Martinez, sopranos; Richard Levitt, countertenor; William Lyon Lee, tenor; and Frederick Marvin, continuo. Columbia stereo, MS 7287, $5.98.	According to the notes of Frederick Marvin (who assembled the musical texts of these works from parts in the absence of complete scores, edited them, and made them performable), these "Villancicos" are comparable to madrigals. What they became in Soler's hands by the middle of the eighteenth century is something rather more individual—minuets, marches, and fugues are common, and other dance rhythms abound. They are, for the most part, devoted to Christmas subjects, but "De Un Maestro de Capilla" is a little drama, with solos and a kind of *recitativo secco* to animate the action. The musical quality of the "Villancico" is insinuating rather than overwhelming, and something of an acquired taste. Smith has made an excellently appetizing approach to the founding of such a taste, though the earlier works (on Side 1) suffer a bit from clouded intonation by the Boys Choir.
Vaughan Williams: Concerto for Two Pianos. Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, pianos; with Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Symphony No. 8. Boult conducting the London Philharmonic. Angel stereo, S-36625, $5.98.	There are at least two reasons for taking special note of the appearance of the Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra: one, the quality of the work itself; the other, the quality of the performance by Vronsky and Babin, who haven't been heard from much in recent months since they took over the conduct of the Cleveland Institute of Music ("they" being a corporate designation for Babin and his collaborator-wife). The enduring values of Vaughan Williams's better works are solidly audible in the Concerto, which has a firm ground plan, a subtly skillful elaboration of it, and a strong sense of totality. The finale ("Fuga Chromatica con Finale alla Tedesca") trails off somewhat in interest, but comes together at a point of crisis for a well-rounded conclusion. Boult's strong feeling for the idiom of Vaughan Williams is also conspicuous in the Eighth Symphony, a work less immediately appealing than some others of his later years.
Weber: *Oberon* excerpts. Jess Thomas, tenor; Ingrid Bjoner, soprano; Erika Köth, soprano; Hetty Plümacher, mezzo-soprano; and Herbert Brauer, baritone; with Wilhelm Schüchter. Vanguard stereo, VCS 10063, $3.98.	The music is, of course, great and the names are mostly reputable, but they do not go together nearly as well as they might. Here we have Thomas (possibly of a time somewhat prior to his recent Siegfried) undertaking to stretch his range to heights it cannot really scale, and landing just that minute fraction under pitch to make the result unsettling; Bjoner indulging in an effortful "Ozean du ungeheuer"; and neither marshaling the resources to do their parts justice. On the other hand, Köth is charming in Fatima's music, sounding especially well in "Arabien's einsam' Kind." Schüchter and his orchestra (the Bamberg Symphony) know their way around the score and the Overture is quite well played. However, the effort to make non-virtuoso attributes stretch to virtuoso requirements is fated to the usual result: vocal strain and a tightness not unlike a rubber band just short of the breaking point. Good sound in the Vanguard (here Cardinal) manner. —I. K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hi-Fi at L.A.

Continued from page 68

tute an equalizer with five separate filter frequencies for the usual bass and treble controls.

Record-playing equipment attracted quite a lot of interest, too. The most expensive automatic turntable shown was Benjamin's new Mirachord 770H, at $199.50. It features a variable speed control with a very clever, illuminated stroboscopic speed indicator, and a device that keeps track of stylus wear by measuring elapsed time of usage.

United Audio showed two new Duals, the 1209 and the 1219. Both have anti-skating controls with separate scales for elliptical and conical styli. The $159.50 Dual 1219 also has an arm that shifts instead of tilting down to maintain the correct tracking angle on single records.

Sherwood offered its intriguing—and long-delayed—SEL-100 belt-drive automatic. Among its features are a beam-of-light tone-arm trip, and a floating arm/turntable suspension similar to that of the AR and recent Thorens turntables.

Elpa introduced its new PE-2018, which shares most features of the PE-2020, including a tracking-angle adjustment for various record stack heights. It sells for $99.95.

Yamaha and Pioneer both exhibited semiautomatic belt-drive single-play turntables. From Empire there was a belt-drive Troubadour 598, with end-of-record Dynalift, a new pneumatic shock suspension, and a light that illuminates the record during cueing ($199.95).

Garrard has expanded their "Module" line of turntables, preassembled complete with cartridge, base, and dust cover. Thorens offered a Mark II version of their TD-150 arm and turntable ($125) with an improved cueing system, plus a Thorens 125 with built-in arm, the 125B ($285).

The Rabco arm, which has been sold for the past year to fit the Thorens 150, is now available to fit the AR turntable, too. The Rabco arm is the only straightline tracking arm now on the market; it tracks the entire record at an exact tangent to the groove (no tracking error), and is driven across the record by a servo-motor rather than by the needle's pressure on the groove.

New cartridges were introduced by Shure and Ortofon. The Ortofon M15 and MF15 are less expensive than previous Ortofons, and their styli can be replaced by the user. Shure's new cartridge was a version of the V-15 Type II with improved trackability: the improvement stems from a new stylus assembly, which can be added to the

Wollensak delivers everything but the spear

Spend a night at the opera at home. Just you, your favorite aria and your Wollensak 6300 stereo recorder.

To get ready, simply select the tape. Wollensak features very easy open front threading. And press the push-button controls.

Then sit back and enjoy the powerful performance from separate acoustic suspension stereo speakers. Music that's truly faithful to the original. A unique, new solid state amplifier provides full frequency range. Flat response. Low distortion.

Its two-motor drive runs whisper-quiet. Reduces wow and flutter to less than 0.15%.

In fact, Wollensak delivers a full line of stereo and monaural tape recorders. Some with separate speakers. Some with handy cassettes. Nobody knows more about sound-on-tape or has more experience in tape recording than 3M Company. No wonder you can expect the best from the bold new world of Wollensak sound.

But Wollensak cannot deliver the spear.

So maybe you can get your own.

Wollensak 3M COMPANY
TAPE RECORDERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZENITH®

Stereo sound that will fill the room. In a portable that won't.

Now you can have big stereo sound without a big stereo. All it takes is our compact portable in the deluxe new grained walnut color cabinet. With 20 watts of peak music power to drive two 9" oval and two 3½" speakers, plus full controls and the Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm that won't ever accidentally ruin your records. Ask to hear The Woodridge, Model A555W, at your Zenith dealer's.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on

The Outperformer that fulfills the impossible dream

Here's the brilliant realization of sound. The new Pioneer SX-990 solid state AM-FM multiplex stereo receiver is the epitome of design, quality and advanced engineering concepts. You can plan a complete stereo system around it. Elegantly styled, it's the perfect complement to the most discriminating decor. Hear it at your local Pioneer dealer. Only $299.95 with walnut cabinet.

PIONEER®

PIONEER ELECTRONICS U.S.A. CORPORATION 140 Smith Street, Farmingdale, New York 11735
West Coast: 1335 West 134 Street, Gardena, California 90249 In Canada: S.H. Parker Co., Ontario

now existing Type II cartridges.

Speaker manufacturers came up with some surprises. Jensen unveiled an unorthodox stereo loudspeaker system with both channels in a single cabinet. Unlike other such systems, the Jensen S-100 "Stereo 1" does not have separate speakers for each channel. Instead, it uses a matrix network to feed the monophonic, left-right sum information through a forward-facing speaker, and the left-right stereo difference information through another pair of side-firing speakers. These sum and difference signals are mixed acoustically to re-create the individual channels. The S-100 is unusually compact (about one-and-a-half cubic feet), reasonably inexpensive ($125)—and appeared to work as advertised.

Quite a few of the new speakers use reflected sound to add a sense of spaciousness. Besides the Bose, Harman-Kardon, and JVC-Nivico of last year, we now have the Scott Quadrant, two more (and less expensive) Harman-Kardons, and the Wharfedale Variflex; an omni-directional Citation speaker was previewed, too, with an expected delivery date in January. Electro-Voice offered a compact system with multi-directional sound, the Landmark 100; but the Landmark's speakers require a special amplifier with motional feedback and power contouring, so they will not be available individually.

Feedback was also used in systems from LWE Acoustron and Infinity Systems, both new to the hi-fi scene. The Infinity systems (which ranged up to $1,795) had electrostatic midrange tweeters and (in their expensive models), a cube-shaped table housing the bass reproducers for both channels.

Electrostatic tweeters also were a part of the speaker systems made by Peploe's RTR division. And full-range electrostatic headphones were shown by Koss (three models in production) and by Stanton (pre-production phototypes). Rectilinear, whose speakers often sound surprisingly like electrostatics, showed their new Rectilinear X, for which they claim unusually low phase distortion.

For those whose room acoustics would affect any speaker adversely Altec offers the Acousta-Voicette, a twenty-filter equalizer that can be adjusted to cancel your listening room's acoustical idiosyncracies. It sells for $800—plus about a $30-$50 charge for installation and adjustment by the dealer.

And finally, there was live music on an outdoor stage on the Ambassador grounds. As an index to fidelity it had little value, since the performers were all amplified anyway. But it did contribute to the show's atmosphere—the most relaxed of any I've attended.

—IVAN BERGER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Bach to Bach

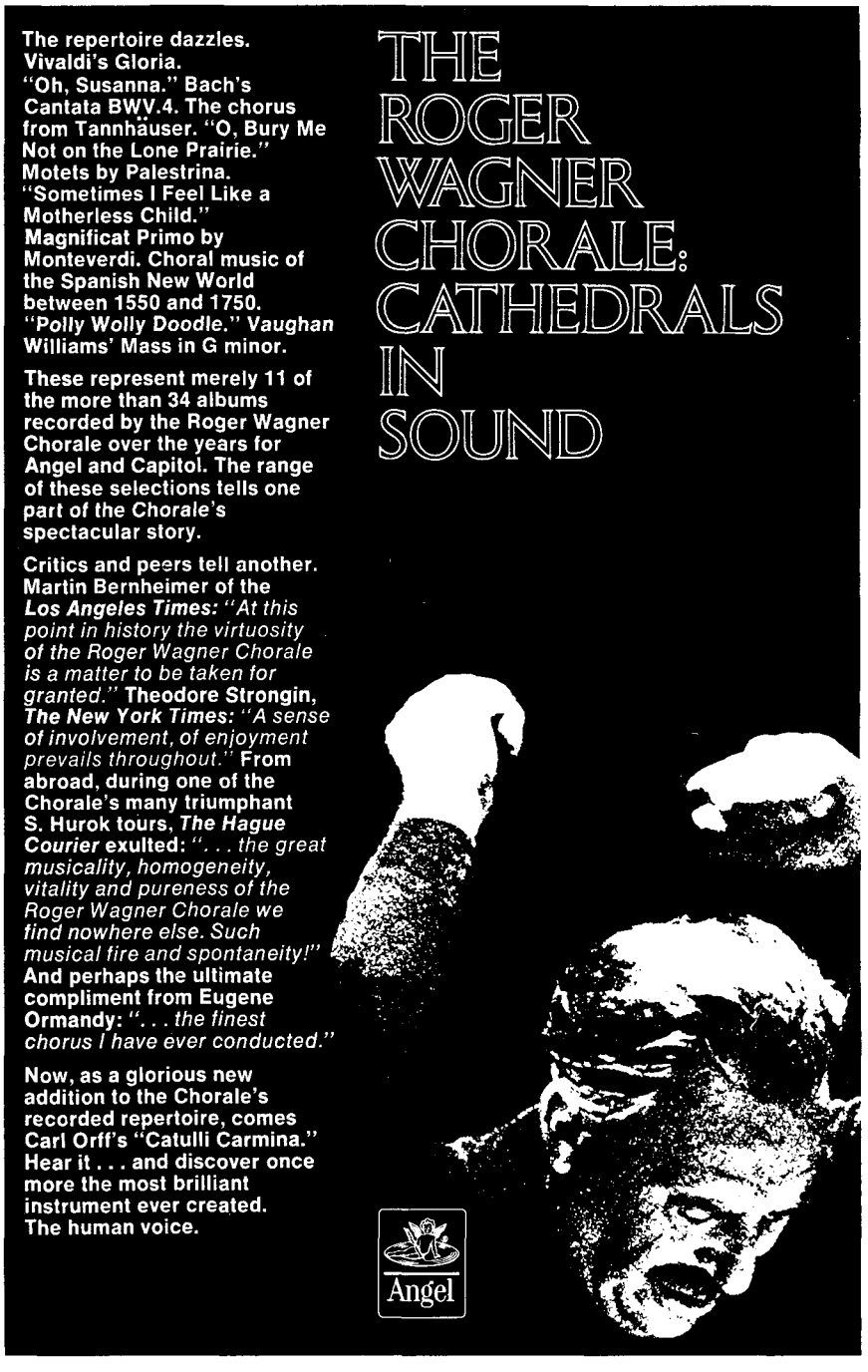
Webster reveals that the word "parody" is derived from the Greek *"para"* ("beside") and *"oide"* ("a song")—"A writing in which the language and style of an author, or poem, or other work, is closely imitated or mimicked." Johann Sebastian Bach, through his long and fertile composing life (especially in the post-Cöthen years), indulged in a musical kind of parody, or adaptation of his own music for various occasions. Two releases from Nonesuch provide an interesting glance at these practices—his Four Short Masses (HC-73020, $8.94) consist almost entirely of parodies of earlier cantatas, and his secular cantata, *Hercules auf dem Scheidewege*, (H-71226, $2.98) was later reworked into the more famous *Christmas Oratorio*.

These masses and cantatas date from the mid-1730s, from Bach's Leipzig period as cantor of St. Thomas's School. As annotator Joshua Rifkin points out, Bach "looked less to external resources and more to his own. . . . By the late 1720s, Bach's production of new music had started to decline, and he turned increasingly to self-adaptation." Controversy has raged over Bach's ability and prudence of fitting secular music to religious texts and vice versa. Schweitzer writes:

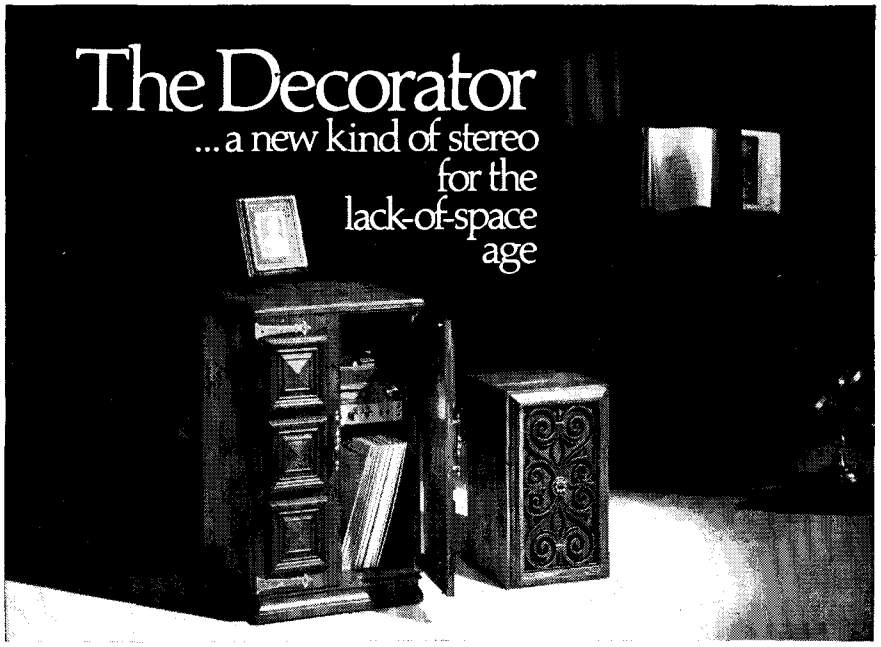
> It is also incredible that the same artist who insisted so strongly on characteristic expression in music could at another time constrain his music so barbarously to fit an alien text. . . . Even the hearer who does not exactly know how the adaptations have been made will feel that the words and music do not agree. This makes full artistic enjoyment impossible.

History may have proved Schweitzer correct, for the four masses—consisting only of the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" of the Protestant service—have been the victims of neglect. Between 1735 and 1740, Bach virtually stopped writing sacred music and turned back to previous religious cantatas ranging from BWV 17 to BWV 233a. Historians doubt that these Catholic masses were intended for Bach's duties in Leipzig —Geiringer says they were probably destined for Count Franz Anton von Sprock of Bohemia, while Rifkin says they may have been intended for the Electoral court at Dresden, capital of Saxony. The latter assumption is based on the fact that Bach had applied to the Elector of Saxony (and Polish king) for the honorary title of Court Composer, and to demonstrate his abilities (as well as loyalty) had presented him with a grand-scale *Missa* (this was eventually to be expanded into the B-minor Mass), and that possibly these four reduced-scale *Missas* were written either to renew his efforts to gain the post, or in gratitude for already having received the title. Bach was finally awarded the title in 1736.

Although Schweitzer holds the masses in rather low opinion, the listening rewards are often plentiful. The Mass in A major (BWV 234) is a beautiful work, full of unusual touches, beginning with the flowing, graceful canonic opening "Kyrie," and the alternation of the fervent chorus and more reflective solo passages in "Gloria in excelsis." The fugal "Kyrie" of the G-major Mass (BWV 236) has an extraordinary impact, while the gentler F-major Mass (BWV 233) interestingly fuses the "Kyrie eleison" of the Gre-


The repertoire dazzles. Vivaldi's Gloria. "Oh, Susanna." Bach's Cantata BWV.4. The chorus from Tannhäuser. "O, Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." Motets by Palestrina. "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child." Magnificat Primo by Monteverdi. Choral music of the Spanish New World between 1550 and 1750. "Polly Wolly Doodle." Vaughan Williams' Mass in G minor.
These represent merely 11 of the more than 34 albums recorded by the Roger Wagner Chorale over the years for Angel and Capitol. The range of these selections tells one part of the Chorale's spectacular story.
Critics and peers tell another. Martin Bernheimer of the Los Angeles Times: "At this point in history the virtuosity of the Roger Wagner Chorale is a matter to be taken for granted." Theodore Strongin, The New York Times: "A sense of involvement, of enjoyment prevails throughout." From abroad, during one of the Chorale's many triumphant S. Hurok tours, The Hague Courier exulted: ". . . the great musicality, homogeneity, vitality and pureness of the Roger Wagner Chorale we find nowhere else. Such musical fire and spontaneity!" And perhaps the ultimate compliment from Eugene Ormandy: ". . . the finest chorus I have ever conducted."
Now, as a glorious new addition to the Chorale's recorded repertoire, comes Carl Orff's "Catulli Carmina." Hear it . . . and discover once more the most brilliant instrument ever created. The human voice.
THE ROGER WAGNER CHORALE: CATHEDRALS IN SOUND
Angel

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If your heart is set on a superb stereo console that your living room can't possibly accommodate, Scott has a no-compromise solution . . . the new Carlisle Decorator Console. The Carlisle Decorator has the advanced electronics, faultless stereo sound, and styling finesse of larger Scott consoles.

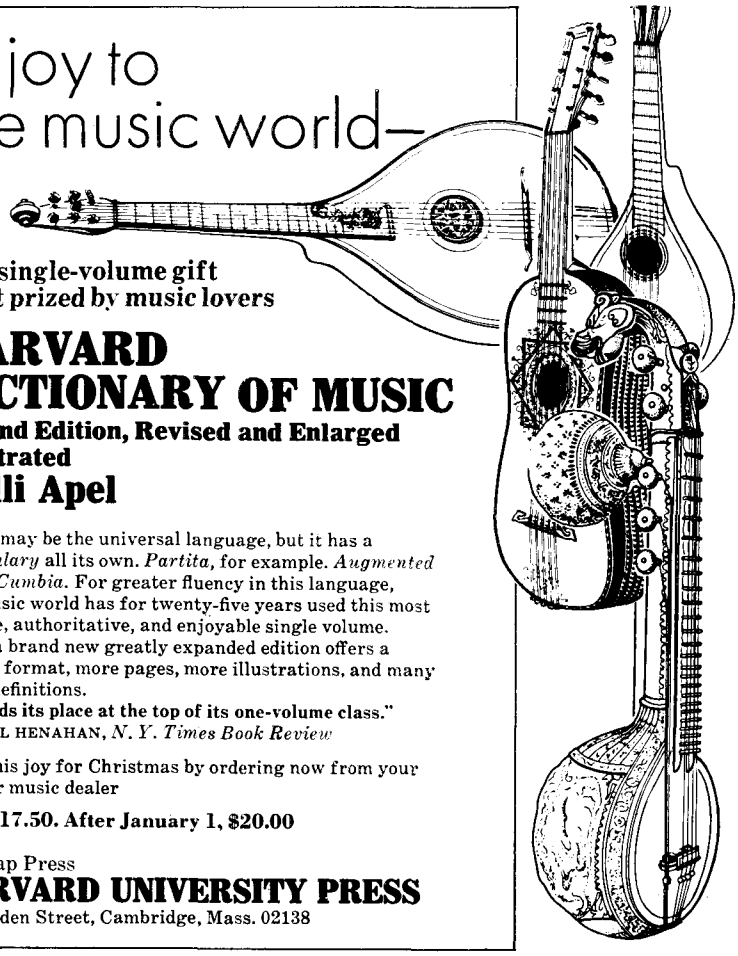
Using aerospace techniques, Scott engineers have shrunk console electronics to fit a finely styled cabinet only 18" wide! The acoustically sealed air-suspension speaker systems are separate so you can place them anywhere space allows . . . even in another room!

Scott's new Carlisle Decorator console is only $499.95 in Mediterranean styling. The Contemporary version is $479.95. © 1969, H. H. Scott, Inc.

Write for brochure and dealer addresses.

H. H. SCOTT®
H. H. Scott, Inc., Dept. 580-10
111 Powdermill Road, Maynard, Mass. 01754

A joy to the music world—



The single-volume gift most prized by music lovers

HARVARD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC
Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged
Illustrated
Willi Apel

Music may be the universal language, but it has a *vocabulary* all its own. *Partita*, for example. *Augmented triad. Cumbia.* For greater fluency in this language, the music world has for twenty-five years used this most concise, authoritative, and enjoyable single volume. Now, a brand new greatly expanded edition offers a bigger format, more pages, more illustrations, and many more definitions.
"It holds its place at the top of its one-volume class."
—DONAL HENAHAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

Give this joy for Christmas by ordering now from your book or music dealer

Now $17.50. After January 1, $20.00

Belknap Press
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138

gorian Litany contrapuntally with the Lutheran chorale, "Christe du Lamm Gottes."

The performances, under the baton of Helmuth Rilling and incorporating the Gächinger Kantorei, Bach-Collegium of Stuttgart, and the Chorus of the Gedächtniskirche, do not utter the last word in flexibility, rhythmic pulse, and ensemble unity. Perhaps the terms "solid" and "workmanlike" best apply here. Yet the recording has a warmth of tone (weighted on the bass) and a sense of intimacy advantageous to the effort, giving prominence to the vocal solos and the highly effective instrumental solos. The singers are, at best, variable, with bass Jakob Stämpfli (in the F-major and G-major Masses) bringing notable flexibility and lightness to his contributions; and tenor Kurt Equiluz giving fresh, controlled sound to the G-minor "Qui tollis." Soprano Elisabeth Speiser lends an appropriately instrumental quality to her singing and is particularly fine in the ethereal "Qui tollis" (A major), accompanied by the unison flutes, violins, and violas. Both altos—Ingeborg Russ and Hildegard Rütgers—labor under the demands of the music.

Hercules auf dem Scheidewege ("Hercules at the Crossroads"), too, is related to Friedrich August II, Elector of Saxony. In 1720, Bach had become conductor of the University's Collegium Musicum (which had been founded by Telemann), and for this group he had composed a number of secular cantatas first heard at Zimmermann's coffeehouse, several in honor of the ruling house—despite the Elector himself not often being present in Leipzig. *Hercules* was performed on September 5, 1733, in honor of his eleventh birthday, using an allegorical poem (or *dramma per musica*) by Picander in which the mythological Hercules symbolizes and glorifies the baroque ruler.

Conductor Rilling leads the Chorus of the Gedächtniskirche and the Stuttgart Bach-Collegium with the warmth and spirit well suited to this charming, lyrical music. His soloists are wellnigh perfect. Soprano Sheila Armstrong has a lovely quality in the exquisite "Schlafe, mein Liebster," while alto Hertha Töpper, though somewhat too mature of sound for the youthful Hercules, has the evenness of voice and intensity for Bach. The always admirable Theo Altmeyer, as the tenor Virtue, is expressive and expansive in his singing, and bass Stämpfli is impressive in Mercury's summing up recitative that leads into the joyous chorus of praise. Praise is also due to the delightful echoing oboes of Alfred Sous and Klaus Ebach in the "Treues Echo" aria. —ROBERT JACOBSON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bread and Lollipops

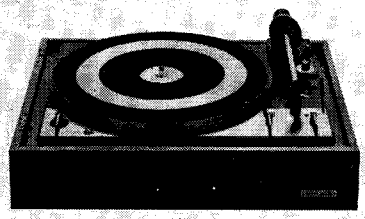
by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

In an era during which too-frequent rehearings—in concert, by radio and even television, and through recordings—of established masterpieces of music have deprived many of them of every element of surprise, what could be more natural than for jaded performers and listeners to turn, for the refreshment of adventure, to smaller music not yet or no longer hackneyed? The torrents of performed and recorded music by baroque composers of every size and shape that began a few years ago to answer this question now appear to be receding a little. They too (for too greedy, or gourmand, listeners) have begun to sound hackneyed, the "one concerto six hundred times" of a vicious but not entirely baseless jest about Vivaldi's output. More recently, some performers have begun to explore instead that long-*démodé* era, high nineteenth-century (or baroque) romanticism, and particularly the most despised of its constituents. We have begun to hear such almost troglodytic-sounding names, particularly in solo-piano music and the concerto, as Anton Rubinstein, Kalkbrenner, Pixis, Thalberg, Henselt, D'Albert, and Tausig. Columbia Records has instituted a long-term program for recording several varieties of the music of their period; its guide will be Raymond Lewenthal, who has been largely responsible for bringing back the music of Alkan and of Liszt's operatic transcriptions. We are, it seems, to be permitted to indulge in entertainments that delighted our great grandparents.

Who, for example, was Xaver Scharwenka? Answer: a Polish-German-American pianist of international renown and a minor composer of stylish glitter whose name preceded Rachmaninoff's in being known for both pianism and composition. He was born in unpronounceable Szamotuly in 1850 and died at Berlin in 1924. Now the protean Earl Wild, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has recorded the B-flat minor Piano Concerto that Scharwenka wrote as his Opus 32 when he was twenty-seven. Played for all it is worth, it provides genuine relief from our long-clotted, immobile repertoire. Foolishness would enter in only if someone were to try placing this alternately virtuosic and sentimental, but always craftsmanlike, concerto near the highest level of musical creation. Taken on its own terms, it surely *on occasion* can supply a very welcome replacement for the trillionth hearing of Tchaikovsky's First, Rachmaninoff's Second, even—dare one say so?—Beethoven's Fifth, Schumann's Only, and Brahms's Both. Leinsdorf's conducting and the playing by his Bostonians match the bravura of Mr. Wild's remarkably clean, highly controlled, many-shaded pianism. As lagniappe, the recording (RCA, LSC-3080, $5.98) tosses in Mr. Wild's solo performances of Balakirev's Lisztian "Reminiscences of Glinka's Opera *A Life of the Tsar*," Nikolai Merdtner's *Improvisation* (Opus 31, No. 1), and Eugen d'Albert's *Scherzo* (Opus 16, No. 2), of which only the Merdtner sounds uncomfortable in Scharwenka's company.

The somewhat American contribution to the era of baroque romanticism was, of course (as Vera Brodsky and Harold Triggs and Jeanne Behrend and a few others taught those who were listening), Louis Moreau Gottschalk of New Orleans and the world (1829-1869). From Desto we now have (DC 6470-73, $19.92) Alan Mandel's performance of forty of Gottschalk's odd, seductive semi-salon piano pieces. Because Mr. Mandel lacks Earl Wild's total control of the immediate, even the abrupt, nuance, his playing a little exaggerates the too-muchness of forty lollipops in succession—though, admittedly, some of the Gottschalk pieces he plays are more nourishing than lollipops and only a reviewer would be insane enough to listen attentively to forty of them at one sitting. Particularly, the "Latin American" pieces here were of extraordinary originality when composed; nor is it to be charged against Gottschalk that such of his other pieces as *The Last Hope* and *The Dying Poet* begot descendants among salon pieces for lesson-taking ladies. In this recording, the piano tone sounds a little queasy (the recording process? the piano used?), but Mr. Mandel's manipulation of it is almost invariably informed by a sharp sense of style. The fact that his earlier recording contained all of the piano music of Charles Ives may mean that music, ever a few years behind the other arts, is catching up. For to say Gottschalk and Ives is like saying Millet and Jackson Pollock or Ouida and Samuel Beckett. The minor composers of the mid-nineteenth century are upon us.

The Dual 1219 has more precision than you really need.



A good turntable must measure up to the demands of today's most sophisticated cartridges. The Dual 1219 automatic turntable also measures up to the demands of tomorrow's.

For example: The 1219 tonearm tracks the middle record of a stack at the ideal 15° stylus angle—like other automatics. But it doesn't tilt down when playing single records; instead, the entire tonearm shifts to keep the stylus at that ideal angle—unlike any other automatic.

The 1219 tonearm is also the longest on any automatic turntable. Because the longer the tonearm, the lower the tracking error. And it's mounted like a precision gyroscope, to move more freely than any other automatic arm.

To insure the optimum performance from any cartridge, the 1219 has separate settings for elliptical and conical styli.

These four refinements—in the arm alone—have but one purpose: to lower distortion that you probably couldn't have heard before we lowered it.

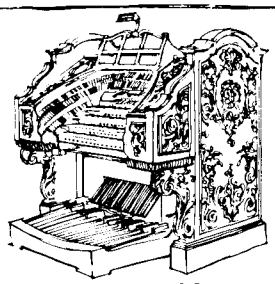
We didn't stop there, either. We gave the 1219 both dead-accurate synchronous speed and a control that lets you vary that speed to "tune" your records. (To match the pitch of musical instruments, for example.)

The 1219 simply bristles with refinements and features like these. It has, quite frankly, more precision than you may actually need. But not necessarily more than you may want.

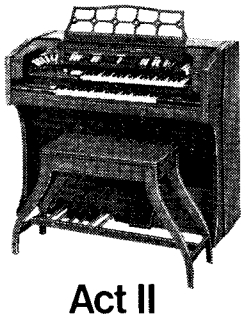
Our full-color brochure describes the $159.50 Dual 1219 in precise detail, as well as other Duals from $79.50. It may help you decide whether you want a turntable that will measure up to any of tomorrow's demands or just one that far excells any of today's. Write for it.

United Audio Products, Inc.,
120 So. Columbus Ave., Mount Vernon,
New York 10553. Dual

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Mighty Wurlitzer.



Act II

Remember the thrills of the Mighty Wurlitzer? We're still packing 'em in...in the new Wurlitzer Theater Console Organ for your home.

WURLITZER
means Music to millions®
DeKalb, Illinois 60115

PETERS EDITION

MUSIC CALENDAR 1970—$3.50

A most welcome gift combining unusual beauty and usefulness throughout the year, and remaining a permanent record thereafter.

The 29 illustrations for the 1970 Music Calendar (including the cover, title page and each two-week calendar page) are superb reproductions of works of art concerned primarily with composers, musical instruments and manuscripts.

Various countries and many centuries are represented through the widespread media of architecture, crystal, drawing, engraving, illuminated manuscript, painting (oil on canvas, wood panels), photography, pottery, printing, sculpture (bronze, marble, silver, stone and terra cotta), stone cut, textile, woodcut and woodwork. The traditional Peters Edition green cover (with easel back) encloses superior paper, beautifully printed.

Important musical events associated with each day of the year are listed on the reverse of each page: dates of composers, conductors, concert artists, educators and other musicians; first performances of various musical classics; founding dates of many leading schools and orchestras—interesting and valuable information in planning anniversary programs, and for many other purposes.

A special list of outstanding anniversaries occurring in 1970 is also included.

C. F. PETERS CORPORATION
373 Park Avenue South New York, N. Y. 10016

HARPSICHORD

. . . the instrument that opens to you a whole new world of fascinating music and sound. The choice of Universities, artists, teachers and music lovers. Write to the Makers for free catalog:

SABATHIL & SON
Dept. S. 1084 Homer St.,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Letters to the Recordings Editor

Ultimate Pop

THANKS TO Ellen Sander, I shared in "The Ultimate Pop Experience" [*SR*, Sept. 27]. I first learned of the Aquarian Exposition in *SR* many weeks before the festival. Immediately I marked the dates on my calendar. I began making plans for three days of "peace, clean air, and rock music." The Woodstock Music and Art Fair was that and more. Miss Sander's review brought back nostalgic recollections of a truly ultimate experience.

SHIRLEY BRIGHT,
Albion, N.Y.

Ultimate Pot

ELLEN SANDER reported on the Woodstock Festival as a cultural rather than a musical phenomenon, but in so doing she made some curious distortions and omissions. In the first place, she found 100,000 more people there than did other reporters, although she apparently did not trust her first count, for while in paragraph two she states that there were "almost half a million," by the time she reaches paragraph eleven she gets bolder and drops the "almost." It is also interesting that two aspects other reporters found newsworthy she does not mention: nudity and promiscuous sex. That is strange, since Miss Sander's own culture hero, John Lennon, has espoused and demonstrated both, nudity and sex being things that Lennon and Miss Sander in their quaint way seem to identify with peace. If Miss Sander thinks that a man's preference for being in bed with a woman over being shot at in battle is something only one under thirty can appreciate, let her, for a start, read *Lysistrata*.

Another phenomenon she dismisses with three words: "Drugs were plentiful." Whatever stronger mind-stretching drugs were in use (and apparently they were), the wire services reported that about 90 per cent of those attending the festival smoked marijuana. That is certainly of enough significance to need comment. Doctors have long noted that marijuana (unlike alcohol which, at times, can make one garrulous and rowdy) makes the user passive and gives him a feeling of euphoria. If our journalists are honest and we can believe what they tell us, and if nine-tenths of the audience were stoned, then in all likelihood it was pot, not pop, that made them behave as Miss Sander says they did.

HARRY J. RUNYAN,
New York, N.Y.

Bravos for Herrmann

I HAD BEEN waiting for years to get hold of Bernard Herrmann's superb Hitchcock film scores [ORCHESTRAL LPS, Sept. 27], and am grateful to the man at London Records who had the brainstorm of asking the composer to record some of them on "Phase 4" with the London Philharmonic. Also appreciated was *SR*'s treatment of this new disc as a "classical" item.

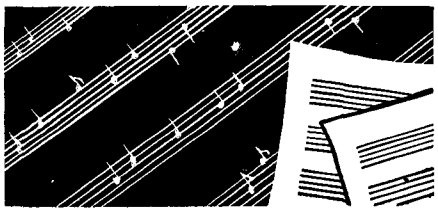
Although mainly a classical listener (hate that word!), I've always admired those select few composers—Herrmann particularly—who have truly mastered the art of scoring films; those whose scores not only heighten a film's drama (or comedy) but make compelling listening out of context.

It is a crime that in an age when dozens of faceless, formula-ridden sound tracks glut the record market many of the real gems remain untapped—how about Virgil Thomson's poignant score for *The Goddess*, for openers?

SR's readers may like to know about another fine Herrmann/LPO disc on the English Pye label (available here through McGraw-Hill Import Records, Inc.): *Welles Raises Kane* (a suite of items from *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*) and a suite from *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, all galvanically conducted by the composer. The *Welles* suite is not really comprehensive, however; both films deserve albums of their own. Anyone who has seen *Citizen Kane* will not soon forget the sinister music that contributes so much to our impression of Xanadu, or the dizzying accompaniment to Mrs. Kane's nightmarish operatic tour.

It's no coincidence that Hitchcock has used Herrmann to score most of his pictures for the past fifteen years.

STEPHEN C. HILLYER,
Evanston, Ill.



Karajan's Operas

IN THE REVIEW of Karajan's Deutsche Grammophon recording of *Siegfried* [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Sept. 27], a point is made about the over-loud orchestra drowning out the singers. I find this to be also true of Karajan's *Otello*, on the London label, where even the stentorian Del Monaco has a devil of a time cutting through an almost impenetrable orchestral wall. If this is undesirable in a Wagner opera (where some say, although I disagree, that the orchestra is "the thing"), then it is inexcusable in an Italian opera, where the voices have traditionally been of paramount importance.

Since Solti's *Siegfried* (on the same label as Karajan's *Otello* and with the same orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic) does *not* offend in this way, one is tempted to think Karajan is the culprit and that the imbalance in the orchestra's favor may reveal, on his part, a kind of contempt for the human voice.

RAY RUSSELL,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Met

Continued from page 68

performing artists at the new theater. The expanded facilities and the more demanding productions proved a greater physical burden than had been anticipated. However, the Met management is unwilling to admit the existence of such problems, many of which stem from ill-planning or unreasonable scheduling. Contrary to the Met's recurring emphasis on the monetary nature of AGMA's demands, the working conditions, a non-economic consideration, are paramount to the performers.

The advertisement also included the statement: "Frequent bad press and low company morale indicate that dedication and talent alone are not sufficient to overcome these prohibitive working conditions."

In the self-serving way that such presentations are likely to take, it is asserted that the Met "canceled vacation pay" when the employees were laid off in June 1969. Actually, vacation pay for the period ending June 30 had been paid months before. What was not *prepaid* were the amounts to be earned when the new contract was negotiated. There is also some bitterness on the part of AGMA's people that the Met took action that delayed their access to unemployment benefits. It can be interpreted either as the response of one pressure tactic to another, or as a further failure in management-labor communications.

Plainly there are, in all the areas thus surveyed, many determinations that involve options—which is to say, a choice of alternatives made by those presently charged with the administration of the Metropolitan as to how, in their judgment, its affairs should be conducted. The underlying reality is that any agreement now foreseeable will be merely a papering-over of a deep schism.

The crux of the matter, then, is what happens in the aftermath of such a papering-over, when the next contractual reprieve expires, presumably at the end of the 1971-72 season. Then, as the circumstances are presently understood, a change of administration may be forthcoming. If there are options in the running of the Metropolitan about which reasoning, as well as reasonable, men may disagree, what possibilities of change can be considered?

There is in being a committee of the Metropolitan's board that is responsible for making recommendations for such a change in directorship. Will it also be making recommendations for a change in direction? Or will the present policies continue under different names? One need not engage in recriminations about personalities to direct attention to viewpoints and methods, a change in the election of options, and the selection of priorities. Nor need one engage in *pro forma* recognition of the magnitude of Rudolf Bing's services to the Metropolitan to recognize that the necessity for the kind of new look that he took when he came on the scene in 1950 is again at hand and in need of implementation.

Specifics of the ways in which present management-employee relations can be improved are for specialists in such matters to recommend. Equally in need of close study is an examination bearing on all aspects of the Metropolitan's artistic procedures, with a view to reviewing options and priorities for the long term to come, when short-term solutions have been exhausted. These are all matters for those interested in the institution, rather than in individuals, to ponder.

RECORD MART

RATES are the same as those charged for classified advertising

FREE CATALOGUES—Personalities, jazz broadcasts of the Thirties. ARG, 341 Cooper Station, NYC 10003.

NEW YORK'S CHOICE for classical vocal 78s, some deleted LPs. Monthly lists. Also personality, popular, jazz. Collections bought. THE RECORD ALBUM, 254 West 81st Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

HISTORICAL REISSUES BY HELIODOR—Works conducted by DeSabata, Furtwaengler. Ask for catalogue containing many fine imports. BREMEN HOUSE, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028.

HARD-TO-GET folk, jazz and blues LPs. Send wants. Monon Record Service, Box 18221 BQ, San Francisco, California 94118.

UNPOPULAR NON-CLUB offers LP immortalities at a pittance. "Masterpieces in the Mail" presents major labels and special "finds" in entertaining format. For free subscription write Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

FREE RECORD CATALOGUE listing thousands of classical, opera, folk, jazz, popular, show, spoken religious and language records. Mono and stereo. Buy by mail and save from the largest, exclusive mail order distributor in the world. Send name, address today to Dept. SR, Chesterfield Music Shops, Inc., 12 Warren Street, N.Y. 10007.

JAZZ BY SABA. For the collector and connoisseur. Outstanding jazz work from Germany by international artists. NEW in the USA. Free Brochures. SABA-USA, 724 North 7th Street, Allentown, Pennsylvania 18102.

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 SR, New York, New York 10023.

TAPES . . . blank recording . . . pre-recorded music. Catalogue 10¢. Tower, Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania 19444.

DELETED LP CLASSICS, shows, tracks, personalities, jazz. No 45s or 78s. No catalogues. Send want list for prices. DAYTON'S, 824 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003. Telephone 212-AL 4-5084.

IMPORTED EUROPEAN LPs available from stock or to order. Ask for our monthly LP lists and/or occasional lists of 78 rpm collectors' records, vocal and instrumental. Ross, Court & Co., 3244 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

FABULOUS OLD TIME RADIO, on tape. Free catalogue. Box 2511, Denver, 80201.

Byron Janis' Accompanist

The New Baldwin

sound guarantee ...for life!

New Radiant-Gold Lifetime Cassettes. Radiant makes the sound go round—for *life*. We guarantee it. In *writing*. A new high in recording tape quality. You can have it in 30, 60, 90 or 120-minute lengths wherever cassettes are sold.

RADIANT CORPORATION
Morton Grove, Ill. 60035

EASY TO PLAY KUENG RECORDER
"Finest Swiss Import"

Made of choicest Swiss pear, maple, cherry, rosewood, etc. Kueng Soprano complete with fingering chart, bag **$8.95.** Also Purcell, Harvard and Aulos Recorders. Altos from **$12.** Student Special: Corelli Soprano **$4.50.**

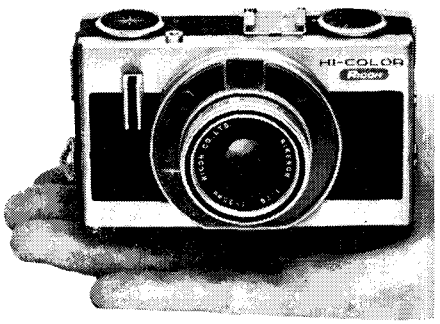
In 13th Printing: Harold Newman Melody Method for Recorders $1.25.

Recorder Instruction Kit. Soprano Recorder, Method Book. Three 7" LP Instruction Records boxed **$5.95.**

Send for Free Catalog R109

HARGAIL MUSIC, INC.
157 West 57 Street, NYC 10019

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SO EASY TO GIVE AND TAKE

Here's the ultra-compact, ultra-automatic Ricoh Hi-Color . . . the all new, full-frame 35mm camera that fits in the palm of your hand. Automatic film advance lets you take 15 pictures in rapid sequence without stopping to wind. Automatic CdS electric eye sets perfect exposures every time. Shutter speeds from 1/30 to 1/300 second. Get this one for great full frame 35mm color slides, color prints, or black & white snapshots. Under $75.

RICOH

RICOH

Distributed in U.S.A. by Lenco Photo Products, Inc. . . . in Canada by Ricoh of Canada Ltd.

In a Second

ONE DROP FRESHENS YOUR BREATH.

Binaca®

CONCENTRATED GOLDEN BREATH DROPS

#1 National Non-fiction Bestseller

The secret weapon in executive warfare.

THE PETER PRINCIPLE

Why Things Always Go Wrong

Dr. Laurence J. Peter and Raymond Hull

$4.95 MORROW

To a Vietnam Veteran

Continued from page 29

hamlet, went back often to Binhco. Soon he had his engineers rebuild two houses that had been burned in a fire fight. Noticing the shabby condition of the thatch-roofed school, he talked with the school teacher and discovered that one of the things the hamlet most wanted was an adequate school building. Patton had one built, though he had need for the materials and labor in his own base camp.

In the course of our trips to Binhco, I fell for a little girl the age of my own, and on Livingston's first visit, I asked him to see her family. He treated the widowed mother and all four of the girls for a variety of ailments. (In trying to determine how best to send money regularly to this family since my return to the United States, I discovered from the local banker that many servicemen have come into the bank to execute regular drafts for families or institutions in Vietnam. This to me indicates some "care about the Vietnamese.") I suggest that our efforts—Patton's, Fulmer's, Livingston's and mine—in Binhco were of such a nature that they showed sincere concern.

When I last went back to Binhco, shortly before my return to the States in July, I found it strikingly different from the hamlet I first entered months back, nervously fingering the trigger of my weapon. On this last visit, the children mobbed me, remembering, apparently, my more frequent visits of months before, and I walked through the town with no escort and no fear. Patton and Fulmer had, to my mind, succeeded in changing the mood of apprehension toward U.S. soldiers to one of fellowship.

Was Patton insensitive to the Vietnamese? I saw all of the above; in addition I have seen Patton weep at the plight of a child newly orphaned; I have seen him deny to a measure the requirements of his own command in order to share with the Vietnamese. And I've seen Patton when he was very angry, especially following the death of one of his men, one whom he knew and highly regarded. If he uttered the 90 per cent killing-10 per cent pacification formula as Livingston says, I suspect that it may have been in the tense aftermath of news of some new losses in his command. Patton took the loss of his soldiers as a personal loss. He could never get used to that facet of fighting.

I thought at the time I served in the Eleventh ACR that Livingston was a highly sensitive young officer. In looking over his charges, some of which have basis in fact, many of which are distortions of fact, many of which are contrary to fact, I conclude that his extreme sensitivity rendered him unable to balance, to place into context, to reserve judgment when necessary. He is vicious about *our* supposedly intentional mistreatment of the Vietnamese and decries our good will in extending aid—even medical aid. Yet, could Livingston have forgotten last Christmas Eve when he was called away from a hospital staff dinner party to try, along with other doctors at the party, to save some Vietnamese children who had been horribly burned when a VC threw a thermite grenade into the choir loft of the church at Xuanloc as the children were singing midnight mass? I haven't forgotten this. I doubt if Livingston really has.

Finally, I am sorry that a young man who was obviously devoted to trying to help people chose such an immature, histrionic way of gaining attention. And I'm sorry that the efforts of people like Captains Fulmer and Witter, and Colonel Patton, were belittled. A more mature appraisal of the civic action efforts of the Eleventh ACR would not have resulted in Livingston's conclusions. But nothing I can say can refute Livingston so well as Binhco itself. Its children, now going to school and playing on a real playground—indeed, its very mood—in a small way are the best denials of Livingston's charges, and the best affirmations that there were people who cared.

WILLIAM C. HAPONSKI,
Lt. Col., U.S. Army,
Associate Professor of English,
U.S. Military Academy,
West Point, N.Y.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 28: integral, Relating, alerting, triangle.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theater

Continued from page 56

der to survive. Yet Kopit doesn't really deal with a question like this.

At the end of the play, however, Kopit does recapture our total attention with two exciting and tragic scenes. In the first, Manu Tupou, as Sitting Bull, rises to tell the Senators his demands. He and his people are willing to live like white men, but they want the government to give them all the white men's benefits. He says, "For we are great as Indians, and therefore should be no less great as white men." It is an intensely moving speech that has striking parallels with today's black power attitudes.

Equally devastating is the following scene in which the assassinated Sitting Bull speaks from beyond the grave to Buffalo Bill. When Bill asks him if he had really believed that the buffalo would return, he replies, "It seemed no less likely than Christ's returning, and a great deal more useful." Most eloquent is his voiced irony, "How terrible it would be if we finally owe to the white man not only our destruction but also our glory." And his final remark that he had never killed Buffalo Bill because he knew it would not really matter is deflating to all people who have a strong sense of their own importance.

Stacy Keach, who manages to keep his taxing portrayal of Buffalo Bill at full energy throughout, has the less rewarding of the two roles. For the play to work the audience must not like him enough to forgive him for accepting his delusions. Thus it is really only in the final scene that he can rise to something exceptional. This he does with the aid of several masks. As he faces the pain of recalling each of his deluded crimes, he peels off a mask to reveal a bloodier one underneath. Finally he comes to his blood-smeared face. At the end he is shatteringly helpless as he pathetically asks us to buy some Indian handiwork to encourage the Indians to help themselves.

Gene Frankel, who directed *Indians* at Washington D.C.'s Arena Stage (THEATER, June 7), has brought substantially the same cast to Broadway. His staging and Julie Arenal's choreography are disciplined and astute. If the proceedings seem a little too relentlessly in high key, it is possible that this was necessary in order to sweep us through the play's excursiveness. Once we reach the end, however, we are glad we have made this strange theatrical journey through the conscience of a bygone figure whose dilemma is very much with us today.

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in Taiwan, India, Brazil, Thailand and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most.
I will pay $12 a month.
I enclose my first payment of $_____.
Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

SR 109G

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions: 52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

HILL-LANE TYPING—No job impossible. Accurate, reasonable. 212-PL 1-4747.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box N-693.

RESEARCH. WRITING. SPEECHES for business, professional people. Researchers Associated. Box N-680.

PROFESSIONAL PUBLISHED WRITER. 28 years proved success, will write, rewrite, edit. Any subject, any media. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

EDITING—WRITING—RESEARCH. Speeches, advertising, etc. 2 professional writers. Box R-653.

BOOKS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS—Catalogue 602, "The Expatriates," now available. William Young & Co., P.O.B. 41, Winchester, Massachusetts 01890.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

FIRST EDITIONS. rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 756 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

ORIENTALIA. 11 East 12th Street, NYC 10003. Catalogues, 10¢ each: #1. Middle East; #2. Far East; #3. Languages; #4. India.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BOOKS. Over 300 titles. Catalogue. Focus Gallery, 2146 Union Street, San Francisco, California 94123.

O.P. AND UNUSUAL HUMOR catalogue. Over 900 books. $1.00, deductible first purchase. Bargain Books, 1053 8th Avenue, San Diego, 92101.

NEEDED AT ONCE: Copy of out-of-print title, The Way of a Ship, by Alan Villiers, published in 1953. Please contact: Claes Sjogreen, Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFT. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

A.W. HODGES, Centennial, Wyoming 82055, has fresh designs, stock and individualized. 25¢ refundable for prices, samples.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CAN'T FIND IT—try us. Carroll Road Book Studio, P.O. Box 7, Woburn, Massachusetts 01801.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

CINEMA. OLD-NEW. Monthly Catalogue. Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

ARE ACQUISITIONS DIFFICULT? Write Teekhai Book Acquisitions, 39 Hopedale, Allston, Massachusetts 02134.

ART

DALI, MIRO, CHAGALL: Illustrated brochure etchings, lithographs. 50¢. Atlas Arts, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS." 25¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Hirsch, Landau, Margulies, Raphael Soyer. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

SOUTHERN GRAPHICS ART CIRCLE—contemporary originals direct from internationally acclaimed artists; museum quality. Free catalogue. Rt 1, Box 8, Micanopy, Florida 32667.

MASTERPIECE ART REPRODUCTIONS—Rembrandt to Picasso. 8" x 10". Matted, ready for hanging. $1.75 each. Free catalogue. Port-A-Gallery, 3656 Waldo Avenue, Riverdale 10463.

SHOWSTACK ORIGINALS: Oils, $20.00, Inks, $6.00. 4" x 6"+. P.O. Box 8555, Boston, 02114.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS — Excellent modern German instruments by Sperrhake. Beautiful cabinetry, moderate prices. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland 20034.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Finnish Kanteles, Irish harps, Greek bouzoukees and liras; balalaikas, zithers, dulcimers; Indian and Mexican instruments; historical brass, woodwinds, strings. Catalogue $1 refunded first purchase. Classical Instruments, 133 Gateway Building, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

HARPSICHORDS with the most fascinating sound by North America's leading builders, Sabathil & Son, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

RENAISSANCE/BAROQUE LUTES-VIOLS. Die Renaissance Gilde, Rt. 2, East Troy, Wisconsin 53120 (or 7625 Schapbach/Schwarwald, Germany).

DULCIMERS, PSALTERIES and other easily made and played instruments. Kits. $15.55 up, instruments $38.50 up. Instruction record and book. HERE Inc. S, Box 341, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. Superior German import. Brochures, Dealerships. Gregoire Harpsichord Shop, Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

A USED BECHSTEIN can be like a used diamond—but make sure you know its history. Call collect: John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Piano Imports, 215-563-6555.

KITS! Build a guitar, dulcimer, or balalaika. Prices from $7.95. 8665 West 13th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80215.

MUSIC

GUITARISTS—Too busy to practice? Five minutes weekly teaches folk strums, barres, melody. Beginner—advanced. Samples, 10¢. Steele's, Box 114, San Rafael, California 94902.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

LEARN POPULAR PIANO — Short, interesting course. Bernard Spencer, M.A., Steinway Hall, COlumbus 5-1418 NYC.

STIMULATING, HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PIANO INSTRUCTION by Viennese concert pianist in her East Side studio. 988-9898 NYC.

GUITAR INSTRUCTION

CLASSIC, FOLK, popular, jazz. Private lessons. Ronny Lee, 212-CI 7-0663.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-SR, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

ADULT EDUCATION

EDGAR CAYCE SEMINAR—Join with scientists, doctors, psychical researchers. November 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th at Overseas Press Club. Registration $12. A.R.E. of New York, 34 West 35th. Phone: 212-947-3885.

GRADUATE STUDIES

THE INTERNATIONAL CAREER TRAINING Program is accepting applications from college graduates for classes beginning February 16th, 1970. The one year program combines cross-cultural and organizational studies with internships in the U.S. and abroad. Exciting opportunity to enter the international field. Write: International Career Training Program, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

SCHOOLS

LEARN PUBLIC RELATIONS—See "PERSONALS."

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools, summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 344-page 29th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Liberal Arts.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711. Dept. SR.

ROYALTON COLLEGE—School of International Affairs. Four year program, International Relations. Emphasizing World Literature, Economics, and Politics. Interest, ability and willingness to work stressed more than past performance. Bachelor of Arts degree. For further information, Director of Admissions, Royalton College, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

BACHELOR'S DEGREE from Syracuse University. Directed self-study programs specifically designed for adults unable to attend classes on campus. Write Bachelor's Degree Program, Room 200, Syracuse University, 610 East Fayette Street, Syracuse, N.Y. 13202.

FOR THE GOURMET

WILD RICE. Fancy $4.00 pound prepaid. 5 pound minimum. Eugene Floura, Blackduck, Minnesota 56630.

FRUIT CAKE for Christmas entertaining and giving. Unusual family recipe with honey, brandy and chocolate. Keeps as long as you can resist it! For instructions, send $2.00 to: Writer's Corner, Box 714, NYC 10022.

WINE MAKING KIT—$4.95 postpaid. Free catalogue. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

CREATE THE DINNERS of Europe's great restaurants. Free brochure, Recipe Research, Box R-690.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE GOURMET

"DELICIOUS DELICACIES"—Smoked Ham, Sausage and Turkey Specialties. Give a gift long remembered. Hickory Valley Farm, Inc., Little Kunkletown, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

BEER, like bread, is better homemade. New Homebrew Kit makes it for 2¢ a bottle. Easy step-by-step manual and hydrometer for perfect carbonation, no guesswork. $3.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Evinco-H, Box 1432, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD FOODS and food gifts. Write for catalogue!. The Purveyer, Dept. S, Box 354, Wellesley, Massachusetts 02181.

PERSONALS

WELLESLEY SHOPPERS SHOWCASE, Shelburne Town Hall, October 29th. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

WHERE ARE THESE PAINTINGS? John deMartelly's "Economic Discussion" and "No more Mowing." Present owner please reply to Kresge Art Center, Michigan State University, East Lansing, 48823.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS and manuscripts wanted for sale at auction. Force collectors and dealers and librarians to compete for and pay top prices for your material. Hamilton Galleries, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE, China, Glass, Silver. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

USE OUR CAMP (Art & Music) when we don't! Private School? Workshop? Therapy Groups? Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey 08318.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit: Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 10-9-D, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS, Gloves, Moccasins. Send 50¢ for genuine buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

ROLLINS COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE in fiction and magazine-article writing, Winter Park, Florida. November 7th, 8th, 9th. Consultant—Allen Drury (Advise and Consent). Featuring—Richard Powell (The Philadelphian) and William R. Shelton (Countdown). Applications: Box 259, Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida 32789.

A GENUINE COLLECTOR'S ITEM FOR $5? Absolutely! The beautiful closing program distributed to the last audience at the old Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway and the magnificent gala opening-night program of the new Metropolitan at Lincoln Center. Mint condition. Packaged together in polyethylene for your library or as a gift. Only a limited supply left. After that, no more. Postpaid. Check, money order to METPROGRAM, 19th Floor, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

CITRUS SEASON begins in November. Send for free brochure. Shipping Florida's Finest Grapefruit and Oranges to 47 states, Canada, and Europe. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

MUSKIE '72 bumper strip, attractive green and white plastic easily removable. 3/$1.00; 7/$2.00. David Link, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

PERSONALS

ELLIS ISLAND PHOTOS, posters, documents or other items concerning immigrant arrival 1892-1918 wanted by publisher for book reproduction. Send details (not originals) to Chatham Press, Box 314, Old Greenwich, Connecticut 06870.

MYSTIC GIFTS—Not mysterious "mystic" but enchanting gifts from the Ship's Hold, Mystic, Connecticut 06355. Request free catalogue.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

DOG CHRISTMAS CARDS and Notes. 35¢ brings sample. State breed. Betsey Brownell, 192 Bowen Street, Providence, R.I. 02906.

HARPSICHORD—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free Brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 10014.

NOW—LEARN PUBLIC RELATIONS at home! For an exciting career—or to improve your own business. Taught by skilled professionals, by mail. Practical, easy; only course of its kind. Write: Dept. RA, American Institute of Public Relations, 141 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

FREE GIFT CATALOGUE . . . unique items of highest quality. Write States SRI, 4201 Groveland, Baltimore, Maryland 21215.

THE 3-OF-US at MFA pick mutual funds very well. Written up by CLEARING HOUSE, magazine for bankers. Get brochure. Mutual Funds Advisory, 382 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

COLLOQUY—a dynamic new magazine for education in church and society. Send for free copy: Colloquy, Room 804, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02108.

HAND WEAVERS—Leclerc Looms available from our stock. Free catalogue. School Products Company, 312 East 23rd Street, New York, 10010.

PLAYER PIANO ROLLS! Music Books. Teach yourself Piano, Organ, Guitar, Accordion, Violin, Mandolin, Banjo, Ukelele, Harmonica. Big catalogue only 25¢. Satisfaction guaranteed! Golden Rule, Box 28-SR, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

BEER, like bread, is better homemade. New Homebrew Kit makes it for 2¢ a bottle. Easy step-by-step manual and hydrometer for perfect carbonation, no guesswork. $3.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Evinco-F, Box 1432, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

CLASSICAL GUITAR TECHNIQUE. A new approach, basic to advanced. Play Renaissance, Baroque, Spanish masters, etc., as you progress. First time in print. $3.00 ppd to: Renaissance, Dept. SR 8, Box 34, Chelmsford, Massachusetts 01824.

RUBBER GARMENTS in fashion shades of LATEX and STARSHEEN (Continental) rubber. Illustrated catalogue $1.00 airmail from Kastley Limited, P.O. Box 24, Blackburn, Lancs., England.

ELEGANT SMALL OIL PORTRAITS of children. Send birthdate, clear picture and coloring. Framed, $50. CAREDI, 25 Main, Kennebunk, Maine 04043.

FOR PARTIALLY SIGHTED PEOPLE, Xerox prints Reader's Digest 2½ times larger than original size. A new selected article version is now available at a new low price. To send a gift subscription, mail us your address and the name and address of the recipient. Enclose a $25.00 check for a year ($12.95 for 6 months). Or we can bill you later. Write Xerox Systems Center, Dept. #4, P.O. Box 3300, Grand Central Station, New York 10017.

INSTANT SPANISH. Actual conversation. Free lesson. Mayco, Dept. K-6, 257 Chloride Star, Kingman, Arizona 86401.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

PERSONALS

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

CONSERVING WHALES—Recent information suggests that many whale species have the most highly developed brains known along with advanced cultures and sophisticated languages. Whale life should be allowed to continue and not be destroyed by the shortsighted greed for oil and dog food. If the property of the whaling industry is destroyed there will be a future for whales. For a Free Bibliography write to: Whales, P.O. Box 404, State College, Pennsylvania 16801.

WHOSE PERFUME? Yours should say the things you want to say. Exclusive blends in fine boutiques. Reserved formulas for individuals. Request blending chart. PERFUMES, 102 Crickett Avenue, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

ARE YOU WISE to western weather? Let Weatherwise provide accurate statistical data for any place on Pacific Coast, Nevada, Arizona. Data based on official weather reports. One locality $1; 3/$2; 5/$3. WEATHERWISE, Box 1302, Vista, California 92083.

J.P. MORGAN, JAY GOULD, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Gates, Drew, Fisk, Rockefeller autographs, letters, documents, bonds wanted. Wall Street Prints, Ltd, 740 Madison Avenue, NYC 10021.

RADICALS FED WITH FACTIONALISM are merging in (R)EVOLUTION, paper, $1.95. Bulldog Books, Box 1078, New Haven, Connecticut.

WE HAVE THE PERFECT GIFT for young and old—unique, divinely comfortable, wonderfully decorative. Let us send you our beautiful BABUCHA, a very large footwarmer (muff) handmade of natural Pyrenees Mt. goat fur lined with lamb's wool. $30 ppd. Iberian Imports, 901 Sherman Street, Denver, Colorado 80203.

TEACHERS, OTHERS: Study Esperanto for CREDIT (Graduate, Undergraduate). Massachusetts State College, North Adams, Massachusetts 01247.

PERSONAL SEALS engraved in English silver. For details write J. Davis, 235 West 102nd Street, Apt. 7D, NYC 10025.

EDWARD M. KENNEDY QUARTERLY. Everything about the Senator. 4-issue subscription: $2.00. Sample copy: 50¢. Write EMK-SR, 675 Tysens Lane, Staten Island, N.Y. 10306.

TANTALIZING CUSTOM CROSTICS delight erudite recipients! Your intriguing personal message assures delectable observance of anniversaries, birthdays, bon voyage or holidays. Expensive. Sampling without cunctation. Box R-662.

2,000 GIFT IDEAS UNDER $3. Send today for Miles Kimball's new free 196-page Fall catalogue and shop in comfort from your armchair. Catalogue features unusual gifts, housewares, toys, many distinctive imports, many items not found in local shops—each one fairly priced and backed up by an ironclad, lived-up-to guarantee. Your complete satisfaction is assured! Write Miles Kimball, 247 Bond Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54901.

HOW MANY VIETNAMESE fought in our Civil War? Bumper stickers, 5/$1.00. Stamps, 66/$1.00. Bell Company, Beverly Hills, 90210.

REAL FOSSIL leaf impressions twenty million years old. $1.00, in plastic $1.75. The Week-end, Fossil, Oregon 97830.

POSTERS (over 175, many antiwar, buttons (over 225), bumper stickers, peace jewelry and earrings. Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

WANTED: RCA 1950 recording Stokowski conducting PERCY GRAINGER compositions including "Early One Morning." Mint condition required. Box R-666.

PLAYBOY MAGAZINES—advise issue needed. Box 505, Gastonia, N.C. 28052.

(Continued on page 88)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 87)

WANTED: Mah-Jongg game. Box R-643.

MUSKIE/NADER in 1972 . . . bumper stickers 4/$1.00; buttons 5/$1.00. Sanderson, P.O. Box 23392, New Orleans, Louisiana 70123.

ITALIAN PROFESSOR. lady, will exchange Italian conversation lessons with American lady. East side, Manhattan. SR Box R-677.

THE WRETCHED MESS Gift Catalogue lets you do all your gift shopping in West Yellowstone, Montana, wherever that is! Know the thrill! Send 10¢ to Wretched Mess News, Box E68, West Yellowstone, Montana 59758.

FAMILY ANTIQUE. 1850's. for sale. Hand carved rosewood parlor set. Box R-691.

DECORATIVE. INFORMATIVE "1970 World Holiday Calendar." $3.00. The Friendly World, GPO 1004, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

TUNE IN to the "Secret of Success"; 183 pages written to help you change destiny by living your life completely and fully, the way you want. Send $1.65 plus 10% handling for this guide to PALM HOUSE GIFTS, 4164 Des Plaines Drive, Sarasota, Florida 33581.

COMPOSER SEEKS LYRICIST. Slow ballads with message. Folk. Promotional know-how helpful. Send sample to Box R-669.

CAMERA WANTED—Desperate for Brownie Reflex in good condition. Good price offered. Box R-652.

PEPPER & SALT. $1 year—5 good issues. It's different. Not at newsstands. Room 1102S, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

VIETNAM—Love it or leave it! Bumper stickers, 5/$1.00. Stamps 66/$1.00. Bell Company, Beverly Hills, 90210.

JUDAISM—Learn about it. National Jewish Information Service, 6412½ West Olympic Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CANADIAN GIRL, 19, availab'e child care position Europe January-May. Excellent skier, swimming instructor. Would consider connection with hotel, ski resort. English only language. Box R-638.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN, 40, seeking job around books—publishing, selling, etc. Locality fairly immaterial. Box R-355.

SAILOR, NANNY, professional nurse wishes to crew anywhere, 6 months. Box R-672.

ART TEACHER seeks position in junior college or prep school teaching drawing, design, painting, crafts, sculpture. Would like to bring own facilities, workshop, jewelry, enameling, welding equipment. Taught 9 years, producing craftsman 5 years. Box R-610.

SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR, experienced, capable, excellent reputation and credentials, desires change of podium starting Season 1971-'72. Challenging "Metropolitan" situation preferred. Prior nonresident status possible. Exchange details. Box R-687.

RESOURCEFUL YOUNG MAN, 20, seeks unusual job, January-April; expedition leadership experience. Box R-681.

ENGLISH B.A., 24, speaks French, photographs, musical background, seeks job. Box R-678.

IDEA MAN, 31, M.A., M.F.T., fluent in Portuguese and Spanish, now Dean of Students, seeks challenging, worthwhile position U.S. or abroad. Box R-647.

SAILING—Female, 22, wants to crew. West Indies. Winter season. Box R-656.

RESPONSIBLE PAINTER/SCULPTOR and family need *nonurban retreat and work space. Will consider investment* or income. Experienced as caretaker, clerk, listener, etc. Box R-47.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

RECENT WIDOW living alone in mid-Manhattan requires sleep-in aide-housekeeper. References. Box R-628.

BEGINNING, UNKNOWN AUTHORS. Write what you please as long as it's lively and gets attention. Weekly newspaper seeks articles, short stories, essays. Here is opportunity for hearing before audience of alert, intelligent New Yorkers. By-line plus 2¢ a word. 1,000 to 2,000 words. Manhattan East, 185 East 85th, NYC 10028.

STENOS. TYPISTS EXPERIENCED! Needed immediately to work temporarily for Manpower Inc. High hourly rate. Assignments availab'e in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston—over 400 cities throughout the country. See telephone directory for address in your city.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

LONDON—secretaries/typists—work Summer or Fall. Applicants pay own fare. Miss Liberty, Inc., 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 (send stamped self-addressed envelope).

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108, Cortez, Florida 33522.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DB, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

NEEDED FOR NEW CANAAN High School: 1. Industrial arts teacher for wood and metals. 2. Guidance counselor —young male preferred. Master's in guidance, some teaching experience on h.s. level required. Apply to Mr. Harold Kenney, New Canaan Public Schools, 158 Main Street, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. 203-966-9575.

NEWS EDITOR, RELOCATE GERMANY. Minimum 5 years newswriting experience, knowledge French or German. Excellent fringe benefits include furnished housing. Send resume and salary required to Box R-640.

ATTENTION, SKIERS: Experts—immediate sales openings, Macy's Herald Square, 34th Street, for ski season, full and part time hours. For further details re salary, specific hours, benefits, call Mrs. Friedman, 212-OX-5-4400, Extension 3474.

EXPERIENCED FIRST READER-pencil editor. Small select trade book company. Nonfiction only. New York City. SR R-670.

CARE for six year old boy. You will be one of our family in Darien, who summer in Vermont; no housework, most evenings free, use of car; your own air-conditioned room, TV, etc. We have two dogs and two cats, so you must have a sense of humor with your maturity. Box R-674.

PERSONAL MAID-upstairs housekeeper Virginia country estate. No cooking. Private apartment. $80. Five days. References. Box R-701.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

POUND RIDGE, SOUTH SALEM, N.Y. area. New 3 bedroom, bath, fully carpeted ranch home with terrace, garage. Over an acre wooded, landscaped plot. 15 minutes to r.r. Excellent school system. Low interest rate. SR Box R-218.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Immediate occupancy. Large comfortable home. 4¾ acres. Riker Real Estate. 802-362-1484.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND. Victorian Gothic mansion, "Longfield," made famous by Charles Dana Gibson. 8 large rooms, 4 bedrooms, spacious halls, 2½ baths, 5 marble fireplaces, 2 plus rooms 3rd floor. With or without antique furniture and china. On 1 acre, pool. Open weekends through October 1:00-5:00. Written bids accepted. Daniel Gibson Knowlton, 1200 Hope Street, Bristol, Rhode Island 02809.

CRAFTSBURY COMMON, VERMONT—The oldest house in town, 1 acre. Privacy. 6 rooms, restored, central heat. Views. $18,000. Anne K. Batten, Real Estate, East Hardwick, Vermont 05836. 802-472-6066. Free brochure.

MARVELOUS GARDEN SETTING, 4 bedroom Colonial, Queens, N.Y. Ideal writer, artist. Reduced to $40,000. 212-IN 3-6762.

For Sale—Furnished

CHALET ON STRATTON MOUNTAIN, Stratton, Vermont. One acre on ski trail, "Wanderer." Furnished, linens, all appliances. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, living room, dining area, kitchen, sauna, 2 fireplaces. Available immediately. Call Jacobson, 201-567-5262.

For Rent—Furnished

MEXICO CITY—5 bedrooms, 3 baths, garden, studio. Fully equipped. Servants. Suburban, 20 minutes from downtown.. December 19th-January 19th. $800 complete. SR Box R-395.

"AT HOME ABROAD" Holiday rentals: Jamaica, Barbados, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal. Many with staff included. Brochure: 136 East 57th, #1901, NYC 10022. 212-HA 1-9165.

LAS VEGAS—3 bedroom Townhouse, 6 months from April 1st. SR Box R-80.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box P-150.

ANTIGUA—Beautiful beach house, spectacular view, terrace, servants. SR Box R-693.

WALDEN—needs Thoreau. Cottage, secluded but accessible. View. Kent, Connecticut. SR Box R-700.

WARNER, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Charming modern home, spectacular setting. 25 acres. 603-648-4740.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca. N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENT WANTED

WANTED: Unfurnished 3 room apartment, Manhattan, West side. Box R-698.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN VERMONT PROPERTIES. Alfred Lunde, Realtor, Morrisville, Vermont 05661. 802-888-2388.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

VERMONT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS, 13 beautiful acres, *panoramic views. 4 bedrooms, built 1777, stone fireplace.* $17,500. Guyette Realty, 38½ Center Street, Rutland, Vermont 05701. 802-775-1200.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET, "999 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 328-M, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

FREE SAMPLE. Monthly newsletter makes working at home easier, more profitable. $12 yearly. Home Office Report, 17SR Scarsdale Farm Road, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583.

VACATIONS

THIRTEEN ACRES—Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, all year resort. Dietary laws.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $15 to $20 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

MILLER'S COTTAGE—Tunbridge, Vermont. Away from hurrying world. Fully equipped. Sleeps 8. $80 week. Henry Swayze, Tunbridge, Vermont 05077.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

FLORIDA SUNCOAST. Bayfront cottages $75.00 week to December. Apartments, cottages, Christmas and winter season. Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515.

IN SUNNY BARBADOS—Gracious, casual living on cool, sparkling southeast coast, incomparable INCHCAPE, overlooking secluded coral sand beach, limitless sea views, one and two bedroom guest houses tastefully furnished, maid-cook included, $140-$200 week December-April; $80-$125 week May-November. Few openings now early December, early January, late March, April . . . Susan Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854. Tel. 301-762-3325.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-Q, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

SHARE AN ISLAND . . . Population: 2. Five couples share private beach, palms, gin clear water. No jackets, please! Little Thatch Island Resort, West End, Tortola, BVI.

MEXICO—$70 weekly, Double, American Plan. Ancient Spanish Colonial Inn. Continuous operation since 1824. Sunny court, old white pillars, lush vegetation, lots of iron work. Spotless rooms, each with private bath and fireplace. Hotel La Quinta, Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico.

ARIZONA'S GREAT GOLF HOLIDAY is only available at The Wigwam in Litchfield Park, just 15 minutes from Phoenix. Play two superb Robert Trent Jones courses. There is also tennis, swimming, riding and every recreational facility under the warm desert sun. Special Golf Holiday Plan for avid golfers. Special Family Holiday Program for Thanksgiving, Christmas-New Year's. Spacious guest accommodations in colorful gardens. Beautiful new terrace dining room, impeccable cuisine. Cocktail lounge, entertainment. For rates, further information and reservations, contact: Reade Whitwell, Manager, THE WIGWAM, Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340. Phone: 602-935-3811.

FLORIDA KEYS—2 bedroom oceanfront home. Natural pool. December through May. Box R-679.

VACATIONS

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. Daniel Miller, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-LE 2-7700.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

ST. MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES—Caribbean delight. Reasonable. Tamarinde Guest House. Brochure.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Family Inn by fabulous beach. 212-LE 2-7700, Box O, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies, Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 11 days, $240. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

PUERTO RICO. Luxury efficiency apartment with pool in tourist area. Economically priced. Box P-891.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing, Fasting. Natural Foods. Brochure: SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

ST. JOHN, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful 2 bedroom tropical, modern cottages (two). Magnificent view of Caribbean. Minutes from beaches and shopping. Jeeps included. $300 per week. Airmail Harry Cameron, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands.

ENJOY OUR economical off-season rates and superior accommodations. Housekeeping cottages offering ocean views and maid service. Beaches nearby. For further details, write L.P. Gutteridge, Bermuda.

MEXICO CITY—Are you planning a trip? Unusual opportunity to be resident NOT tourist. Departamento #409, Entrada "C", Edificio Sinaloa, Nonoalco, Tlatelolco, Mexico 3, D.F.

BEWITCHED . . . not Bewildered at Gurney's Inn. Hop on your flying broom and be whisked to the Magic Land of the Hither Hills. Be mesmerized by the rolling surf and become entranced with the wildly cavorting flames of our open hearth in the Neptune Lounge. Enjoy a "Sea Witch" after dinner with our compliments. Joyce & Nick Monte, Keepers of the Inn, Montauk, Long Island. Open All Year. 516-668-2345.

JAMAICA, W.I.—3 bedroom cottage near Puerto Seco Beach, Discovery Bay. Up to 6 at $20 daily.
MODERN HOME, first class residential area, swimming pool. Russell Heights, St. Andrew. $20 daily per person, reasonable family rates. SR Box R-676.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language-Literature-Art.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

THE NONSCHOOL. Next summer come with us to Europe (ages 14-18). Peter Franck, George School, Newtown, Pennsylvania 18940.

TRAVEL

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $998. Departure November 3rd. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD, or Virgin Islands. 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZEM Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME. 25 days through Mexico's Baja Peninsula. Dept. H, Box 1206, Tag-A-Long Tours, Moab, Utah 84532.

SKI THE SWISS ALPS—2 weeks at first class Swiss chalets: $463 and up, including air fare, 4 meals a day and English ski bunnies. Booklet: Court Travel Group, 161 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS. 1969: We investigate the natural history of the world, emphasizing bird observation but seeking broad ecological coverage. Three-week overseas tours: AFRICA: Three routes—South, Central, East Africa and Madagascar; summer. LATIN AMERICA. Yucatan, Colombia (extraordinary ornithological experience), Mexico, throughout year. Also two-week NORTH AMERICAN tours: Florida, Arizona, Texas, West Coast and exceptional coverage of Alaska. Come along! Crowder Nature Tours, Box 222-R, Harpers Ferry, W.Va. 25425.

EXPLORE THE ISLANDS and secluded yachting bays of the Caribbean's Leeward and Windward area on mts. Jason, ocean-going cruise yacht of Aegean and Pacific fame. From San Juan, January 12th, 10 days from $345; January 22nd and February 3rd, 12 days, from $415. Epirotiki Lines, 608 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10020. 212-265-6130.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ANGUILLA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*An-GWIL-la.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure or see your Travel Agent. N.Y. Rep: F. Junge, 51 East 42nd Street, New York, 212-867-7585. Owner: Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Royal Borough of Kensington, central and quiet; good middle-class accommodation with light housekeeping facilities, all with private bathrooms, central heating, phones, and all hotel services. 2 room Family Suite from $15 daily; Double $12; Single $7. Licensed bar and restaurant, friendly, informal atmosphere. Clearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W.8.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1855

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Intentional exaggeration.	3 32 64 79 122 127 138 180 186
B. Ratified.	203 16 27 37 41 53 60 72
C. Scurrility.	74 82 192 10 21 33 52 58
D. Restrained, as from the expression of opinion.	140 157 70 107 113 128 136
E. Filled with tedious or extraneous material.	174 177 188 190 197 2 20 38 73 108 126
F. Old King Cole and the Queen of Hearts are featured in them (2 wds.)	130 141 150 187 194 5 35 57 78 116 146 161 208
G. In name only.	22 46 84 207 181 34 66
H. Gap.	92 119 124 132 200 6
I. Guy; representation or image.	28 89 98 129 158 165
J. Oriental warehouse.	170 182 11 44 80 88
K. Followed by WORDS O and Q; 16th cent. drama by Nicholas Udall.	133 156 193 7 101
L. Permitting a choice (as between alternatives).	111 201 4 13 93 134 29 39
M. "Had it pleased heaven/ To try me with ———," says Othello.	40 99 104 209 12 19 114 152 191 47

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Go about as a political speaker or spokesman for a cause (3 wds.)	120 164 151 171 184 115 144 25 202 51 55 189
O. See WORD K.	31 50 61 196 160 178 9
P. Term once applied to Kingsley Amis, among others (3 wds.)	65 95 48 139 210 49 56 118 62 131 166 176 109
Q. See WORD K.	143 206 94 45 77 149 162
R. Block.	198 76 148 24 85 71
S. He wrote "A Nest of Simple Folk" and "Come Back to Erin".	86 17 67 106 36 81 90 153
T. "I often wish'd that I had clear,/ . . . A terrace walk, and ———/Of land." (3 wds.; Swinburne, "Imitation of Horace.")	159 167 68 163 102 142 1 8 14
U. Worthy of respect.	205 117 173 18 199 179 59 103 135
V. Hubbub; brawl, fight.	145 121 110 105 69 172 26 87
W. Almost the right color (3 wds., not listed as a phrase).	75 137 183 100 83 175 147 155 30
X. Sir Walter looked "A great broad-shouldered genial ———." (Tennyson, "The Princess.")	42 204 91 43 23 123 185 195 169 125
Y. Mariners and their ships are.	154 54 112 63 97 15 168 96

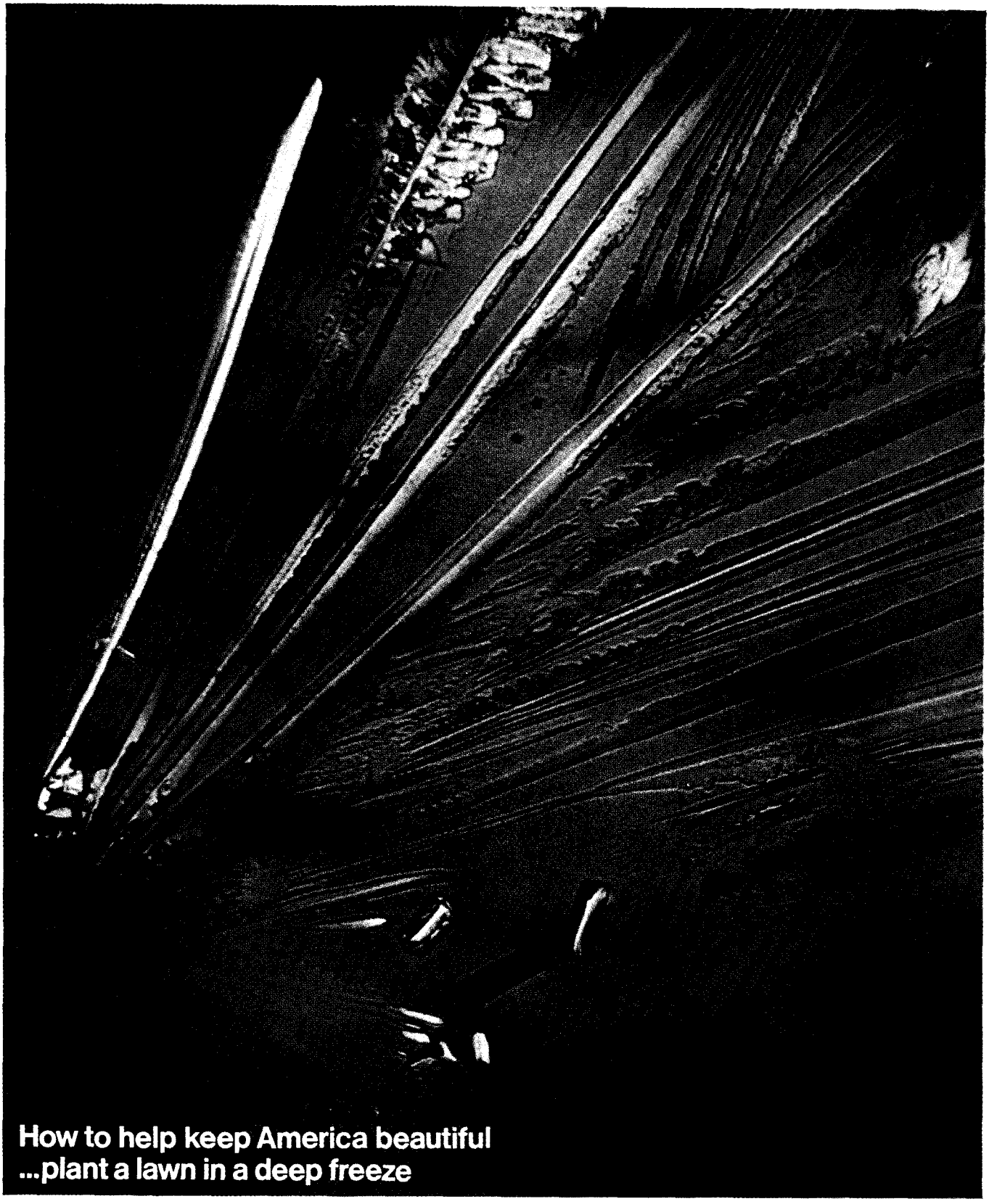
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

■	1 T	2 E	3 A	4 L	5 F	■	6 H	7 K	8 T	9 O	10 C	11 J	12 M	13 L	■	14 T	15 Y
16 B	17 S	18 U	19 M	20 E	21 C	22 G	23 X	24 R	25 N	■	26 V	27 B	■	28 I	29 L	30 W	31 O
32 A	33 C	34 G	35 F	■	36 S	37 B	38 E	39 L	■	40 M	41 B	42 X	■	43 X	44 J	45 Q	46 G
47 M	48 P	■	49 P	50 O	51 N	52 C	■	53 B	54 Y	55 N	56 P	57 F	58 C	■	59 U	60 B	61 O
62 P	63 Y	■	64 A	65 P	66 G	67 S	68 T	69 V	70 D	71 R	72 B	■	73 E	74 C	75 W	76 R	■
77 Q	78 F	79 A	■	80 J	81 S	82 C	83 W	84 G	■	85 R	86 S	87 V	88 J	■	89 I	90 S	91 X
92 M	93 L	94 Q	95 P	96 Y	■	97 Y	98 I	99 M	■	100 W	■	101 K	102 T	103 U	104 M	_	105 V
106 S	107 D	108 E	109 P	■	110 V	111 L	112 Y	113 D	114 M	115 N	116 F	■	117 U	118 P	119 M	120 N	121 V
122 A	123 X	■	124 H	125 X	126 E	■	127 A	128 D	129 I	130 F	131 P	■	132 M	133 K	134 L	135 U	136 D
■	137 W	138 A	139 P	■	140 D	141 F	142 T	143 Q	144 N	145 V	■	146 F	147 W	■	148 R	149 Q	150 F
151 N	152 M	153 S	154 Y	■	155 W	156 K	157 D	158 I	159 T	160 O	161 F	162 Q	■	163 T	164 N	165 I	■
166 P	167 T	168 Y	169 X	170 J	171 N	172 V	■	173 U	174 E	■	175 W	176 P	177 E	178 O	■	179 U	180 A
181 G	■	182 J	183 W	■	184 N	185 X	186 A	187 F	188 E	■	189 N	190 E	191 M	192 C	193 K	194 F	195 X
196 O	■	197 E	198 R	199 U	200 H	201 L	202 N	203 B	204 X	205 U	206 Q	207 G	208 F	209 M	210 P	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How to help keep America beautiful ...plant a lawn in a deep freeze

The North Alaskan Tundra is topped by a fragile mat of green growth. If you break it, heat from the never-fading Midnight Sun slowly turns the frozen mud into a swamp. Water runs. And irreparable erosion could occur. For that land has little ability to regrow its ground cover. This year, ARCO began an experiment to allow the Tundra to heal itself. Thirteen strains of winter-hardy grass have been seeded into a 20-acre Arctic lawn. And a special fertilizer, developed and made by an ARCO plant, will help it grow - - all so that the tracks of man, as he searches and develops the riches of the wilds, will not mar or destroy as well. It's just one of the many steps ARCO is taking to see to it that the world we live in is just a little bit better than when we started.

the new AtlanticRichfieldCompany ARCO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

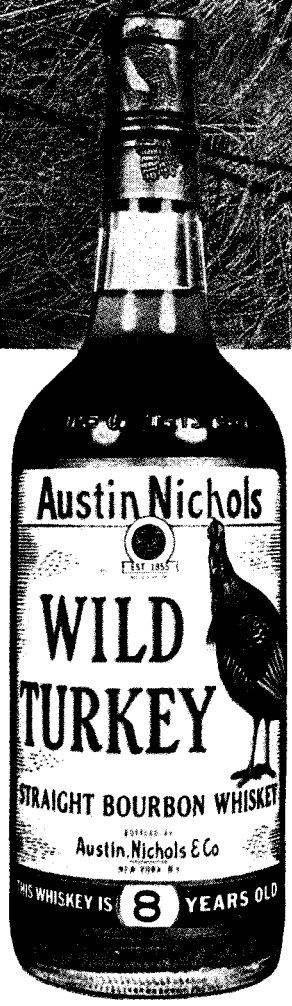
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department SL, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., New York-New York

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED